

ANTHOLOGY ON ARMED JEWISH RESISTANCE 1939-1945

Freedom Fighters are telling
their own stories of battle against
Nazi Germany and the Axis as it
happened in:

POLAND • FRANCE • BELGIUM
• GREECE • SOVIET UNION •
YUGOSLAVIA • ITALY •
BULGARIA • CZECHOSLOVAKIA •
NORTH AFRICA • MIDDLE EAST
AND OTHER OCCUPIED LANDS.

Illustrated with almost 600
Documents, Maps, Photographs
and Drawings.



*Compiled and Edited
by*

Isaac Kowalski

Foreword written by
MARTIN GALLIN
Lt. Col. USAR (Ret.)

\$30.00

ANTHOLOGY ON ARMED JEWISH RESISTANCE 1939-1945

Compiled and Edited

by

Isaac Kowalski

This is the second volume of a Trilogy, and it is a repository of factual accounts of Jewish Resistance by Partisans and Underground activists, as well as of Jewish Servicemen and Women in the Allied Armies during the Holocaust years. Over 60 authors are contributing their works to this Anthology.

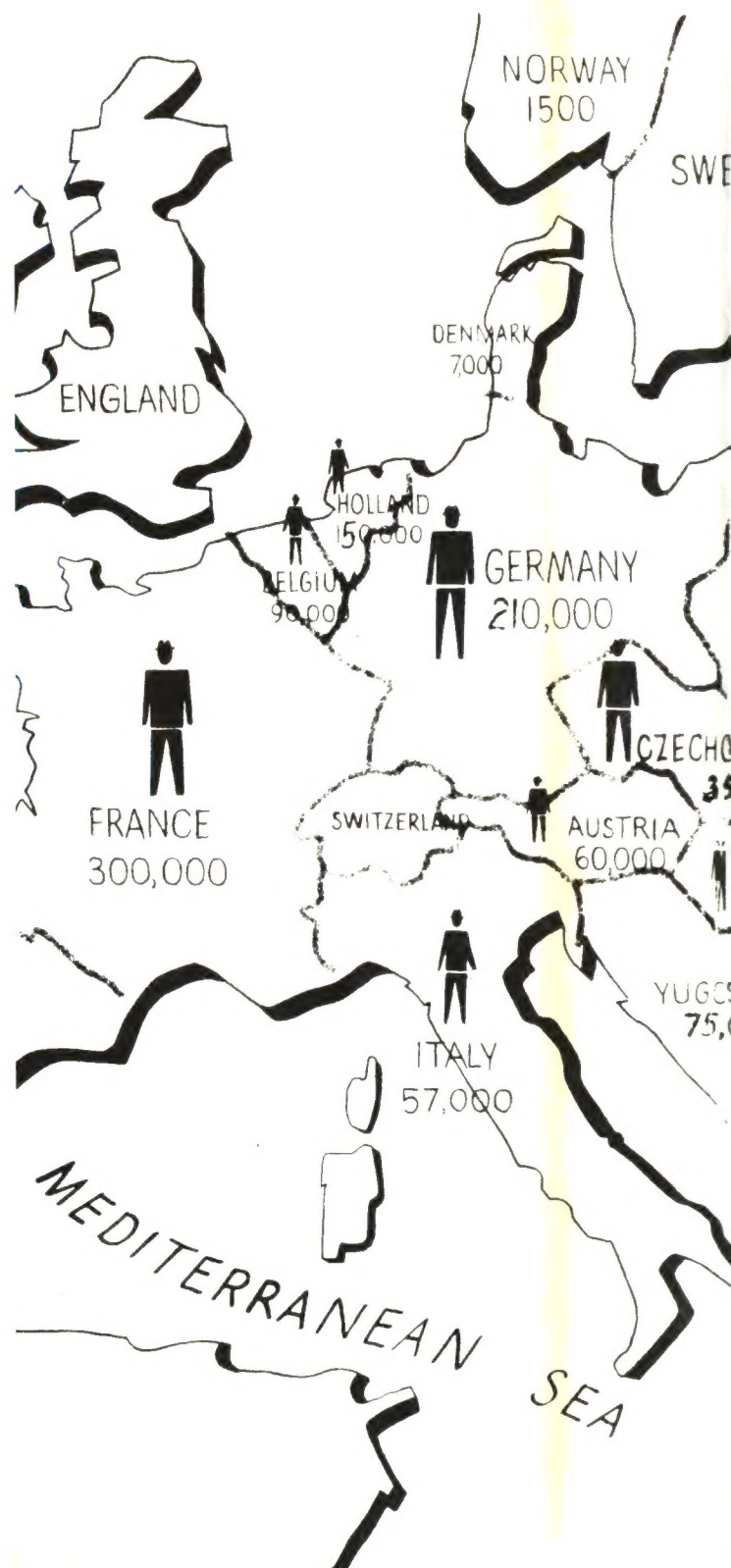
Those authors compiled an unparalleled permanent record of the monumental role played by over 1½ million Jewish Fighters in destroying the evil forces of Fascism.

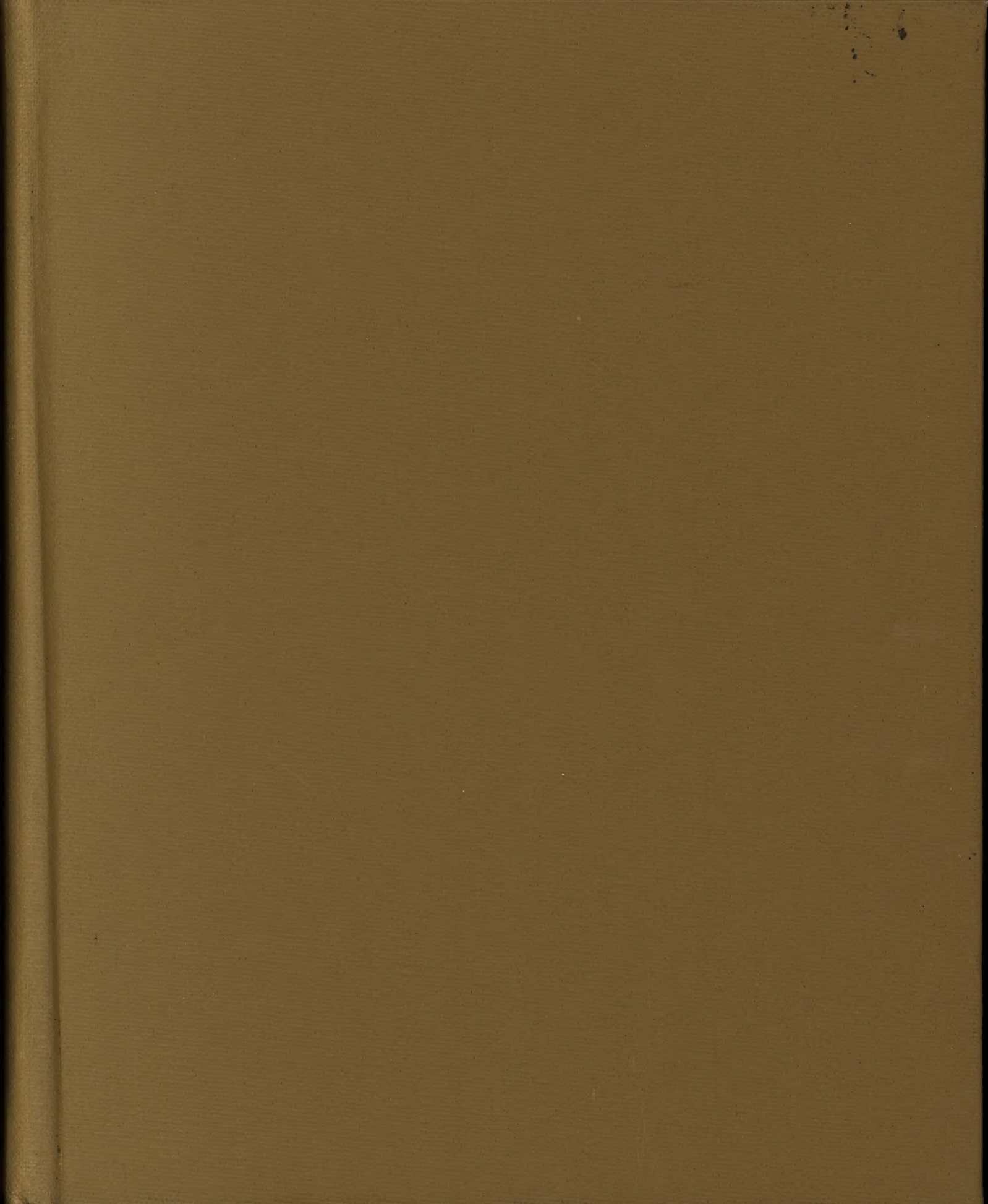
It should be added another 1½ million Jewish Fighters that were posing as non-Jews in the Second World War. (See explanation inside the Anthology).

From the stories you can feel that Jews were among the *first organizers of the Armed anti-Nazi uprisings in Poland, France, Belgium, Greece, the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Italy, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, North Africa, the Middle East and other Nazi occupied lands.*

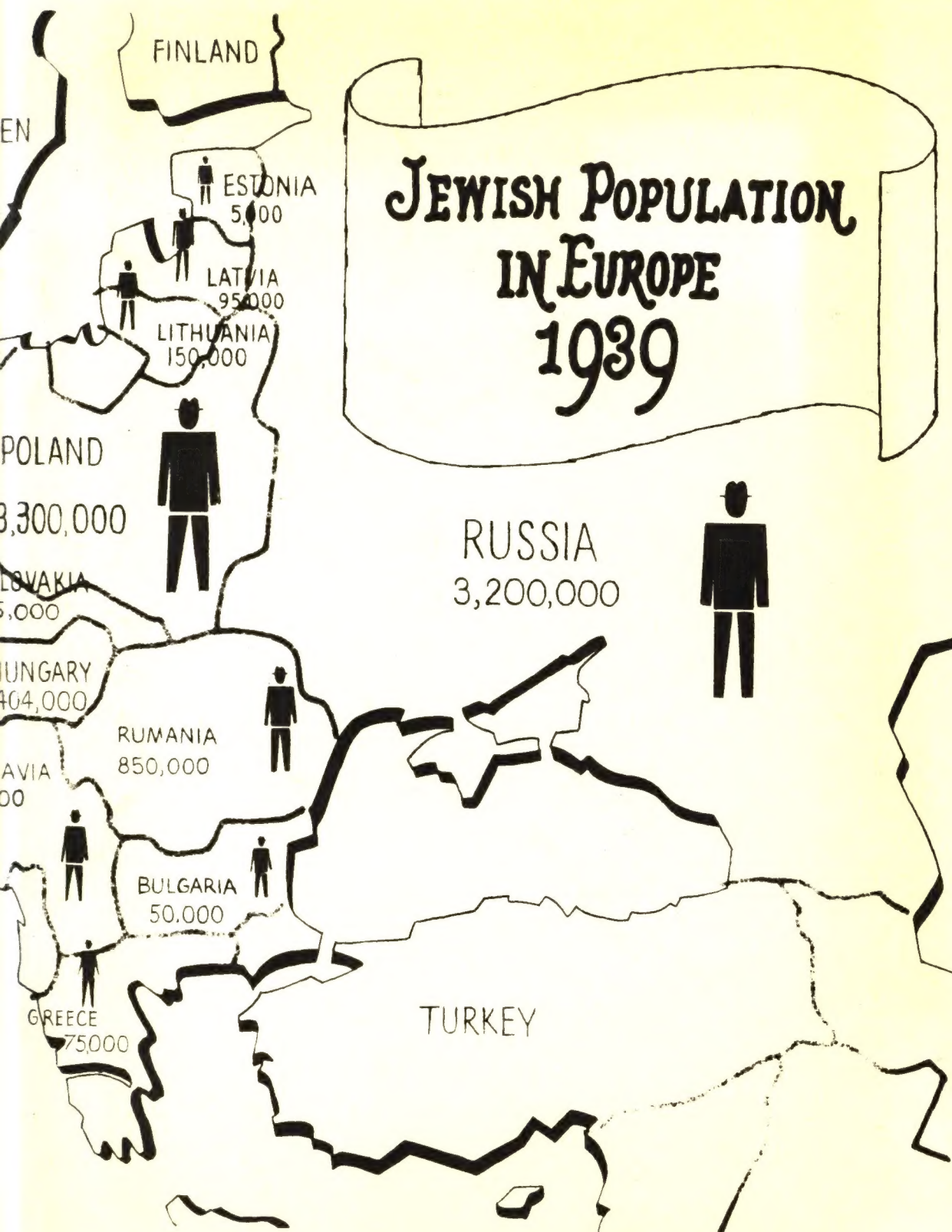
It is incumbent upon us to convey to the public at large a knowledge of the facts concerning the heroic Jewish Fighters. Let also the anti-Semites know what befell

(Continued on back flap)







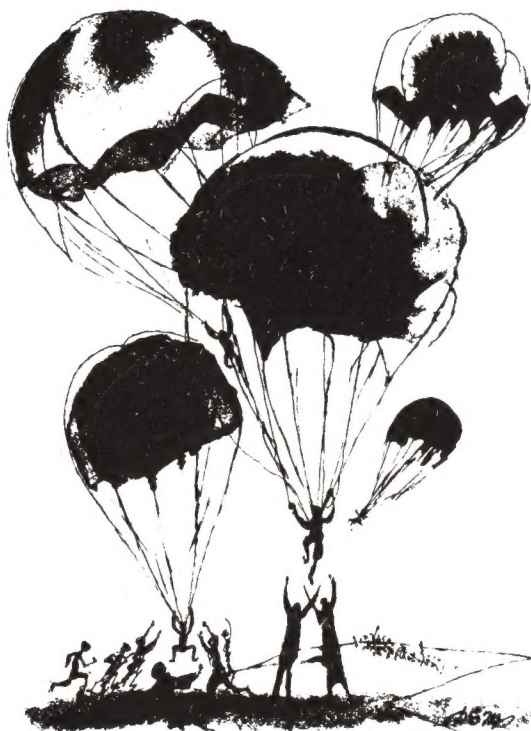






ANTHOLOGY ON ARMED JEWISH

VOLUME II



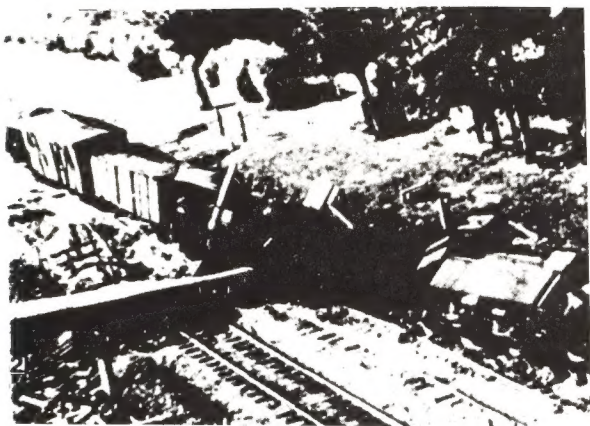
Freedom Fighters are telling
their own stories of battle against
Nazi Germany and the Axis as it
happened in:

**POLAND • FRANCE • BELGIUM
• GREECE • SOVIET UNION •
YUGOSLAVIA • ITALY •
BULGARIA • CZECHOSLOVAKIA •
NORTH AFRICA • MIDDLE EAST
AND OTHER OCCUPIED LANDS.**

Illustrated with almost **600**
Documents, Maps, Photographs
and Drawings.



JEWISH COMBATANTS PUBLISHERS HOUSE
P.O. Box 323
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236



RESISTANCE

1939-1945



Compiled and Edited

by

Isaac Kowalski

Foreword written by
MARTIN GALLIN
Lt. Col. USAR (Ret.)

Dedicated To The Memory
Of Our Gallant Allied Armies
And Anti-Nazi Underground Fighters

ISBN 0-9613219-0-3

Copyright © 1985 by Isaac Kowalski

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOG CARD NUMBER 84-8004

All rights reserved
Except for use in a review,
the reproduction or utilization of this work
in any form or by any electronic, mechanical, or other means,
(now known or hereafter invented),
including photocopying and recording,
and in any information storage and retrieval system
is forbidden without written permission of the publisher.

Manufactured in the United States of America.

INDIVIDUALS AND GROUPS WHO BOUGHT FIVE COPIES OR MORE OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

BOUGHT 20 OR MORE COPIES:

Mr. & Mrs. Milton Berger, Ca.
Mr. & Mrs. Nathan Kremer, Fla.
Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Kushner, N.J.
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Rozenzweig, III.
Mr. & Mrs. Norman Salsitz, N.J.

BOUGHT 10 OR MORE COPIES:

Mr. & Mrs. Joel Abramowicz, Canada.
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Brenner, Fla.
Mr. & Mrs. Abba Klurman, Israel
Mr. & Mrs. Rafael Urbach, Ireland.
Mr. & Mrs. Abraham Zeleznikov, Australia.

BOUGHT 5 OR MORE COPIES:

Mr. Abraham Arluk-Lavit, Europe.
Mr. & Mrs. Tuvia Bielski, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Bleichman, N.Y.
Lt. Col. & Mrs. Martin Gallin, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Sam Halpern, N.J.
Mr. & Mrs. Zalman Kaplinski, N.Y.
Ms. Aviva Kempner, Washington, D.C.
Mr. & Mrs. Israel Kronik, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Aaron Oshman, N.J.
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Pomerance, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Reibel, N.J.
Mr. & Mrs. Bernhard Weinreb, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Shlomo Zynstein, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Murry Zytowski, Fla.

ORGANIZATIONS AND SOCIETIES WHO BOUGHT, OR WHERE THE ANTHOLOGY WAS SOLD AT THEIR AFFAIRS:

Agudas Israel of America, N.Y.
Assistance to Lithuanian Jews, N.Y.
Avenue 'N' Jewish Community Center, N.Y.
Bialystoker Society, N.Y.
Brzezín Society, N.Y.
Federation of Jewish Partisans and Inmates, Australia.
Federation of Underground Fighters and Holocaust Survivors, N.Y.
Herut Zionists of America, N.Y.
International Network of Children of Jewish Holocaust Survivors, N.Y.
Kutsher's Country Club, Monticello, N.Y.
"Masada" Organization, N.Y.
National Sick-Fund of Israel, N.Y.
Nordau Circle, N.Y.
"Nusech Vilne," N.Y.
Workmen Circle, N.Y.
World Gathering of Lodzer Holocaust Survivors, N.Y.
YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, N.Y.

At a Special Awards Dinner for the National Sick-Fund of Israel, Honoring former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon; Mayor Edward I. Koch; Robert Dasaritz; Dr. Heskell Haddad; Dr. Robert Hamby; Michel Schwartz; David Spilke and the great Hero Partisan Commander Tuvia Bielski. Gen. Sharon is presented with the first volume of the Anthology by Isaac Kowalski.



Contents

	PAGE
Foreword	<i>Lt. Col. Martin Gallin</i> 11
Preface	<i>Isaac Kowalski</i> 15
CHAPTER I	
Jewish War Evaluations	
The Black Book (original)	28
The Black Book (1981 edition)	<i>Ilya Ehrenburg and Vasily Grossman</i> 80
Resistance	<i>M R D Foot</i> 91
The Bitter Saga of the Jewish Partisans	110
General Jacob Smuskevich, A War Hero Remembered	<i>Max Boro</i> 123
Polish Jews in the Fight Against Germany	<i>Col. Michal Rudawski</i> 129
CHAPTER II	
Eastern Europe	
Dr. Atlas Platoon	<i>Samuel Bornstein</i> 135
Jewish Responses to Nazi Persecution	<i>Isaiah Trunk</i> 161
For Those I Loved	<i>Martin Gray with Max Gallo</i> 205
Sobibor	<i>Miriam Novitch</i> 237
CHAPTER III	
Western Europe, Middle East, Far East	
American Jews in World War II	<i>I. Kaufman</i> 269
The Silence	<i>Lily Gluck Lerner</i> 321
French-Jewish Partisan Resistance	<i>Shmuel Rosenberg</i> 337
Night Soldiers	345
In the French Resistance	<i>Hershel J. Koyfman</i> 347
Soldiers on the Front, Partisans, Underground Fighters	<i>Yehudah Shtein</i> 351

CHAPTER IV

Vilna and Warsaw

The United Partisan Organization	<i>I.K.</i>	361
A Eulogy	<i>Chaim Lazar</i>	391
Memoirs of a Machine-Gunner	<i>Morton (Motl) Shames</i>	399
The Via Dolorosa of a Jewish Partisan	<i>Avraham Keren-Paz</i>	405
Danke and Imke Lubotzki	<i>Abraham Zeleznikov</i>	411
The Bravest Battle	<i>Dan Kurzman</i>	419
The Strop Report	<i>Major-General Jurgen Strop</i>	433
	<i>(Translated by Sybil Milton)</i>	
Courier from Warsaw	<i>Jan Nowak</i>	447
Western and Soviet Views	<i>Graham Lyons</i>	457

CHAPTER V

Partisan Short Stories

I got my Revenge...	<i>Lt. Col. Norman Salsitz</i>	472
Jewish Heroines	<i>I. Shmulewitz</i>	485
Memoirs of a Commander	<i>Dov Lorber (Malinka)</i>	489
For a Righteous Cause	<i>A.A. Kazaryan</i>	495
Partisans		498
Mahmed-Melamed	<i>Yisroel Puchtik</i>	506
The 16 Year Old Partisan	<i>Dov Katzovich</i>	511
Kalushin Partisans	<i>Brothers Shinolecki</i>	514
The Holocaust Chronicle Kartuz-Bereza	<i>Joseph Friedman</i>	517
They Were Many	<i>Nikolai Konishchuk</i>	521
The Partisan Filmmaker	<i>A. Savitch</i>	526
In the Forest of Brynsk	<i>V.A. Andreyev</i>	539
In the Struggle for Soviet Latvia	<i>Ottomar Oskalin</i>	559
Women Spies	<i>Gregory Linkov (Batya)</i>	571
Partisans from Krinka	<i>DRC'D</i>	576
Partisans from Vasilishok		579
Partisans from the Town of Svir	<i>Henech Drutz</i>	583

The First Partisan from Karelitz	<i>Ben-Ir</i>	587
Partisans at War	<i>Itzhak Lichtenberg</i>	591
A Ten-Years-Young Partisan		596
Leshar the Polish Mass Murderer	<i>B. Rosenshtak</i>	600
In a Partisan Division		603
With Partisans	<i>Shmuel-Leib Oginski</i>	605
The Partisan Organization in the Town Simkiewitz	<i>I. Bigelman</i>	608
Among Partisans		610
A Child Partisan from Voronova		612
The Martyr in the Partisan Struggle	<i>Shalom Kleidermacher</i>	616
The Jewish Partisans of Radzin	<i>Zvi Liberzon</i>	618
An Attack on a Railroad	<i>Abraham Kitayewich</i>	621
Profile of Fighters		623
Glossary		636
Index		637



U.S. and Soviet soldiers met on the Elbe River bridge at Torgau, Germany.

Acknowledgments

- The Black Book* (original 1946 edition) by Vassili Grossman. Copyright © 1946. Reprinted with permission by the World Jewish Congress in N.Y. The new 1981 edition, reprinted with permission by the Holocaust Library, N.Y.
- Resistance* by M R D Foot. Copyright © 1976. Published by Methnen in England, 1976, and McGraw Hill in the US in 1977. Reprinted with permission by the author.
- The Bitter Saga of the Jewish Partisans* from the Israel Horizons magazine, published in N.Y. Reprinted with permission by Sifriat Poalim Ltd., Israel.
- Jewish Responses to Nazi Persecution* by Isaiah Trunk. Copyright © 1982. Published by Scarborough Book, Stein and Day, N.Y. Reprinted with permission by Mrs. Celia Trunk.
- For Those I Loved* by Martin Gray with Max Gallo. Copyright © 1972. Published by the Bodley Head. Reprinted with permission by Little Brown and Company.
- Sobibor* by Miriam Novitch. Copyright © 1980. Published by Holocaust Library, N. Y. Reprinted with permission by the author.
- The Silence* by Lily Gluck Lerner. Copyright © 1980. Reprinted with permission by the author.
- The Bravest Battle* by Dan Kurzman. Copyright © 1976. Published by G.P. Putman's Sons, N.Y. Reprinted with permission by the author.
- The Stroop Report* by Jurgen Stroop, translated by Sybil Milton. Copyright © 1979. Reprinted with permission by Pantheon Books, a Division of Random House, Inc. N.Y.
- Courier From Warsaw* by Jan Nowak. Copyright © 1982. Published by Wayne State University Press. Reprinted with permission by the publishers.
- Saving of the Jews in Bulgaria 1941-1944*. Published by the State Publishing House "Septemvri" in Sofia, Bulgaria in 1977. Credit is given for the pictures of the Bulgarian Jewish Fighters which appear in the Anthology.
- The Russian Version of the Second World War*. Edited by Graham Lyons. Copyright © 1983. Published by Facts On File, N.Y. Reprinted with permission by the author.
-
- Fred Benedetti, a musicologist for helping me in pointing out in the many Yizkor Books of the Societies about Partisan stories.
- Lt. Col. Martin Gallin, the Foreword writer, for his kind words about me and the Anthology.
- Dr. Jack Gruber, for lending me the pictures that he personally made at the 40-year Warsaw Ghetto Commemoration in Poland, which were included in the first volume.
- Aviva Kempner and Josh Waletzky, the film producers for including me and about my activities in the anti-Nazi Underground in the forthcoming movie "Partisans of Vilna."
- Dr. Martin Kowalski, my son, for proofreading some of the stories.
- Shlomo Zynstein, President of the American Federation of Jewish Fighters and Camp Inmates and Nazi Victims, for acknowledging my presence at various public meetings as the editor of the Anthology.
- Masha, my wife, for her continuous help in preparing the second volume of this publication and for doing most of the typing as well as the Index.

Foreword

Fighting Men and Women. True Heirs of Deborah, Gideon, and Barak. Mattathias long ago cried aloud, "Whoever is for the Lord, follow me." From the forests, camps, mountains, and ghettos the true heroes of the fighting Jewish people came forth to oppose the German beast and its savage allies. The Isaac Kowalskis, David Raziels, Abraham Sterns, and Hanna Senes, were joined by millions of Jewish men and women fighting in uniforms and parts of uniforms, in rags, often without arms, and out of their heroism arose the renewal of the Jewish Fighting Men and Women.

Heavy footed centuries had dragged by since the Jew, as a fighting man, again emerged from the dust of history. Six hundred thousand men, harnessed for war, accompanied Moses from Egypt. By the time of the First World War, that Jews had been disarmed by law. A Jew could not have a coat of mail, a sword or weapon in medieval England; all over the world the Jew was disarmed and forbidden to fight as a Jew. Vladimir Jabotinsky quoted Arthur Szyk when he referred to the attitude of the Allied statesmen and press to Jewish attempts to fight as a Jewish Army as "pornography". "They treat us", he said, "as pornographical subject. Pornography covers a most important department of life and nature; nobody denies it, but you cannot discuss it in polite society, it is not done." But it was given the lie by the heroism of the real heroes, the Jewish fighters, the partisans, Haganah, Irgun, Stern Group, members of every regular, irregular and often indefinable armed force fighting the German fiends and their helpers.

No moustache wax and rows of medals distinguished the Jewish fighters, although they won enough medals to stretch across the continent and beyond. It was "hadar"—the revival of the Jewish fighting spirit. That was the great achievement. Jews had always been *soldiers*, not thugs in uniforms; the earliest Jewish codes of war forbade mutilation, rape, pillage and the associated evils that corrupted the proud title of "*soldier*". The Romans copied the Jewish military tactics of the Jewish Armies invented by David, Joshua and Gideon, but then from 400 C.E., the Jew was legally disarmed and the great lie began to circulate — the Jew could not fight, was afraid to fight; was not a fighter — culminating in the Iraqi taunt that it was easier to kill a Jew than a chicken.

A miracle again occurred; the eternal Jewish military spirit began to be manifested as a definably Jewish fighting spirit. At first, the World War I Zion Mule Corps — labour troops at Gallipoli; 727 young Jews with a proud Shield of David on their uniforms. On August 23, 1917, a British Jewish Legion was finally permitted, and the Jew was back in uniform, as a Jew again.

Four battalions — 38th, 39th, 40th and 42nd Royal British Fusiliers — but it was a start. Quickly disbanded when the Jewish Legion protected the Jews of Israel after World War One; Colonel Margolin, the C.O., forced to resign from the Army for daring to save Jewish lives threatened by the Arabs — once again the ancient lie tried to resurrect itself. The Jew was not a fighting man.

World War Two and its preliminaries finally killed that lie — as the Jewish heroes of the underground, the Allied Armies, the partisans and irregulars everywhere joined to preserve Jewish honour, *and fought*. Their incredible true stories are in the pages that follow — they need no cockades, blanched leggings or fancy uniforms. *They fought*.

The Jewish Brigade was the first Jewish Unit from Israel itself, and when the Army of Israel was established by decree on May 26, 1948, David Ben Gurion said that this was probably the most notable achievement arising from the return of the Jewish people to Israel.

It was – and many non-Jews, and probably some Jews have never quite gotten used to the idea. A Jewish fighting man! To paraphrase Elie Wiesel — a Jew triumphant over death — was it possible? Was it conceivable? One very upset non-Jewish writer said, “It is disturbing to wander back into a ‘primitive’ society of warriors and find it populated with sophisticates, men like Avner-Odysseus with a PHD. Israel has made war glamorous again; a hideous gift to bring us— the new chivalry.” Think of it! As a victim, fine, but as a fighting man!!! Jewish heroes of the ghettos, and the endless front lines, threw the lie into the teeth of the liars and they didn’t understand. They couldn’t believe that the former tailors, metalsmiths, lawyers and doctors had the fighting spirit of the Israelite warriors, of the fighters at Masada, in their veins.

They believe it now; finally. For the first time, the “Men-At-Arms Series”, published by Osprey Publishing, London has included “The Israeli Army in the Middle East Wars, 1948-1973”, published in 1982. Complete with uniforms, and text plus the comment, “its list of wars and operations, in the 25 year period 1947-1973 is probably unequalled in history.” It certainly is, but for centuries, not twenty-five years — for over 3,000 years of Jewish heroism, exemplified by the fighters in the pages that follow. The McGuire Air Force Base PX (New Jersey) sells a large model of the world’s finest fighting tank—the Israeli Merkava; another example that the Jew has arrived as a warrior.

Best of all, the 1984-1985 “Green Book” of “Army”, official publication of the Association of the United States Army has an ad form “Rafael” — the Israeli Armament Development Authority. “Battle-born development expertise; in guided and unguided weaponry, and EW; electronics; electro-optics and thermal imaging; missile systems, including direction, propulsion and warheads; and a score of related areas”.

Do you hear that, comrades? Are you listening in the forests and the camps, in the mudholes and the crematoria? In the Officer’s Clubs and the receptions at West Point? We salute you all in these pages — blood of our blood — all honour you, who restored that of the Jewish fighter and the honour of every Jew in the world.

Lt. Col. Martin Gallin



Left: Lt. Col. Martin Gallin USAR (Ret.) as a lieutenant in his gala uniform by a canon. A short biography of the Foreword writer was in volume I.



A group of former Partisans. From right sitting: Brigadier commander Tuvia Bielski; Major Efraim Weichselfish (Israel); Isaac Kowalski; Standing from right: Isaac Mendelson; Capt. Sam Gruber; Baruch Goldring; Bernard Druskin; Menachem Sanirstein.

ACCLAIM FOR THE AUTHOR'S PAST WORK

To evaluate the importance of Isaac Kowalski's achievements, it is sufficient to quote a fragment of Kacerginski's* book, *Partisaner Gehen . . .* (Partisans are coming . . .), as he tells it in the chapter, "White Weapons":

"The leaders of the Vilna Gestapo, with Weiss, Kittel, Neugebauer, Falhaber at the head, wracked their brains: where could they find the secret press which issued anti-Hitler newspapers and appeals in Polish, Lithuanian, Russian and German?

"They would have showered gold upon anyone who would at least provide a clue leading to the printing plant or to those who operated it. But even the distributors could not be found. On going into the street in the morning, you would see the doors covered with placards, calling the people not to go to the black dungeons of Germany but to hide themselves in order to avoid being drafted into the army. There was a call to the German soldiers, a call to the workers to slow down and to sabotage. It frequently happened that Weiss saw such a poster on his own door, on Kasztan Street. Nor were they pasted only on walls and doors. Gestapo officers often found copies of the appeals in the pockets of their soldiers.

"The terror failed. The sudden check-ups in the print shop and the threats to the printers did not help.

"The 'white weapon,' which these anti-Hitleristic publications were called, did its work. The Hitlerites continued to wrack their brains: how to catch the underground band?

"The influence of the Partisan appeals was tremendous. They went from hand to hand, from pocket to pocket. Where 'hot' weapons could not reach, or could do little, the 'white' weapon, the weapon of the Jewish partisan, Isaac Kowalski, succeeded."

**Szmerke Kacerginski was one of the most prolific partisan writers. He was killed in April, 1954, in an airplane crash in Argentina.*

Preface

According to Hitler's "race-theory," a Jew was defined as a person who has a Jewish ancestor at least three generations back. If the mother was Jewish, the third offspring would be considered Jewish. Based on this theory, the Jews produced not the officially acknowledged amount of 1½ million fighters in World War II, but at least three million

Usually it would not be logical to make such a calculation, but it is right in this case, an estimated three million Jews fought against the Axis.

* * *

In Russia, the Ukraine and in Byelorussia it was common, before the outbreak of the war for Jews to hide their identity.

Jews had no reason under Hitler's murderous race policy to parade their Jewishness, but to hide it as much as possible. For example: It had been recently revealed that one of the very high-ranking Soviet officials, who is in charge of the American Desk in a Ministry Georgi A. Arbatov, a Jew by birth had throughout the years a Soviet identity card, where it was written that his nationality is Russian. Who can tell how many such cases there are in the Soviet Union, where you could have a choice about declaring your nationality and have it written accordingly in your passport. This is why after the Russian Revolution so many Jews had registered themselves as other than Jewish, because religion was not involved in choosing one's nationality. There were some who didn't even know that they were Jewish.

In Hitler's period you could add another two million in the USSR alone of these kinds of Jews. Taking all of the facts into consideration, one comes to the conclusion that three million Jews fought in the Second World War against the Hitlerites. Thus Jews contributed the equivalent of three hundred divisions toward breaking the German war machine. The Jewish cadre of high echelon officers was tremendous. My estimate is that from 250-350 Jewish generals and admirals commanded millions of fighters against the enemy.

Russia contributed thirty million soldiers during the duration of the war. All the other Allied countries had under arms an equal number of fighters for the duration of the war. Among them were, as mentioned before, some three million Jews. In this total are included the Jews from all other countries. Thus the German military machine was broken with a great deal of Jewish manpower.

The six million Jews who perished in the Holocaust were non-combatants. They were older people, women, children and young men and women, who didn't have a chance to become fighters. Only against this category of people were the Germans masters.

At the fronts and in the hinterlands, with Jewish help, the Germans paid with ten million lives for their crimes.

In conclusion, it is known that the Jews paid proportionally the highest price in deaths in W.W. II, but it should also be known that the Germans paid a high price in lives due to the Jewish Fighters.

* * *

After World War II, I was naive enough to expect that in our generation there would not be any more wars.

Since the end of that global war, we have had up to now over one hundred wars of local character, with millions of people killed. This is the tragedy of the 20th century. If, God forbid, there is a confrontation with nuclear weapons, we can imagine what the world would look like. There is still time to avoid a future war. Mankind must strive for universal peace among the nations. This is my message.

* * *

A separate chapter still has to be written about the Jews who led a Passive Resistance: It will appear in Volume III.

A religious Jew who was starving, who would not eat non-kosher products died from malnutrition prematurely...

A Jew smuggled food for his family in the Ghetto paid with his life for wanting to help his hungry brood...

Children and teachers attended school and practiced their religious praying in Shuls, which was forbidden in the Ghetto, under penalty of death...

There were self-help activities of groups in the Ghetto operating under the most dangerous conditions...

These and other true tales of passive heroism will be included in the next volume.

* * *

We are confident that the three volumes collectively will present to the public a fully rounded portrayal of Jews as the *first* ones to organize the massive Resistance which contributed to the downfall of the Axis Powers.

It should be noted that the size of the biographical sketches in the Anthology does not indicate a measure of greater importance of one author over another. It only signifies that the size was determined by the availability of the information on hand. The same rule applies to the photographs,

Pictures appearing in the text of the articles are not necessarily the choice of the author and not always related to the printed story. Most of the pictures of men and women dressed in civilian attire are identified, including the region where they were operating as fighters. Fighters bearing arms are sometimes identified only as Partisans. Army men are generally identified by rank, omitting the exact locations of their operations.

Bolder or lighter typeface does not indicate a greater measure of importance one way or the other. It merely is related to technical convenience.

The views expressed in the articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editor of this Anthology. They are those of the contributing authors.

Isaac Kowalski

Glossary

HEBREW WORDS

Bar Mitzva—Age 13 when Jews assume moral responsibility.

Brikhah—Underground smuggling out of Jews from Europe to Palestine.

Eretz Israel—Land of Israel.

Haganah—Self-defense militia, organized by Zeev Jabotinsky in 1920. It later became the armed instrument of the Jewish population of Palestine and was controlled throughout its existence by the General Federation of Labor.

Hasidim—A Jewish sect distinguished by religious ecstasy.

Irgun Zvai Leumi—The Hebrew Underground Movement. Zeev Jabotinsky acted as Supreme Commander from 1937 to his death in New York in August, 1940.

Kaddish—Prayer said by a mourner; by extension, a male heir.

Kibbutz—A collective settlement.

Lohamei Herut Israel (Stern Group), a Jewish underground in Palestine which fought the British in the years 1940-48, organized and led by Abraham Stern, who fell in a battle in a mission for the Allies in Iraq.

Mishna—Commentary on the Bible.

Nekama—Revenge.

Palmach—The striking units of the Haganah and dominated by the left wing of Labor.

Rashi—A noted Medieval commentator.

Talis—Prayer shawl.

Talmud—Commentary on the Bible.

Torah—Bible (Old Testament).

Yad Mordechai—Kibbutz and Museum in the name of Mordechai Anielewicz, leader of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising.

Yad Vashem—Memorial Place—Hebrew designation of the Israeli institution which collects, studies, and houses documents pertaining to the Holocaust.

Yeshiva—Religious Academy.

Yishuv—The Jewish community of Israel.

OTHER LANGUAGES

Action or Selections—Name given by the Germans to any operation regarding Jews (deportation, shooting, etc.)

A.K.—Armia Krajowa.—The main Underground Polish Military Organization.

A.L.—Armia Ludowa—Peoples Army.

Appel (Ger.)—Callup.

Banderovcy—The extremist group of OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists) in Galicia under the leadership of Stepan Bandera, son of a Ukrainian priest, active before W.W.II.

Der Stuermer—The main German anti-Semitic magazine.

Diaspora—The area outside Eretz-Israel where Jews reside.

E.I. or E.I.F.—French Jewish Scouts.

Gestapo—Geheime Staatspolizei (Secret State Police.)

Herrenfolk (Ger.)—Superiority Nation.

I.D.F.—Israel Defense Forces.

Judenrat—Council of Jewish Elders.

Kapo (Ger.)—Inmate supervisor in concentration camp.

P.P.R.—Polska Partja Robotnicza (Polish Workmen's Party).

Sejm (Pol.)—Parliament.

SD—Sicherheitsdienst Security Department of the SS.

Schupo—Schutzpolizei. City Police.

SOE—Special Operations Executive. Britains agents who operated behind the enemy lines.

Stoi! (Rus.)—Stop!

SS—Schutzstaffel Elite guard (Special Police).

U.P.O.—United Partisan Organization, original Yiddish name F.P.O. (Fareinikte Partizaner Organizatzie).

U.J.R.E.—Jewish Union for Resistance and Mutual Aid.

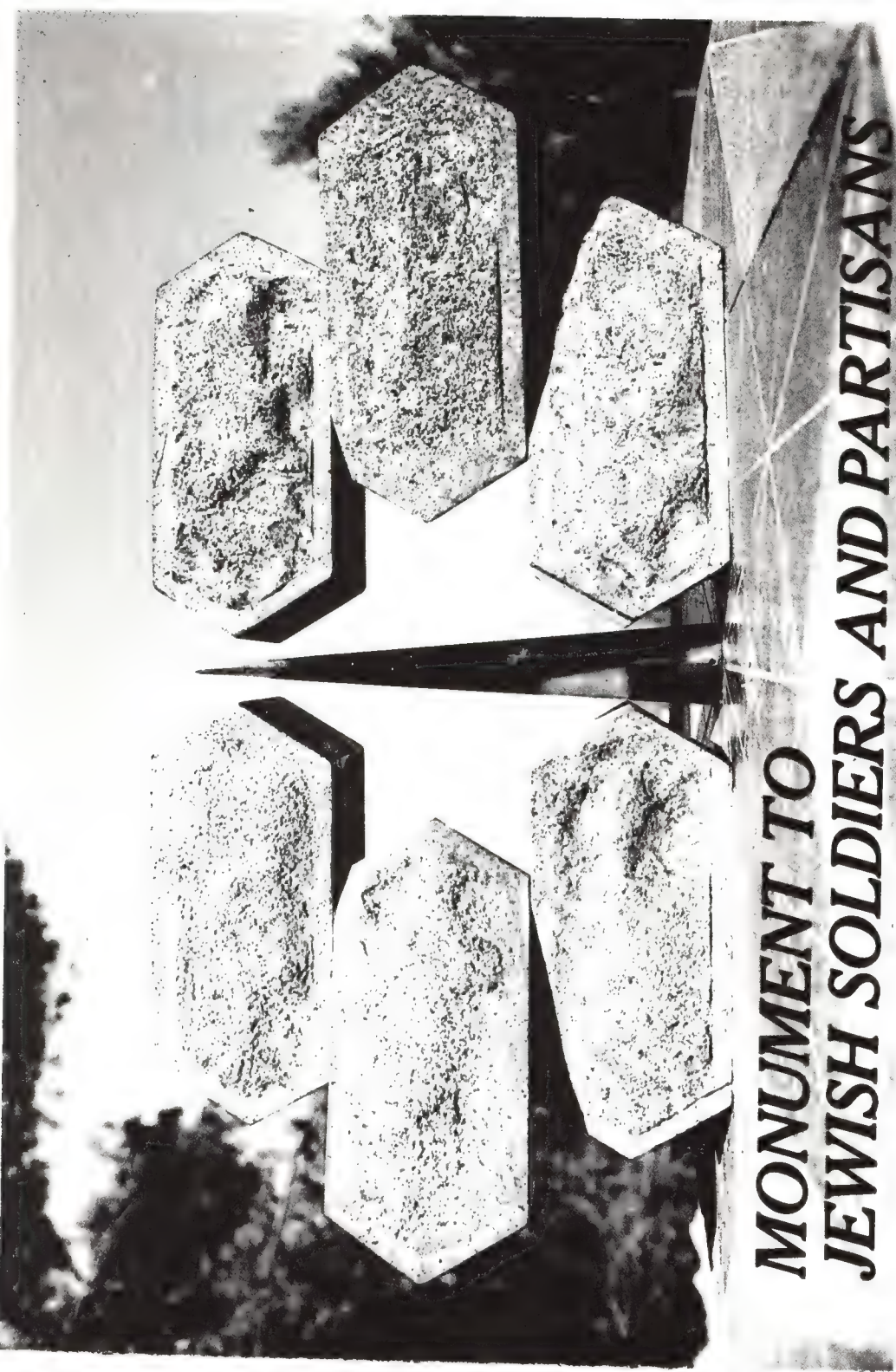
Wermacht—German army.

Yarmulka (Yid.)—Skullcap worn by observant Jews.

Z.O.B.—Zydowska Organizacja Bojowa—Jewish Fighters Organization in Warsaw.

Z.Z.W.—Jewish Military Organization—Organized by the Zionist-Revisionist in Warsaw.

<u>TERM(S)</u>	<u>EXPLANATIONS</u>
<i>DIASPORA</i>	Greek for dispersion; the Hebrew equivalent is <i>Galut</i> , meaning all the lands outside of Israel. the "lands of exile."
<i>DRANG NACH OSTEN (Ger.)</i>	"Push to the East"; the slogan used to represent Germany's expansion aims toward Eastern Europe.
<i>EINSATZGRUPPEN (Ger.)</i>	"Action teams"; special German task force assembled for exterminating "undesirables."
<i>HADAR (Heb.)</i>	Even in poverty a Jew is a prince.
<i>JUDENRAT (Ger.)</i>	Council of Jewish Elders. Official body of Jewish representatives organized by the Germans in the Ghettos and camps to administer the occupied Jewish communities. Established in September 1939 on order of Reinhard Heydrich.
<i>LEBENSRAUM (Ger.)</i>	"Living space"; the concept used to express the rationale for German imperialism; Lebensraum was the object of <i>Drang nach Osten</i> .
<i>MALINE (Heb.)</i>	Hiding-place on the Aryan side for people and merchandise. Derived from the Hebrew word "Molin"--a place to spend the night.
<i>OSTARBEITER (Ger.)</i>	"Eastern workers"; the name applied to the slave laborers taken from Ukraine, Byelorussia and other places.
<i>SELECTION</i>	Choosing inhabitants of a ghetto or camp for deportation or death.
<i>UNTERMENSCH (Ger.)</i>	"Subhuman"; name applied by the German's virtually of the "undesirable" people at one time or another, but most often used in reference to the Slavs living in the Soviet Union.
<i>VOLKSDEUTSCHE (Ger.)</i>	Ethnic Germans living outside of Germany and Austria.



MONUMENT TO JEWISH SOLDIERS AND PARTISANS

YAD VASHEM — THE HOLOCAUST MARTYRS' AND HEROES' REMEMBRANCE AUTHORITY, JERUSALEM



Geheime Reichsliste!

30 Ausfertigungen
16. Ausfertigung

Besprechungsprotokoll.

I. An der am 20.1.1942 in Berlin, Am Großen Wannsee Nr. 56/58, stattgefundenen Besprechung über die Endlösung der Judenfrage nahmen teil:

Gauleiter Dr. Meyer und Reichsamtssleiter Dr. Leibbrandt für die besetzten Ostgebiete	Reichsministerium des Innern
Staatssekretär Dr. Stuckart	Reichsministerium des Innern
Staatssekretär Neumann	Beauftragter für den Vierjahresplan

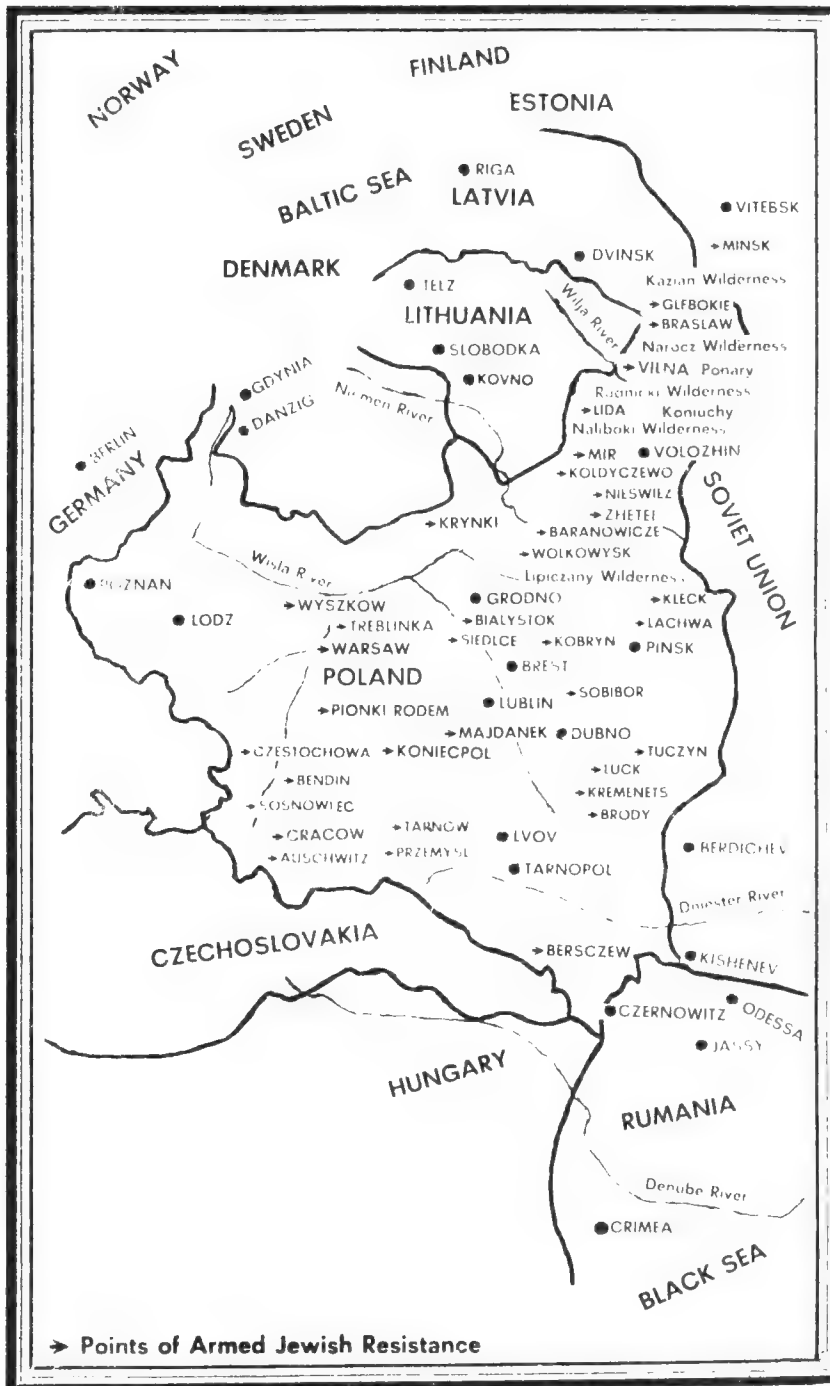
L a n d	Zahl
A. Altreich	131.800
Ostmark	43.700
Ostgebiete	420.000
Generalgouvernement	2.284.000
Bialystok	400.000
Protektorat Böhmen und Mähren	74.200
Estland	
Lettland	3.500
Litauen	34.000
Belgien	43.000
Dänemark	5.600
Frankreich / Besetztes Gebiet	165.000
Unbesetztes Gebiet	700.000
Griechenland	69.600
Niederlande	160.800
Norwegen	1.300
B. Bulgarien	48.000
England	330.000
Finnland	2.300
Irland	4.000
Italien einschl. Sardinien	58.000
Albanien	200
Kroatien	40.000
Portugal	3.000
Rumänien einschl. Bessarabien	342.000
Schweden	8.000

Part of the Protocol of the Hitlerite conference in "Am Großen Wannsee" Str. in Berlin at which the plan for extermination of 11 million Jews in Europe was drawn up.

CHAPTER I

Jewish War Evaluations

MAP OF EASTERN EUROPE





SS Major-General Jurgen Stroop interrogates a captured fighter in the Warsaw Ghetto. (See story on page 433).

Believe it or not. This German officer by the name Oskar Scheinerbrunner, helped Jews in Vilna. He supervised a Tailor Factory that produced German military uniforms.

Thanks to him many Jews survived the war. The Vilna Association invited him and his wife to visit Israel. They came in 1977, where they received a splendid reception and a Medal from Yad Vashem in Jerusalem, and a second Medal from the city of Tel Aviv. They reside in Munich, Germany.



Oskar Scheinerbrunner in his auto in Vilna, 1942.



The Jerone brothers who are Sephardic Jews as children and later in the American Navy during World War II. From left: Lou, Morris, Nathan, Morris, Nathan, Morris and Nathan. They reside in the U.S.A.

EDITOR'S NOTES

On the first page before the beginning of Chapter I, you will find the secret schedule, of the extermination plan against the Jews in Europe. It was Hitler's aim to eradicate the Jews from the face of the earth. Hitler and his murderers realized half of their crime plan. They killed more than half of the 11 million Jews who lived in Europe where their brown, bloody hands, could reach. The world, in general, paid with 50 million deaths at the fronts and in the hinterlands. Another 50 million people were wounded and crippled, many of them for the rest of their lives.

This was the accomplishment of the Third Reich, under Chancellor Adolf Hitler. Thanks to the millions and millions of people, who resisted the barbarians of the 20th century, Germany and its Axis were defeated.

It happened thanks to the Allied Armies, among whom were the 1½ million Jewish fighting men and women. Add another 1½ million *Maranos** who were registered as non-Jews, but by Hitler's terms they were Jews.

As in volume one, volume two is also bringing the facts of the Jewish Combatants' role in World War Two.

In the Jewish War evaluation, we are opening the chapter with excerpts from the history of the *Black Book*.

In March 1943, Ilya Ehrenburg, the great Soviet Jewish writer proposed at a meeting of the Anti-Fascist Committee in Moscow to publish a Black Book, about the atrocities of the Germans and their helpers against the Jewish people and also about the Heroic Resistance that Jews offered against the Nazis, with the active help of other nationalities, who fought in World War Two.

From this *original Black Book* an excerpt is included in the second volume of the Anthology, under the title: *Resistance*.

Right behind the first line of troops Ilya Ehrenburg came to Vilna, where I met him and we had a friendly chat. A picture of his visit in Vilna, appeared in the first volume of the Anthology. A second personal moment is that I was mentioned in the *Black Book* that was published in 1946, and appears on page 59 in this edition.

The Partisan writer Abraham Suckever, who lives in Israel, in his expose to the members of the Anti-Fascist Committee in 1944 in Moscow, also mentioned about my great achievement of organizing the Anti-Nazi propaganda in Vilna and vicinity.

Needless to say that I am very proud of my war-time record, and being one of the very few that was written about me, as early as in 1944-45.

It is a devastating chronicle of the atrocities, in Hitler's Europe, against the Jews and the Resistance they offered to the German war machine.

While the manuscript was smuggled out from the Soviet Union and it came into Israeli hands, it was suppressed in Israel for many years, because of political calculations.

In 1980, a version of this book was published in the Russian language, by Yad Vashem in Jerusalem. In 1981 it was published by the Holocaust Library in New

*A person concealing his true Religious identity in fear of persecution during the Spanish Inquisition.

York, translated from the Russian book into English. In this revised edition the chapter *Lithuania* was missing, and therefore my activities were not mentioned. In the middle of 1984, a new edition of the *Black Book* was published in Yiddish where the chapter *Lithuania* was restored, including my role in this respect.

The reader is presented with the story and all the various nuances of the *Black Book*. 40 writers and scholars worked on this book for about four years. One of Ehrenburg's closest collaborators was the writer Vassili Grossman, who figures as the editor of the publication.

The chapter "Resistance," which takes up 48 pages, gives you a fuller picture of the Jewish sufferings and their Resistance against Nazi Germany and her helpers. The book was written in the fragic days, not years after, from recollection.

On page 79 is a letter from King Christian X of Denmark, identifying himself with the Jews of Denmark.

Story on page 91, an excerpt from the book: *Resistance*, written by the scholar M. R. D. Foot, a gentile historian. It is worthy to point out that the author saw many instances of Jewish heroic participation all over Europe. It mentions all kinds of Jewish fighters. The pictures at the side of the story are mostly of Bulgarian Jewish fighters, but they are not related to the story. It is important to single out the pictures of Synod Lxarch Stephan and Nadejda Vasileva. Their conscience told them to help Jews.

Another picture that is worthy to single out is that of Hitler's soldiers, towards the end of the war; 14-16 year old children were forced into the army, because the older ones were dead, maimed or disabled. The German nation can thank the National Socialist Party for their "achievements."

"The Bitter Saga of the Jewish Partisans" on page 109, is an excellent evaluation of the events, and therefore, I chose it to be included in the Anthology.

The story about General Jacob (Vladimir) Smuskewich, brings to the reader the message of how a Jewish private could reach a very high rank, as happened to the General, who fell in battle in W.W.II.

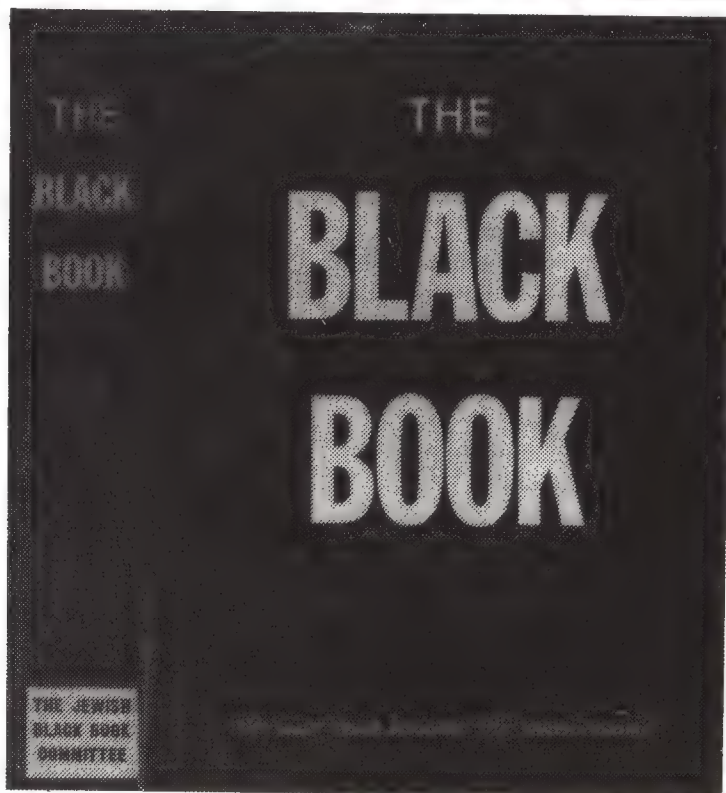
The Polish document on page 128, proves that of 12 heroic fighters, who were awarded high Medals, a third of them were Jews.



VASSILI GROSSMAN



ILYA EHRENBURG



The Black Book

(An Excerpt from the original 1946th edition)

THE BLACK BOOK

The Nazi Crime Against the Jewish People

*With more than 100 illustrations
from official sources.*

There is a much-quoted phrase in the book of Job which has long been known to be a mistranslation. Correctly rendered it runs "Oh that mine adversary had prepared a bill of indictment against me!" As the formal accusers of the German people before the bar of the civilized world, it may properly be demanded of the Jews that they prepare such a bill of indictment.

It is easily done. Its preparation needs neither legal skill nor exhaustive and painful research.

In this volume, technical skill and exhaustive research have indeed been used, and the results have merely confirmed what was clear to anyone who did nothing more than live during the dreadful period of the world's history which began with Hitler's advent to power.

The blood of Hitler's victims cries from the ground. The purpose of our bill of indictment is to make the cry articulate.

*World Jewish Congress
Jewish Anti-Fascist
Committee, USSR
Vaad Leumi, Palestine
American Committee of
Jewish Writers, Artists,
and Scientists*

*The entire manuscript of **The Black Book** was submitted to the juridical authorities of the United Nations War Crimes Commission meeting at Nuremberg, Germany, as evidence of the crimes committed by the Nazis against the Jewish people.*

Terrible are such wars as the present war. Great is the river of blood spilled by the Germans. But today it is not enough to speak of Germany's responsibility; today we must speak of the responsibility of all: of our responsibility for the future of humanity.

Today, everyone is responsible before his conscience, before his son and his mother, before his country and before mankind; responsible with all the power of his heart and his mind to find the answer to the question: What bred racism? How can we prevent the rebirth of nazism, of fascism anywhere, either on this or the other side of the ocean—ever, ever?

Let us remember that fascism will emerge from this war not only with all the bitterness of defeat, but also with the sweet memory of the facility of mass murder.

All of us to whom decency and freedom and the life of mankind are dear, must think of it daily and with great severity.

—"Report from Treblinka"

VASSILI GROSSMAN

Resistance

HOW DID THE JEWS OF EUROPE BEAR THEMSELVES THROUGH THE greatest tragedy in their history? How did they react to persecution, terrorization and mass murder by the Nazi overlords?

When Hitler came into power in 1933, Jewish citizens overnight found themselves aliens in a hostile land, a land where most of them had lived and worked for countless generations. Part of Germany's Jews emigrated, seeking homes elsewhere. But thousands, ignoring the handwriting on the wall, stayed on in their old homes, hoping for better days to come; until it grew too late and the outbreak of the second World War shut fast the last doors of escape.

With the Nazi conquest of Europe, the greater part of the continent became one vast prison-house for the Jews, a prison which extended from the Baltic to the Pyrenees, from the Channel to the Volga; and every Jew trapped in it was condemned to die. Yet, as from every prison, escape was possible. Some managed it; many more would have if the governments of the democracies had been more cooperative. So the avenues of escape became fewer as the years went by. But through a few cracks in the walls and through a few tunnels bored underground, the ingenious, the patient, the brave and the lucky, in uncounted thousands, got out. They were helped by others, safe in free countries, who, through the wall of the Pyrenees or through the roof by parachute, broke into the death-house to save them.

These were the shock troops from Tel Aviv, adepts in commando tactics, who had been trained by Major General Wingate for secret duty inside Europe. Early in the war, they quietly entered the continent and spread out through the occupied countries to organize Jewish resistance groups, to train them in sabotage, and to set up an underground railway to smuggle Jews out to safety. Funds for the support of this work were sent from Jewish communities all over the world; funds that were spent to bribe frontier guards, to buy guns and false passports.



MAJ. ABRAHAM KRISZER (Pseu.
ROMAN)

fought many battles on various fronts, among them by Lenino, where the battles were murderous. Later on he was parachuted into the hinterland of Poland and took revenge against the Germans for his murdered people.

There were other thousands who could have got out, but who refused to take the proffered opportunity. At the risk of their lives they stayed within the walls of occupied Europe. There was much work to be done.

Inside Europe, Jews were forming their own relief and resistance groups. As forced laborers they sabotaged and struck against the deportation of their comrades; trapped in ghettos they organized armed uprisings and fought long drawn-out battles to the death; escaping from ghettos and death camps, they joined partisan and guerrilla bands, and from forest and mountain hiding-places they came out to harass the enemy.

Jewish resistance to Nazi tyranny and terror is almost inseparable from the parallel efforts of non-Jewish fighters. Jew and Gentile fought and died together, sapping and mining the foundations of the "New Europe," preparing for the coming of the Allied armies and the final victory.

Hitler's attempt to set minorities against each other and all against the Jews met with some success among local fascists and collaborators, but the general population, for the most part, sympathized with the Jews and extended aid to them, often at the risk and cost of life.

Indeed, what safety the Jews of Western Europe enjoyed during the occupation was given by Gentile friends who hid them in attics and cellars, sometimes for years. The circuitous underground railway, that shipped many Jews to freedom, had strangely disparate stopping-places along its route: the homes of city dwellers, rich and poor; a peasant's hay loft; a bishop's palace; a fisherman's hut; a monastery.

Those who fought in the ghettos received more from the non-Jews than the silent messages of roses tossed over the walls. Food, arms, forged papers, medical supplies and safe-conduct to partisan hideouts were given too; while many Jewish children grew up in peasant huts and partisan caves, mothered by non-Jewish women.

This brief survey of how the doomed Jews of Europe fought back does not pretend to do more than indicate some of the methods and means used in that struggle. It will be long before anything like a complete picture can be formed, before historians will have learned all the high-lights, and filled in even some portion



LOUIS SCHULMAN

saw action in European Theatre of war. In Africa, Italy, France, and Germany. Was wounded in Germany. Received Bronze Star, Purple Heart, 5 Battle Stars, 5 Invasion Arrows, and Good Conduct Medal. Resides in the USA.

of the details of one of the most tragic and heroic chapters in the history of mankind.

WESTERN EUROPE

FRANCE

Early in 1944, Captain Guy de Rothschild, aide to General Koenig of the French Forces of the Interior (FFI), visited the United States. In an interview with the press, Captain Rothschild spoke of the extent of Jewish resistance in France.

"It is difficult," he said, "to ascertain the number of Jews with the Free French Forces and the Maquis, because they all serve under assumed names. The full picture of Jewish war participation will emerge only after hostilities have ceased, and even then it will require years of research to record all the names. However, it is generally agreed, and the record of the French Intelligence bears it out, that the proportion of Jews in the fighting forces and the Maquis was far above their percentage of the French population. Their gallantry was exemplary. They were not rabbits waiting for the kill, they were hounds on the trail of the enemy. Names? There was Jean Rosenthal, chief of the Maquis of Savoy. There was Mark Hazenau, chief of the Jewish scouts engaged in rescue and sabotage. Their number is legion."

Judge Leon Meis, who had also been active in the French underground, and who accompanied Captain Rothschild to the United States, reported in the same interview that Jewish participation in the Maquis totaled at least forty per cent, including independent Jewish units and persons who served in general units.¹

An organization of Polish Jews, which had existed since 1924 as a society for general mutual assistance, became known in 1941 as *L'Union des Juifs pour la Résistance et Mutuel Secours*.

It was affiliated with the general resistance movement in France through the *Conseil National de la Résistance*. In the crucial year of 1941, when the character of the organization was changed from that of a benevolent society to one of militant resistance, sabotage and propaganda, its membership rose from 3,000 to 7,000.

Judge Leon Meis, who had been active in the French underground, and who accompanied Captain Rothschild to the United States, reported in the same interview that Jewish participation in the Maquis totaled at least forty per cent, including independent Jewish units and persons who served in general units.

Fifteen hundred of its members were armed and participated in action with the FFI. Other members took part in various forms of direct action against the Nazi invaders, including sabotage in factories, supply depots, railroads, telephone exchanges and power plants. The invaders were attacked, usually with hand grenades, in their cars, trucks, railway coaches, offices and homes.

The organization printed an underground paper in Paris, called *La Presse Nouvelle*.

Members used the hazardous protection of forged papers to keep them from deportation to labor or death camps. In this the French police were some help, but the *Union* depended chiefly on its own presses for ration books and identification cards, which the organization not only had to print but to embellish with a convincing facsimile of the police stamp. The forged papers indicated that the bearers were either unfit for military and labor service, under or over age for such service, an only son, or employed in essential work. In case of women the papers showed that the bearer was exempt from labor service by reason of two or more children.

The *Union* also served as an underground railway. Through it women and children were smuggled into Switzerland.

One of this group's most notable achievements was the liberation of the town of Castre, near Toulouse, on August 23, 1944.

The following excerpts are taken at random from the reports of the day to day activities of the "Special Group" and the First and Second Detachments of *L'Union des Juifs pour la Résistance* that operated in and around Paris during the Nazi occupation:

15 March 1943—at 22 o'clock two men armed with pistols and grenades tossed a grenade into a railway carriage reserved for Germans in the Pont d'Alma Station of the Versailles line. The grenade fell squarely in the midst of the *boches*, causing a large number of dead and wounded. The two comrades retired in good order.

19 April 1943—at 22 o'clock two men armed with pistols brought down a *boche* officer. The get-away was effected in good order.

10 January 1943—A *boche* restaurant at 8 rue Boissy-d'Anglais was attacked with grenades by a group of three partisans. A gre-

One of this group's most notable achievements was the liberation of the town of Castre, near Toulouse, on August 23, 1944.

nade falling right in the middle of the *boches* caused deaths and injuries among the officers.

2 July 1943—at 9 o'clock in the morning, in the rue Martre at Clichy, three men armed with grenades and pistols attacked an autobus loaded with *boches*. A grenade was thrown by R. who was protected by two guards. The patriotic population of Clichy cheered our comrades as they started to make their get-away. Nevertheless one filthy creature tried to interfere. He was brought down by the two guards. Some *boches* who were on the road, encouraged by this act of intervention, fired several shots, wounding the guards, who took shelter in a building. The *concièrge* and the tenants refused to betray the heroic partisans. Then the *boches* brought up reinforcements and surrounded the building with several detachments, armed with machine guns, rifles and gas bombs. They threatened to blow up the building.

The partisan in charge of the operation who had been wounded in defending his comrades, came out of his hiding place and tossed his grenade into the crowd of *boches*, killing and wounding several, shot his last bullets at the enemy and died facing the invader.

The other wounded comrade managed to get to an inside court where he hid until 16 o'clock. The *concièrge* and the tenants knew that a wounded partisan was in the building.

It seems that at the insistence of certain tenants, the *concièrge* was forced to call the police commissioner of Clichy. The French police did not dare to interfere. She called the *boches*, who entered the house. The first group that went in was greeted with a grenade. The *boches* sent in a second group. The comrade still defended himself, killing and wounding his attackers. He did not fall until he had exhausted his ammunition.

One of the major efforts of *L'Union des Juifs pour la Résistance* was directed toward the effort to save Jewish children from deportation to the death camps of Poland. These children were gathered together either by prevailing upon the mothers to entrust their children to the *Union* or by actually kidnapping them from Nazi-guarded nurseries, hospitals and deportation centers. Catholic priests and Protestant pastors were helpful in this work of rescue by hiding the children and smuggling them over the Swiss border. Jewish scout leaders, provided with forged passports, led their young charges at



S/SERG. MARTIN HONIG
served in the Czechoslovakian
Army and fought on the side of
the Allies. Saw action in Eu-
rope and the Middle East.
Served in the 8th Army of Gen.
Montgomery. He resides in
the USA.

night by devious ways toward the Swiss border, where they were turned over to the churchmen. Priests and pastors would then lead these children in what were ostensibly religious processions toward mountain passes and forest trails leading into Switzerland. Thousands of children found safety in this way, though it is still impossible to give an accurate estimate of the total number.²

Some of the underground work in France was coordinated through a nucleus in Tel Aviv, which received reports and letters from France. Written in a very simple code, the letters seemed to deal with family affairs. It is easy to understand the following: "They are wonderful, the children, working very nicely under the most difficult conditions. They are everywhere, displaying more courage than anyone else."³

BELGIUM

In a message of October 13, 1943 to the Canadian-Jewish Congress from Baron Silvercruys, Belgian Minister to Canada, Belgium paid tribute to her Jewish citizens.

"Many Belgian Jews, often at the risk of their own lives and that of their families, have joined the Belgian forces in Great Britain. In our struggle for freedom and victory, no distinction is made between 'Aryans' and 'non-Aryans.' They are fighting side by side . . . When my country fell prey to German aggression, many Jewish names appeared on the list of Belgian martyrs."

Clandestine aid on a wide and well organized scale was extended to the Jews of all nationalities who were trapped in Belgium, and whose extinction seemed a matter of little time when the great deportations to Poland began in 1942. The organization chiefly responsible for this work was the *Comité National de Défense des Juifs*, formed at the instigation of the Belgian underground Independence Front, whose president, Emile Allard, a journalist, in pre-war days had headed the National League Against Anti-Semitism. The *Comité* was composed of both Jews and non-Jews. Its general purpose was to oppose in every possible way the deportation of Jews. To this end two branches were formed; the first to aid children, the second to aid adults.

With the help of Mlle. Nevejan, directrice of the *Oeuvre Na-*



SAMUEL HERSHKOWITZ
served with the British 8th
Army under Gen. Wavel and
later under Field Marshal
Montgomery in Egypt, Greece,
Creta, Cyprus, Lebanon, Sirya,
Tripolitania (Libia), Italy,
Israel, etc. Received six
Medals from the British Army.
Resides in the USA.

tional de l'Enfance, arrangements were made to hide children with Gentile families, and a fund was set aside to pay for their upkeep where necessary. In this way more than 2,000 Jewish children were saved. It has been reported that Mlle. Nevejan paid with her life for her devotion to this cause.

The second branch of the *Comité* assisted adults by providing them with false passports, distributing food coupons and secreting them in places of safety. At the time of the liberation of Belgium, the books of the *Comité* showed that around 10,000 adults had been aided through its work, approximately eighty-five per cent of whom were Jews of Polish nationality. Many of the members of this branch too were arrested and deported. But there were always others to take their place and carry on the work.

Some twenty per cent of the Jews in Belgium at the time of the Nazi occupation were saved through the united efforts of Jews and non-Jews, working sometimes individually and sometimes in groups.

The Belgian underground paper, *Le Monde de Travail*, in an article, printed in October 1942, issued "practical instructions how to extend help to the Jewish populace." This article states that no occasion should be missed to tell people about the crimes committed by the Nazis against the Jews. The entire Belgian nation must be made aware of these outrages, the paper says, since the Nazis keep their misdeeds secret. Hostility and contempt should always be displayed to the Gestapo and the military engaged in hunting down Jews; in the event of any clash, one should intervene and help the Jews escape. The article also recommends that Belgian citizens hide Jews and adopt Jewish children.

From the very day their country was occupied by the Germans, the Belgian people had shown what they thought of Nazi "racism." Their contempt for the invader and their fearless friendship for the Jews was shown in thousands of ways, great and small.

On one occasion, a priest in Liège announced in church one Sunday that there was a transport of Jews at the railway station who were being deported and who were without food or sufficient clothing. Then and there the sum of 6,000 francs was collected, and food and clothing were immediately purchased to provide perhaps some little comfort for the doomed people.⁵

It will be remembered that the citizens of Antwerp were among



CORP. ISIDORE GETTINGER
saw action in France (Invasion). Resides in the USA.

the first of the conquered peoples to show their contempt for their new rulers by adopting as a badge of honor the yellow armband with the "Star of David" that the Jews were compelled to wear.⁶ Belgians carried packages in the streets for Jews who were ordered by the Nazis to walk empty-handed. They threw stink bombs in movie houses that exhibited anti-Semitic films. Winter relief frequently gave priority to the feeding of Jewish children.

Cardinal van Roey, primate of Belgium, pleaded with the Germans against the deportations; many priests aided escaping Jews, and church buildings and institutions gave them sanctuary.

On the holiday of *Simchat Torah*, the Jews of Antwerp heard the chimes of the Cathedral play their song of hope, *Hatikvah*.

HOLLAND

The Dutch, like their Belgian neighbors, were outspokenly opposed to the anti-Semitism of the invaders. They lost no opportunity to show contempt for their self-appointed "Aryan kinsmen" and "deliverers." Some years before the outbreak of the war the people of Holland, of all classes and creeds, had generously given aid to Jewish refugees from Germany, and the Nazi invaders had in no wise changed their hearts with anti-Semitic propaganda.

One Nazi weekly, published in Holland, made this enlightening comment on the behavior of Dutch "Aryans," when the compulsory wearing of the "Star of David" was decreed for the Jews of Holland:

"A Christian teacher twice entered a school room and held up a Star of David saying, 'Children, the Jews must now wear this, and the people of our town should do like those of Amsterdam who raise their hats when they meet a Jew wearing his Star.'"⁷

On September 2, 1942, the *Philadelphia Daily News* carried the following dispatch from London:

The Dutch Nazi burgomaster of Ostzaan was recently attacked by the populace when he tried publicly to enforce German-imposed anti-Semitic regulations.

The burgomaster, according to reports, saw a Jew walking the street carrying a bag of vegetables and not wearing his "Star of David." . . .



CORP. LEON FASS
was in the Military Police
from 1942-45. Saw action in
Egypt, Libya, Tunisia and Italy
in the Air Combat. Received
decorations and Citations:
American Defense Service Medal
European-African-Middle East-
ern Service Medal and others.
His widow resides in the USA.

The burgomaster attempted to arrest the man, and he resisted. The burgomaster then tried force, and when this failed called upon passers-by for assistance.

Not only did the people in the streets refuse, but they came to the Jew's assistance instead. One man ran his bicycle full speed between the burgomaster and the Jew. Another tried to trip the burgomaster, and still another assaulted him directly.

It was a few days after this incident that the Netherlands Premier, Dr. Pieter Gerbrandy, in a broadcast over Radio Orange from London on September 11, 1942, "called on the people of the Netherlands," according to the Netherlands News Agency in London, "on the occasion of the Jewish New Year, to continue resisting the satanic plan of the Nazis for the deportation of the Jews."

Recalling the German announcement that no Jew would remain in the Netherlands after July 1, 1943, Dr. Gerbrandy asserted that the "Dutch people resist this barbarism, risking lives and safety to frustrate this plan."⁸

Some further light is thrown on the attitude and efforts of the Dutch people in regard to their Jewish fellow citizens by an article in the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*, which quotes the contents of a joint letter of protest by the Reformed and Catholic Churches of Holland, which was sent to *Reichskommissar* Seyss-Inquart at the beginning of 1943. A sharp protest against the persecution of the Jews was read from the pulpits on Sunday, February 21, 1943, during prayers. In Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht and Hilversum the workers responded with sympathy strikes.

The people of Holland, clergy and laity alike, rallied to the defense of their Jewish compatriots with all their traditional stalwartness. Dr. J. A. C. Fagginger Auer, Professor of History and Philosophy at Harvard, said in the columns of the *Christian Science Monitor* on April 17, 1945, that "it is due in no small measure to the influence of the churches that so many Jews have escaped with their lives. The church has insisted that defenseless Jewish citizens be protected, and I have heard many stories of Jewish men, women and children remaining hidden for three years or more in attic rooms and sharing with their protectors the little they had."



MENDEL LERUCH

saw Combat with the French Army. Was wounded, 75% invalid. Pola his wife, also an invalid, inflicted during the war. They reside in France.

That there was a Jewish rescue group working in Holland during the occupation is made evident in a booklet concerning the underground, which says:

Our movement in this country wrote a brilliant chapter in the story of the year 1942-43. It played a leading role in the attempts to organize groups for crossing the borders to safety. One of the active spirits, the youngest of the group, our comrade Joachim Simon, gave his life. He did everything to save others and nothing to save himself. But immediately a second comrade stepped in to fill his place. Our comrades were assisted by the local peasants in harboring people.⁹

The following are excerpts from letters written from Holland by Peter Matijs Smedts to his wife in the United States in June and July of 1945:

In the meantime I can tell you that my parents organized an enormous party for my return. The whole family was invited and a good many of the villagers. It lasted two days; every day we had more than a hundred people at table, and the second day the young people danced all night. Many things have changed in the village. It is not surprising: *here many people were hidden—Maria* [Maria is one of the writer's sisters.—Ed] *took care of thirty Jews, and all are safe.*

... you will like Mertens' fiancée ... they are going to marry in September. *Mertens helped quite a few Jews, like almost everyone else in Holland.*

You have heard about the great Jewish persecution in Amsterdam. The Jews had to be in at eight in the evening. Then the Gestapo started entering the houses, taking whole families, grandparents, parents and children. They had half an hour to pack their trunks, ridiculous because everything was taken from them later on. You saw them march through the town those beautiful summer evenings (1942) with their cases toward the station to be taken to Poland to die. I cannot describe the terrible atmosphere in Amsterdam in these days. *You had to help, and almost everybody found himself doing illegal work. I organized my underground railroad to Switzerland ...*



SOL SCHIFFER

volunteered into the French Army. After the surrender of the Army he joined the Partisans, by the nickname "Comrade Zalmen". Fought many battles. Resides in the USA.

DENMARK

At the time of the Nazi invasion of Denmark, there were some 7,000 Jews in the country; Danish citizens for the most part, with a scattering of refugees among them. That most of them are still alive is largely due to the efforts of the Swedish people and their government in cooperation with the people of Denmark.

In October 1943, the government offered asylum to Denmark's Jewish population. The offer was made to the German occupation officials through the Swedish Minister to Berlin. No answer was received.¹⁰

Realizing that action must be taken quickly if the Jews were to be saved from deportation, the Swedes did not wait to palaver. By underground routes they sent word to the Jewish community in Copenhagen to be ready to flee *en masse*. The plan was simple, daring and—for the most part—successful. The straits between Sweden and Denmark are narrow, in some places only a mile or two across; they are dotted with little islands and veiled in fog much of the time. Both countries possess large fishing fleets.

During the first week of October 1943 the greater part of Denmark's Jewish population assembled secretly at designated spots along the coast in the vicinity of Copenhagen, while small craft scouted the straits keeping a look-out for Nazi patrol boats. Braving the icy waters of the Oeresund in small fishing boats under the Danish and Swedish flags, Jews of all ages and conditions of life finally debarked on the hospitable shores of Sweden. A few were surprised by mosquito craft of the German navy and sunk by gun fire.

The next day the Swedish press extended its welcome and expressed its sympathy to the refugees. The city of Stockholm alone appropriated 100,000 kronen toward a general relief fund. All Swedish railways, private and government owned, offered them free transportation.¹¹

The Nazis were infuriated by Sweden's act of mercy, officially sponsored by the government itself. They intensified their hunt for Danish Jews, but refugees in Sweden were of the opinion that the round-up of the Jews, instead of halting efforts at sabotage in Denmark, would have exactly the opposite effect. Indeed, such



MOSZCHE SOSZEWICZ

was with the French Army when the war broke out. Participated in many Combat actions, after the surrender of the Army he was fighting as a Partisan. Decorated with the Medals: Engages Volontaires, Combattants 1939-45, Combats de la Somme and Militaire. Resides in France.

seems to have been the case, for the Swedish domestic radio reported on October 4th, that two large German vessels, which had been designated to transport Jews to Germany on their way to the eastern death camps, had been damaged by saboteurs in harbor at Copenhagen.

At this time a number of Danish soldiers, released from internment for their part in a militant uprising against the Nazis at the end of August, refused to sign statements pledging themselves not to aid any opposition groups.¹²

That the Germans recognized the part the Danish people had played in aiding the Jews to escape was clear, when the German authorities disarmed the Danish police and interned many of them, giving as the reason for this action the fact that they had done nothing to prevent the exodus. The Swedish *Aftomidningen* said that "the Danish police had ceased to function after German authorities found that they had failed to counteract the flight of the Jews to Sweden with sufficient energy." Many of the police also fled to Sweden.

Perhaps the most sincere tribute, though an inverted one, paid the Swedish people came from Hitler's own *Voelkischer Beobachter*, which said: "These Swedish insults will not be forgotten."

NORWAY

Norway's Jewish population at the time of the invasion was very small, amounting to some 1,800 of which 500 were refugees. They received the assistance of the local population, of farmers and workers, in hiding from the Nazis, and with such assistance about half of them eventually crossed the border into Swedish territory where, as in the case of the Danish Jews, the Swedish Government and people gave them refuge and relief.¹³

CENTRAL AND SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE

GREECE

The invasion of Greece by Italy began on October 28, 1940. German armies started their attack upon Greece on April 6, 1941.



CORP. HERMAN DROOKS
saw war as a Radio Operator
and Carbine Marksman in Italy,
France, Philippines, N. Afrika
and England. Was decorated
with the American Campaign
Medal, Asiatic Pacific Cam-
paign, Silver Service Star
Medals and others. Resides in
the USA.

Jewish participation in the Greek war was enthusiastic. All Jews eligible for military service joined up to fight the invader.

The first officer of field rank in the Greek Army to be killed in battle was Colonel Mordecai Frizi, who fell on March 21, 1941, "heroically leading his troupes to victory," to quote the official report. Highest honors were paid to Colonel Frizi: the Archbishop of Athens presided at his funeral, and a town was named for him. The *Ethnos*, an Athenian daily journal, in commenting on his death, said, "The Jews are taking their part in this fight with their whole soul and all their resources."¹⁴

Many Palestinian Jews fought with the RAF, the Royal Engineers and the Pioneer Corps in Greece. Many of them belonged to the unit that fought with the British at El Alamein.

When the Nazis conquered Greece, the attitude of the Greek people toward their Jewish compatriots was revealed by the fact that the Nazis did not dare to introduce anti-Jewish legislation on the German pattern. In Greece racial discrimination was never given the stamp of official sanction.¹⁵

When the "Rosenberg commission" arrived in Athens, the Jews there were ordered to register, an order that would have affected some 9,000 persons, one-half of whom were refugees from the large Jewish community of Salonica. In all some 300 Jews obeyed this order; the others scattered and hid, or joined the partisan forces.

Orders were issued by the Nazi authorities forbidding Greeks to give aid to Jews, orders that were disobeyed, sometimes with the result of the death penalty being invoked.

The invaders attempted to force the Greek clergy to take a stand against the Jews on the ground that they were an "inferior race," and to urge their parishioners not to give aid or comfort to the persecuted Jews. Most of the clergy refused to obey this order, and instead urged the people to help the Jews wherever possible.

As a result the Germans arrested many of the clergy and closed their churches, converting them to military purposes. At least one Greek monk was executed for sheltering Jews who were wanted by the Gestapo.

In Athens a clandestine collection was taken up to provide relief

The first officer of field rank in the Greek Army to be killed in battle was Colonel Mordecai Frizi, who fell on March 21, 1941, "heroically leading his troupes to victory," to quote the official report. Highest honors were paid to Colonel Frizi: the Archbishop of Athens presided at his funeral, and a town was named for him. The Ethnos, an Athenian daily journal in commenting on his death, said, "The Jews are taking their part in this fight with their whole soul and all their resources."

In all some 300 Jews obeyed this order; the others scattered and hid, or joined the partisan forces.

for these victims of persecution, but the Germans, on learning of it, arrested the leaders of the movement and threatened severe reprisals for any person directly or indirectly aiding the Jews.¹⁶

The Chief Rabbi of Athens, Elias Barzalai, "deserves to be mentioned with particular reverence. Chief Rabbi Barzalai was ordered by the Germans to hand over a register of the Jewish population. Not only did he not obey the order, but he fled and hid in the mountains, taking with him the archives of the community."¹⁷

We have the Chief Rabbi's own report on the events in Greece as they concerned the Jews during the occupation. It is dated June 14, 1944, and is sent from "Somewhere in Greece." The following are some excerpts from that report:

On the basis of unverified information, I estimate that three-fourths of the Jews of Greece have suffered the greatest of catastrophes and only one-fourth of them, that is, 25,000, have been saved; part of them live in occupied Greece, hidden in houses of non-Jewish friends who had the kindness to protect them.

The largest number of these non-Jewish friends, protectors of the victims of Nazi barbarism, belong to the organization of the EAM. [Greek National Liberation Front.—Ed.]

I am happy to note that from this inferno, created by the Germans, about 10,000 Jews were able to escape. This miracle is due without question to the organization of the EAM. This highly patriotic organization showed its interest in the persecuted Jews from the first moment. When the anti-Jewish committee, "Rosenberg commandos," appeared on the scene in Athens on September 22, 1943, the central committee of the EAM immediately gave orders to its members to open their doors to the persecuted Jews and to give them refuge and protection. Thus, if today there is a free corner in Greece, if there is a great area of freedom from the hordes of Hitler, it is due to the heroic organization of the ELAS [Popular Liberation Army.—Ed.], which, with great sacrifice and admirable patriotism, was able to drive out the enemy from those areas where many Jews not only escaped death, but still breathe free air in full security and where they live among those men who are fighting not only for the liberation of Greece, but also for the application of world-wide justice, a justice which will eliminate forever every racial and religious difference.



COL. JULEK KONAR (KON)
was parachuted in the vicinity
of Lublin and was appointed
commander in the area of Pulaw,
Lubartow and Demblin. He and
his men had many pitched bat-
tles with the enemy. Survived.

I believe that all of Free Greece gave refuge to many Jews, but lacking adequate data, I am not in a position to give concrete figures. From information reaching me, at least 1,000 Jews are in Free Greece, among them 100-200 guerrillas, fifty working actively in affiliate organizations such as National Solidarity and EPON [Panhellenic Union of Youth—Fd.], and the rest are dispersed in various cities and villages of Free Greece.

The EAM organization gives them all its moral support, but in spite of its good will toward the refugees, finds it impossible to help them materially because the EAM is in very difficult economic straits. No doubt part of these Jews live by their own means, but most of them have exhausted all their financial resources, have sold even the most elementary necessities, and now find themselves in a lamentable condition.

Since the EAM is so well disposed toward the Jews, it would be a good thing to find the means to help those who are hungry and without clothing.

Before I finish this report, I deem it my duty to express on behalf of all the Jews who have been saved from Nazi barbarism, my deep gratitude to the EAM-ELAS organizations which gave material proof of their real patriotism, humanitarianism and opposition to anti-Semitism.

In a supplementary report, dated June 14, 1944, Chief Rabbi Barzalai adds that:

Seven thousand still remain in occupied Greece hidden in various homes, 1,000 escaped from the country, 500 are in the guerrilla army and various other organizations, and the rest are dispersed throughout the villages of Free Greece.

The aid of the EAM-ELAS in the work of saving the Jews of Greece has been great, according to the evidence in our hands. All those who escaped destruction owe their salvation to the EAM-ELAS.

From the beginning of the persecution of the Jews of Greece, the EAM considered the Jewish question within the framework of the national liberation struggle. It aided many to hide with members of the EAM organization, facilitated the escape abroad of many families, and protected all the Jews who sought refuge in Free Greece.¹⁸

Seven thousand still remain in occupied Greece hidden in various homes, 1,000 escaped from the country, 500 are in the guerrilla army and various other organizations, and the rest are dispersed throughout the villages of Free Greece.

JOSEF WILNER
was fighting the Germans in the ranks of the Czechoslovakian
Army. This is his certificate. Resides in the USA.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

In Czechoslovakia a peculiar condition existed regarding Jewish sabotage and armed resistance with the underground forces of the Republic.

Since 1918, Czechoslovakia had had a large German minority within her borders—three million Sudeten Germans. These three million *Volksdeutsche* not only provided Hitler with his main pretext for seizing the country, but they had also prepared the way for his troops by their assiduous fifth column activities. They had complete and exhaustive dossiers of most of the leaders and intellectuals who might be expected to oppose their Nazi masters, and every Jew was known, listed and watched. Every Jew was suspect to the Nazis.

When the Czech Jews offered their services to the underground, they were therefore regretfully refused. The leaders explained the situation: Jews, by joining the resistance, would inevitably damage the very cause they desired to serve by leading the spies of the Gestapo to headquarters and hiding places. Their duty was therefore a purely negative one, flight. It was the best way they could serve the Republic.

YUGOSLAVIA

In 1938 a group of notable non-Jews in Belgrade, taking alarm at the spread of anti-Semitism through Nazi agents in Yugoslavia, formed a league to combat the evil. The league was headed by Milan Stankovic, a prominent lawyer.

That Yugoslavs under the Nazi conquerors were still combating anti-Semitism is revealed from the following order issued on January 3, 1942, by the *Okkupationskommando* in Belgrade:

"The death penalty will be enforced on persons hiding Jews or in any way financially assisting Jews." ¹⁹

The few Jews of Yugoslavia who managed to escape deportation and death at the hands of the Axis found their way into partisan territory and served with the patriot fighters in one capacity or another. Many of them joined the forces of Marshal Tito which held large stretches of unconquered country against the invaders.

Sdružení přísl. čsl. zahr. vojsk v Liberci

potvrzuje, že
Josef Wilner
zobrazený na fotografii,
nar. dne *10. 3. 1915 Michalovce*
přísl. do - 4 -
bytem v *Liberci*
Sdružení 2413,
je přísl. čsl. zahr. vojsk
od *17. 2. 42* místo pres. *Buayluk.*
voj. hodnost *des v 2al*
čís. prop. listu: *5813-1-3.*

V Liberci dne *10. 4. 1946*

J. Hlavoš *Šelenský*
předseda pokladník



odhlasen
LIBEREC

J. Wilner
vlastoruční podpis.

One of the leading figures of Yugoslav resistance was Moische Pijade, affectionately known as "Uncle Janko," who fought side by side with Tito from the very beginning of the struggle, and who was one of the three vice-presidents of the provisional government.

A frequent method of recruiting Jewish additions to partisan bands seems to have been for the partisans to descend on concentration camps and liberate the doomed prisoners. One such camp on the island of Hvar was attacked by Tito's men, and the three hundred Jews freed from it joined the brigade of their liberators.²⁰

The Jewish partisans in turn liberated others. On October 17, 1942, a Croatian collaborationist paper, the *Hrvatski Narod*, complained that "a band of armed Jews last night raided the weakly defended concentration camp, and, after wiping out the outnumbered garrison, freed 900 dirty little brats, 160 of whom were Jews."²¹

A specifically Jewish guerrilla group, known as the Jewish Patriot Brigade, operated from a mountain stronghold. Most of the members of this brigade had been prisoners of the Nazis in a concentration camp in Croatia, from which they had been liberated by patriot forces in a bloody battle with the guards. Of those liberated, the able-bodied were provided with arms, while others were assigned tasks in hidden workshops where they produced necessities for the fighting men and cared for the wounded.²² It is to such men that General Velebit, head of the Yugoslav Military Mission to London, paid tribute in January 1945:

"The leaders of the National Liberation Army feel deep gratitude for the magnificent contributions of the Jews in their ranks. Yugoslavia is a country without any racial or religious prejudices. We are anxious to restore the rights of the Jews in all liberated territories, and hope that Jewish refugees will soon return and give their valuable assistance to the reconstruction of our common fatherland."

HUNGARY

At the end of November 1944, reports coming out of Hungary through underground channels indicated that armed resistance against the Nazi government in Budapest was very largely carried

"A band of armed Jews last night raided the weakly defended concentration camp, and, after wiping out the outnumbered garrison, freed 900 dirty little brats, 160 of whom were Jews."

At the end of November 1944, reports coming out of Hungary through underground channels indicated that armed resistance against the Nazi government in Budapest was very largely carried on by Jews.

on by Jews. The seizure of power was strenuously resisted by the Jews of Hungary, which resulted in armed conflicts between Jewish bands and the new authorities. Battles were fought in the towns of Kosice, Munkacevo and elsewhere, resulting in the death of many Jews.

During the Nazi *coup d'état*, the Jews seized possession of a number of the most important streets and squares in Budapest and closed them off with barricades, as a rejoinder to the kidnaping of several Jews by Hungarian collaborationists. These Jews had been imprisoned in a movie house and were subsequently drowned in the Danube. The Nazis' puppets brought up tanks and artillery and destroyed many buildings in the course of the battle, without succeeding in forcing the Jews out of their strongholds.²³

RUMANIA

A Jewish underground group functioned in Rumania, whose activities were mainly concerned with smuggling Jews out of the country.

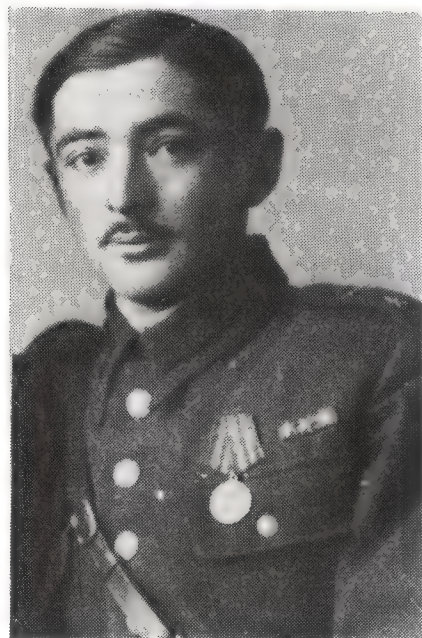
A letter from Transylvania, received in Tel Aviv, gives us only a glimpse of the work:

"At last we have succeeded in establishing contact with our comrades in Bucharest . . . I can tell you with great joy that our comrades there have really created something vital. In spite of the difficulties, work continues regularly in all fields."²⁴

POLAND AND THE SOVIET UNION

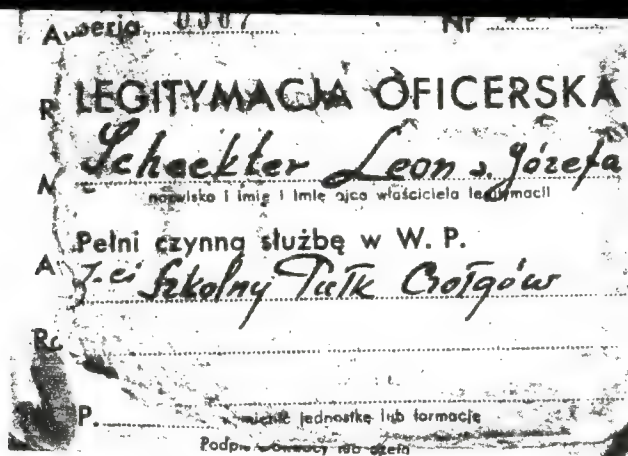
The extent of Jewish armed resistance in Eastern Europe was far greater and fiercer than in Western Europe, and for a very simple reason. Eastern Europe for centuries had been the great Jewish population center of the world; since 1941 it had been augmented by a constant stream of deportees from the west.

This vast stretch of territory, dotted with death camps, where the Nazis had planned their last act in the annihilation of a whole people, was beyond sight and knowledge of the civilized world. Here great areas of forest and marshland were held by bands of



LT. FELIX FLICKER

served in the Red Army from 1943-44 as a volunteer. In 1944 joined the Polish Armed Forces in the U.S.S.R. Wounded in 1945 at Breslau, Germany. Graduated from the Polish Academy of Artillery with the rank of Lieutenant. Received Medal for Victory over Germany. Resides in Australia.



Leon Schechters certificate of the Officer School.



LT. LEON SCHACHTER

fought with the Polish Army in 1939. Enlisted in 1943 in the Kosciuszko Division in Russia. Became a Lt. in the Tank Formation. Received Medal of Liberation in Poland, 1945. Resides in the USA.

Polish and Russian partisan fighters and made inaccessible to the Germans. And beyond the German lines lay Soviet territory whence came arms and supplies, dropped by planes or smuggled through by daring infiltration.

Throughout the war in the East Jewish resistance and partisan action were aspects of the same struggle for liberation. That "Jews and lawless elements" united effectively against the invader is evident from the following dispatch in the *New York Times* of May 30, 1943:

"Waging war on Russian guerrillas behind the German front is becoming a serious problem for the Nazis. Reports from correspondents with German troops give details of the extent of guerrilla attacks . . .

"One German front correspondent said the guerrillas included troops that escaped to the woods during the German advance in 1941, escaped Russian prisoners, Jews and lawless elements . . .

"The Russian Army supplied them with trained snipers, sappers, radio operators and doctors, who parachuted at night. Arms and munitions were also supplied."

The general picture of Jewish resistance in this region looms larger to us for another reason than that of the greater number of Jews involved. With the first ebbing of the tide of Nazi conquest, the Soviet Government sent members of the Extraordinary State Commission for the Investigation of War Crimes into the regions reconquered by the Red Army. Investigations were quickly and exhaustively conducted on the spot, facts and figures assembled, eyewitness stories and depositions gathered, both from the survivors of the terror and from their tormentors.

The story of the revolts of the doomed in the ghettos and death camps of Eastern Europe is one of great heroism in the face of great odds. Too frequently there was no hope or possibility of survival. Resistance could end neither in escape to freedom nor in victory on the spot, but only in death.

But death did not necessarily mean defeat: it meant that enemy supplies and buildings were destroyed, and that enemy lives were taken; that a very real blow had been struck at the invader, making the task of the liberating armies just that much easier.

It meant the moral victory of death in battle rather than in the

gas chamber. It meant more—a banner lifted forever in the sight of all men who cherish liberty, who fight tyranny, no matter what the odds.

CRACOW

Each defense group established was organized in a three-fold way. It was resolved to send anonymous letters to families who had lost their sons in the war. We wished to tell them about the real situation. One of us was given the task of copying addresses from death notices in the papers. Another had to copy the contents of the letters. By mailing the letters from some other town where there were no Jews, we succeeded in obliterating our traces.

A few days later I received official instructions regarding my functions in organizing the defense. I was given a list of people whom I had to induct into the work. It was arranged in such a way that none of the participants knew the full range of activities or the workers engaged. We succeeded in obtaining plans of government and army buildings and enterprises. We purchased large quantities of kerosene, gasoline and chemical materials. We stole uniforms and military insignia from army storehouses. We sewed ourselves various kinds of uniforms such as those of trolley car conductors, German nurses and electrical workers. We placed leaflets in soldiers' high boots, describing the situation abroad and the bombings in Germany.

We heard rumors of a group of Jewish partisans in our district. To our regret, we did not succeed in establishing contact with them, despite repeated efforts.

In January 1943, we received an order to appear at the house of a man who was one of our people. When we arrived we were introduced to two of our lads, who had escaped from a Jewish concentration camp in Cracow and had stolen across the frontier. We discussed the possibilities of defense activities and succeeded in organizing a Jewish partisan group. They obtained weapons and explosives. The work began. A mine was laid and the Cracow-Zakopane train blown up. Accidents began to occur on the railway lines. Cyganeria, the large military cafe in Cracow, was blown up. Many Germans fell, but we also suffered losses.

After this we were moved into the ghetto. Our work continued



SZULIM ZANG

fought in the ranks of the Polish Army in 1939 against Germany. After the occupation of Poland, was an inmate in Bielystok Ghetto and later deported to Auschwitz, where he became an active member of the Underground. Received a Medal by the Polish Government for his participation in W.W.II.

Resides in Poland.



Left: Lekach with a group of Polish Soldiers.

along two lines; one was the construction of hiding places, and the second the search for Poles prepared to conceal certain people. We built hiding places known as bunkers. Sometimes they would be in attics or cellars which we closed off with walls, sometimes a cranny in the earth. We worked for days on end. We dug for hours in the earth, in rocks or in the foundations of houses. We had no experience in this kind of work, and after many hours the wall under which we had dug would collapse, and all our work would be in vain. At times we grew weak and thought that it was all useless. But later we learned from our experience. Rooms were constructed in the earth, each twenty-seven cubic meters. We made bunks. Twenty people could enter a single shelter and take their most urgent necessities with them. The expulsions which were carried out proved that it was best to remain concealed until the storm had passed.

In spite of difficulties, dwellings were found. Polish workers provided refuge.

... I stole back into the ghetto one night and gave a report of my activity. From the information I had received from one of our comrades who lived in the "Aryan" district, it was possible to send people to labor camps if they had "Aryan" papers. Conditions in these camps were very hard, but there was some hope of remaining alive; that was the most important thing. The matter was considered. Nobody expressed a desire to go; they all preferred to remain. Finally it was resolved to send the youngsters aged fifteen to seventeen, and to save at least a handful. A week later the first four left.

LV OV

The Germans wanted to turn the ghetto into some sort of "toy" for themselves. Instead, it became the center of armed Jewish resistance.

In January 1943, after the German defeat at Stalingrad, a committee for armed struggle against the Germans was organized in the ghetto. The Jewish poet, Schulrich, was on the committee as the ghetto representative, and the young poet Manya Friedman as representative of the concentration camp. They established contact with the Polish committee.



COL. RAFAL LEKACH
volunteered into the Polish Peoples Army in 1943-45. Rose from a Private to a Colonel. Resides in Sweden.



ROZA LEKACH
was a Partisan in the "Denissow" Battalion in Byelorussia. She was active in fightings for over 2 years. Resides in Sweden.

We made plans to print an underground paper. We organized the collection of arms. We called for volunteers. Those who worked in the munitions industry stole arms from the Germans. We purchased revolvers from the Italians. We drilled and practised. Delegates of our committee got to Brod to establish contact with the Wolin partisans.

Arms began to stream into the ghetto. Workers smuggled them in. Once during inspection the SS found arms on a young Jew. He was shot immediately, and an alarm was sent out. On Loketek Street, an arsenal was found. But the organizers were not discovered.

In April we learned of the heroic stand of the Warsaw Ghetto and of the assistance given by the Polish population. Our committee issued an appeal to the Jews of the Lvov Ghetto, calling them to armed resistance. The committee decided to transfer the main point of armed struggle to the Brod woods.

At the end of February, the Germans began the liquidation of the ghettos in the Western Ukraine.

We had received the news from Warsaw of the destruction of the ghetto there. The Gestapo were frightened. They were afraid of a similar struggle here.

At the end of April, the order was issued to transfer all Jews to the concentration camps. I was a member of the secret organization which sent people to the Brod woods to join the partisans. By then it was very difficult to get out, but somehow we managed to find some trucks which took groups to Brod. We raided German estates, confiscated food supplies, attacked German outposts and took their arms and ammunition.

Especially well known was the attack made on the border post behind Brod where a German sentry was killed, and machine guns and grenades were captured.

The German gendarmerie made every attempt to discover the partisan headquarters, but the staff evaded them by moving about from place to place.

On May 9th the Brod woods were surrounded by a battalion of German infantry. The battle lasted three days. The German forces were larger and better armed. The partisans attempted to break through the encirclement. A few succeeded. They reached

Especially well known was the attack made on the border post behind Brod where a German sentry was killed, and machine guns and grenades were captured.



Israel Tuchhendler with fellow
Officers (2nd from right).

the Lublin woods and continued the struggle from there. The others were killed in battle, with arms in their hands.

WARSAW

Warsaw has been freed. The flag of the Polish Republic flies over the ruins of this once mighty city. Beside it flies the flag of the Soviet Union in honor of the liberating Red Army. These flags fly over vast ruins—over the ghetto. Here, hidden beneath grass-grown rubble lies a piece of Jewish history.

Across the Vistula lies the suburb of Praga, the haven of those who escaped from the last revolt and massacre of August 1944, and who managed to reach the liberating armies on the opposite bank.

Following Graf Bar-Komorovski's provocations which instigated the revolt, all Polish patriots took up arms against the Nazi murderers. The fighters were reinforced by a detachment of 400 Jews who had succeeded in saving themselves during the ghetto revolt of April-May 1943.

Only four out of these 400 are alive today, among them Freda Wartman, talented pianist of pre-war Warsaw. She lived on Yasna Street. The gray hair and the wrinkled face of this 30-year-old woman bear witness to the hardships and tortures she experienced during the massacre.

Freda Wartman's story is part of the tragic history of Warsaw Jewry from the fatal September of 1939 until the final end of the ghetto; it is a commentary on the heroism in the tragic battle waged by Warsaw's Jews.

Freda Wartman relates:

It began with trifles. In November 1939, proclamations were issued to the effect that all Jews must wear white armbands embossed with the blue "Star of David." Although we lived on a Polish street, far from the Jewish community, I had to don the armband when I left my house. As soon as I had walked two or three blocks, I would enter a passageway and remove the band. I knew that this invited fearful punishment, but it was the way in which a group of intellectuals decided to protest against this imposed shame. There were others who reacted and protested in the opposite way—they wore their armbands with staunch pride.



LT. ISRAEL TUCHHENDLER
fought with the Peoples Polish
Army in 1943-1945. Was sever-
ally wounded in Combat in Ber-
lin, Germany. Decorated with
Medals for distinguish per-
formance. Resides in Poland.

More than one of these proud Jews paid with their lives for carrying their heads high.

Aside from armbands, the Germans quickly began to inflict other degradations upon the Jews. They introduced special trains for them—third class trains; the first class was for Germans, the second for Poles.

German soldiers, German civilians, Germans who had become assimilated in Poland, Polish citizens of German descent and other hoodlums would invade Jewish and Polish homes; they would rob and rape.

Mass raids became a daily occurrence. One day they gathered only Jews; the next, only Poles; the third, only women.

The Germans organized an economic and social boycott against the Jews. They forced proprietors of "Aryan" stores to put up announcements: "*Hunde und Juden verboten!*" Soon, other announcements appeared: "*Hunde, Juden, Polen und Bettler verboten!*"

The spring and summer of 1940 passed with never-ending terror. We were in constant fear. Those who could escape joined the Soviets.

One night, a Gestapo agent came to our home. He studied our apartment carefully and left. He returned a few days later, this time with some of his comrades. They were drunk. They brandished revolvers. They ordered father to undress. I was sick in bed. One of them came to me and tore a ring from my finger. Then they ordered everyone out of the kitchen, took a young girl, a relative who was spending the night with us, into the kitchen and tortured her endlessly. The girl went insane.

The war between the Soviet Union and Germany broke out in June 1941. And with it came a ray of hope. Jews and Poles congratulated each other; everyone now was certain that sooner or later the Germans would be defeated. Breathless, we waited for news from the front. The German retreat before Moscow was greeted with enthusiasm. Old and young, we waited for the Red Army.

A proclamation had been issued announcing the formation of a Jewish quarter. The proclamation was put up on every street-corner and was printed in the press. A horrible poverty reigned in the ghetto, and even more horrible were the crowded conditions in the dwellings. A wave of smuggling began—of both finished products and raw materials. Outside the ghetto a battalion



SERG. SAMSON MANDELBAUM served in the "Romuald Traugut" Division in the Polish Army, that was formed in the USSR. Fought in Ryziany near Moscow and Berlin. He resides in the USA.

was organized which, under great hardships, collected packages and threw them over the ghetto wall.

Jewish social and cultural life was carried on underground. Small libraries and schools were organized, small groups gathered around secret radio sets to hear Moscow and London.

An anti-fascist organization was formed underground. Its leader was a former political prisoner, Joel Stariv. He died in the revolt of May 1943.

This organization concentrated on keeping up Jewish morale. It succeeded. It is impossible to describe the mass enthusiasm in the ghetto when the news of Stalingrad reached us. Now we were certain that we would live to see Hitler's defeat, see the Red Army march victoriously into Warsaw. It is tragic to think that only a very small group of us lived to see that day.

The first deportations from Western Europe arrived in Lublin. It was not long before Warsaw was hit. The Gestapo deported all Jews of foreign citizenship. They herded them into the Paviak prison, tortured them mercilessly, and those who remained alive were sent to the Lotaringa concentration camp, where they soon died.

The Germans kept sending more Jews into the ghetto—Jews from the "Aryan" part of Warsaw, from the provinces, from Western Europe. Bands of paid hoodlums invaded the ghetto, broke into apartments and killed on sight.

In May 1942, the Gestapo began to kill all Jews suspected of political activity. Gestapo agents flooded the ghetto. They photographed Jews at their Friday night services, dressed in their *Chassidic* clothes. These photographs appeared in Julius Streicher's *Stuerner*, with the caption, "All is well with the Jews, they are building a society within a society. Something must be done about it."

We knew that something dreadful awaited us all.

On July 21, 1942, Gestapo agents entered the community center. They took hostages. The following morning a proclamation was issued, ordering all Jews except those employed in war plants to leave Warsaw for the east.

Old people and children were led out first. The deportations went ahead at full speed. At first the daily quota was 2,000, then 10,000, later 20,000. The weak and the old were shot on the spot.

We organized a counter-offensive. Those who had been captured by the Germans were assembled in a field near the Jewish



MORDECHAI-BENJAMIN BEN YITCHOK
ROIZMAN

Soldier of the Polish Army.
Fell in Battle in 1944.

cemetery. My assignment was to go to the cemetery and urge flight.

I almost failed. A German guard caught me and threw me in with the rest of the deportees. I took out my "working card" showing that I was a factory worker. Angrily, he grabbed the card, tore it up, and drove me on with the others. I would have been lost, had it not been for the Polish members of our organization. One of them collided with a German guard. People began to scatter. I used the chance to escape.

The ghetto no longer was a living quarter; it was a forced labor camp. It was organized according to trades. Each factory covered a block. Like prisoners, the workers were forced to live in the factory.

I worked in the factory of the German Schultz. I worked at a sewing machine. My old father was at the steam iron. We did our work, not according to Schultz's orders, but according to those set down by our organization. We ruined everything. My father pressed until everything was scorched. Schultz punished us, not by shooting, but by a more ingenious method; he forced my father, myself and a few of our comrades to work day and night—standing. Our feet became swollen. My father collapsed—death freed him from torture. After a few days we realized that we could go on no longer—our strength was ebbing.

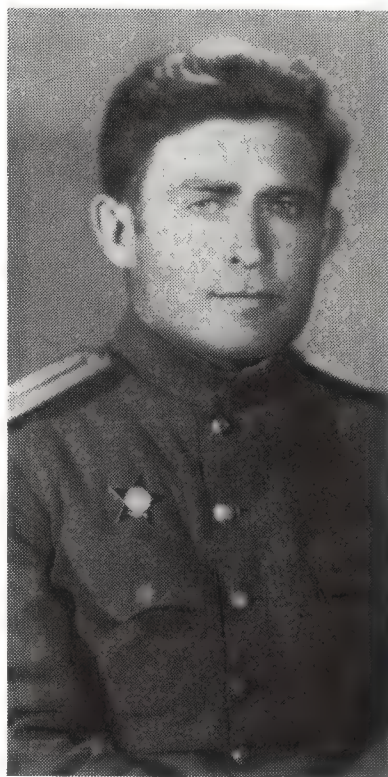
One of our comrades risked his life for us. During the night, he stole into Schultz's office, where he had access to the only telephone on the street. He contacted the underground leaders.

That same night we escaped in a truck to an underground meeting place where we rested for a few days. We had new documents made.

We went to work in another block, on Mila Street.

In the evening of September 5th, a new "selection" was made. For days, thousands of workers stood on Mila Street, without food, without water, surrounded by Gestapo. Then the death march began. We walked five abreast, along a road littered with ruins. We reached the "Master over Life and Death"—an SS man with a bludgeon in one hand, a revolver in the other. Some people were shot on the spot; others were beaten and ordered to the "staging area" which led to the gas chambers; those who looked healthy remained alive. We were among the "lucky ones." In those days 80,000 Jews died.

The Germans hit upon a fiendish plan. They announced that



LT. LEV VOKHGELT
participated in the Yassi-Kishinev operation and in the liberation of Rumania and Bulgaria. Resides in the USA.

Jews could be exchanged for German prisoners-of-war in America. They organized a bureau in the Hotel Polski on Długa Street. The first Jews who appeared at the bureau were treated politely; they filled out documents, paid a large sum of money and were put into luxury trains. The trains left for Monovar. The passengers were led into gas chambers.

This opened the eyes of the most gullible; our organization grew. Political parties and conflicting groups no longer existed. All were united.

Not all could be given guns. I was armed with vitriol, and so were all my comrades. Our orders were to cover Miła Street as soon as the revolt started.

When the German soldiers entered our building we poured vitriol on them. The first Germans ran away, screaming wildly. When the second wave of Germans came, we repeated our action. After the first encounters the Germans did not come near us; they used grenades.

After the revolt 20,000 Jews remained in the Polish part of Warsaw with Polish friends. I lived with a Polish woman on Saski Kąmpa. I maintained contact with my comrades. We had a special organization whose responsibility it was to care for the refugees from the ghetto. We collected money and devised means to support them, to forge papers, to send out those who could be spared, or were needed elsewhere. We maintained continual contact with the Jewish Partisan Movement—with Joel Greenspan and Zalman Kratko. We collected arms.

Not all Jews lived in private dwellings. Some lived underground, some in caves under the ruins of the ghetto.

At the beginning of that tragic August, the Jews came out of their tunnels and caves. They gathered in the streets. The organized groups received arms from us. Later, the *Armia Krajowa* rejected all Jews in their midst, chased them from their caves at the very moment when enemy planes bombed the city. But the largest part of the population did not heed Bar-Komorowski's followers; they shared their food with the Jews and saved all they could.

Our ranks grew. Jews were everywhere—in the front lines, in the medical units; Jewish girls acted as couriers.

There were Hungarian Jews among us, who had been in a German concentration camp not far from the Pawiak prison. They had been freed by the Polish Freedom Fighters of the Peo-



CORP. MOJSZE SZWAJLICH
saw war with the Polish Army
from 1943 till the end of the
war. He was wounded by Dresden,
Germany. Received the Medal
for Victory. He is an Actor
and member of the Government
Theater Ensemble in Warsaw.
Resides in Poland.

ple's Army. They formed a special contingent which participated in the bloody defense of the old city. Almost every one of them died a hero's death.

Warsaw was in flames when I finally went back to Saskakampa. Street after street, house after house in flames. Wounded and bloody, I escaped to the Red Army.

Five fundamental points give meaning to the revolt of the Warsaw Ghetto. The revolt was not a sudden, unmotivated happening, nor was it simply a reaction to the atmosphere of terror that had reigned in the ghetto from the day of its founding. It was the result of careful organization, of methodical plans and technical preparations that finally burst forth in armed resistance.

The people of the Warsaw Ghetto did not accept the idea of isolation, nor the inevitability of surrender. Passive resistance was the first expression of the people's mood: the tragic fight for existence, the fight to obtain food, to prevent epidemics, the fight against corruption, the fight to assemble for prayer.

In time this passive resistance changed into militant revolt, into the first armed battles of March and April 1943. These battles were more than a blind striving for self-preservation; they were premeditated and prepared; the culmination of growing forces that had come into existence with the establishment of the ghetto.

The leaders of the underground movement, aware of the gravity of the situation, dissolved all inter-party conflicts. Joseph Levortovsky, unforgettable hero of the ghetto organization of the Workers' Parties, long-time leader of Jewish working men, promulgated a slogan that expressed the principle of the struggle. It was accepted, not only by Warsaw Jews, but by Jews in other ghettos and concentration camps: "We are all brothers and children of one family."

It made it possible for Adam Berman, Labor-Zionist, to work with Sonia Novograduka, Bund Leader. It made it possible for the Zionist, Henech Kirschbaum, to work with the Communist Joseph Levortovsky. Jewish resistance was based on unity. The Communists brought their enthusiasm and their limitless experience in anti-fascist activities; the Zionists brought adherents eager for open battle; the Bund members brought their organizational talents.



MAYER DJALDETI
born in Plovdiv, Bulgaria.
Died in March 1945, due to
illness in prison.

A new kind of soldier developed in the ghetto—the result of this synthesis. The fighting organization which developed this new man revived the ancient tradition of the Maccabeans in the person of Berek Yoselovich, hero of the rebellion, who had organized the first revolt in January 1943 and the revolts of April and May of the same year.

The second major revolt of the ghetto proclaimed to the world a united front of all Jews. But hope and yearning were not enough. The ghetto was a huge prison. Without contact with the non-Jewish population outside, without their help, the entire undertaking would have been doomed to failure.

The underground organization in the ghetto made these ties possible. Though the so-called Government in London had cynically refused to provide the ghetto with arms, the Polish anti-fascist organizations had not ignored the hand that was held out to them. Christina Kovolska, daughter of a Polish worker and secretary of the Warsaw branch of the Polish Workers' Party, visited the ghetto every other day. She took an active part in the preparations of the Revolt Committee and participated in the inter-party conferences. Her apartment in the Polish part of Warsaw was a mecca not only for the Jewish members of the Workers' Party, but also for the members of the Hatzair Youth Movement, for the Labor Zionists, and for all other Jewish fighters.

The commander of the People's Guard helped build commando groups for the Jewish fighting forces. The Workers' Party and the Polish Socialists gave the Jews all possible help. Comrade Kazik, a Polish Socialist, died helping Jewish soldiers escape from Warsaw. The memory of the Richard brothers, of Kovasky, Wroblevski, Vashtchinow, and hundreds of others who bravely helped defend the ghetto, will forever remain in the hearts of the Jewish people. Their names will be honored by the democratic world.

The third phase in the revolt of the Warsaw Jews was the establishment of a united front with militant Polish democracy. Certain foreign correspondents have erroneously written of the defense of the ghetto as a mere act of desperation. But the very fact that the defense developed as a result of a process begun long before anyone suspected that the Nazis intended the destruction of every Jew proves that the revolt was not a spontaneous, unplanned act

Comrade Kazik, a Polish Socialist, died helping Jewish soldiers escape from Warsaw.

stemming from uncertainty, but a preconceived, deliberate call to arms. The revolt of the ghetto found expression in the slogan on the banners and the placards that appeared on the walls of the ghetto during the first days of the revolt: "Polish Jews, to Arms! Defend the Honor of Our People!" It was a fight for the dignity and the honor of the Jewish people.

The fighters knew what they were doing when they attacked the German tanks: this was not a battle in defense of their families and homes, because there was no hope of defeating the mighty enemy. It was not a battle for the lives of those nearest and dearest, because they had already been slaughtered. Nor was this a battle to save their own lives, for their own lives were already unbearable. The revolt was conceived on a moral plane: a battle for the honor of their people, for the future of their people. It was an act that grew out of the great yearning for dignity.

The collective and the individual heroism of the fighters presented the climax of this unity. Adam Mesetik, the tailor, died together with Leib Sokolow, the aristocrat. Anielevitch, Hatzair Youth member; Micheal Klepfish, member of the Bund; Jacob Dreier, Communist, all died for the same ideal: for the dignity of their people. Joseph Kurman, poet, and Zalman Pinkert, grave digger, fought in the same ranks.

Some units evaded the German machine guns and escaped from the ghetto to the forests. There they joined the Land Resistance Movement. Some of them, like Meyer Alef and Zalman Kratka, survived and are a living testimony to the last heroic days of the Warsaw Ghetto.

The forty-two-day battle emphasized the end of a period in the lives of Polish Jewry—it opened a new chapter in the history of the Jews. Warsaw was a flaming torch which lighted the way for other Polish cities, ghettos and concentration camps. Bialystok followed Warsaw, then Sobibor, Bendin, Minsk-Mozovietski, Vilna, Slutsk and Rovno. Members of the Warsaw Resistance Movement traveled far and wide; they united their strength with the Soviet Partisan Movement.

Mordecai Anielevitch, defender of the Warsaw Ghetto, and Micheal Schmuelevitch, soldier of the First Polish Army which was defeated in the battle of Lenina, died for the same ideals. The



CLARA SOLOMONOVA
born in 1917 in Sofia,
Bulgaria. Partisan, fell in
battle on June 25, 1944.

Jewish people will hold in their hearts forever the memory of those who fell in the battle for Warsaw.

VILNA

The idea of revolt was in the minds of the people immediately after they were driven into the ghetto. Various resistance groups were organized.

The first active rebellion in the ghetto took place on October 24, 1941.

Under the leadership of two youths, Hauz and Goldstein, twenty Jews barricaded themselves in a cellar on Hospital Street. When Schweigenburg and his men broke into the cellar, the Jews threw themselves on them. In an hour-long battle, the twenty were killed, but not before they had strangled two of the Germans and wounded five of the police.

On January 23, 1942, the basis of the Ghetto Partisan Organization was laid at a meeting of party representatives. Itzik Wittenberg, a Vilna worker, was named commander. Abe Kovner and Joseph Glassman were named members of the staff. Later, Nissen Roznick, Chvanik and Yankel Kaplan were added to the staff.

The Ghetto Partisan Organization was to prepare for armed resistance; to carry out sabotage in the German factories and workrooms, and to establish contact with the partisans in the forests.

They stole arms from German stores and from sealed trains waiting to be dispatched to the front. In May 1943, three of our comrades, Vittke Kempner, Moshe Braze and Yitzchok Motzkévitch, derailed a train headed for the front and loaded with men and munitions. This was one of the first actions around Vilna. Its echo shook the entire neighborhood. Our members, Berl Shereshnievski and Tanya Madeisker, were active in the organization of the underground movement in the city. Shereshnievski became the secretary of the municipal committee of the Communist Party. We had a radio and issued political bulletins for our members. Isaac Kowalski stole a press from the municipal printing plant and brought it to the underground organization. We printed the illegal newspaper *Sztandar Wolnosci*. Itzik Wittenberg wrote for the paper, and members of the organization, driven to forced



DAVID DAVIDOV
born in 1927 in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Partisan. Fell in
battle on February 26, 1944.

labor by the whips of the storm troopers, distributed it all over the city.

We manufactured hand grenades in the hidden ghetto workrooms. We organized the Jews from the provinces and helped them to flee to the forests. We gave sanctuary to non-Jewish fugitives from the Gestapo.

Boruch Goldstein, who brought the first flame thrower into the ghetto, wrecked four German ammunition dumps at the Bur-bishkiai Fortress. The engineer Isaac Ratner constructed miniature chemical apparatuses and put them into the gasoline reservoirs of tanks. Eight hours later, when the tanks set off for the front, they would burst into flames. Ten tanks were wrecked.

Tevke Halpern, who worked in the German post office, tore up and burned documents. He would carry German food parcels into the ghetto and give them to the hungry. Zelig Goldberg, the architect of the Vilna Jewish Technicum, worked as an engineer in the military workroom at the airdrome in Parubanek. Out of fifty airplanes which were brought in for repair, he removed the most important parts and bored holes in the gas tanks.

In collaboration with non-Jews we set fire to the fur factory, Kailim. Sixty thousand coats, which the Germans were preparing to ship to soldiers at the front, went up in flames.

The deed of sixteen-year-old Zalman Tiktin must be recorded. He looted a sealed train and loaded himself with grenades. He was spotted and ran. During the chase he was wounded. They took him to the hospital and went to great pains to cure him so that they might torture him later. He told his torturers defiantly: "I stole the grenades to use on you, because you murdered my parents."

Our members, Joseph Kempner, Solomon Entin, the two sisters Zilber, Edek Boraks and Cheike Grossman, were sent to Bialystok and Warsaw to organize the resistance there. It fell to the lot of Vilna to perform the historic role of organizing the unarmed strength of occupied Poland. After organizing Warsaw and Bialystok, our messengers remained there. Cheike Grossman, a young teacher, was one of the most active participants in the Bialystok uprising. Edek Boraks died fighting in Bialystok.

Parallel with the partisan organization, an underground cultural life began in the Vilna Ghetto. We organized a literary



MARCO DEKALO

born in 1924 in Plovdiv, Bulgaria. Partisan. Fell in battle on March 5, 1944.

group—the president was Z. Kalamovitch—which held a series of forty-three literary evenings. We celebrated the Jewish writers, Sholem Aleichem, Peretz, Bialik, Yehoash; and issued two periodicals, *Ghetto News* and *People's Health*. We had a theater and gave performances. The musicians, who had survived the slaughter, would steal through the guarded streets and dig out the instruments which they had hidden. A symphony orchestra was formed. We had two choirs, the Vilbig Choir under the direction of A. Slieff, and a Hebrew choir under the direction of Dovid Mashkin. We organized a hospital, two baths, kindergartens, schools, a sports arena, kitchens. We organized literary competitions. Even in the fenced-in streets the urge to life was not stifled. The Jews of Vilna knew that with schools they could defy Hitler. The writers were partisans with words as their weapons. The musicians were partisans armed with music. Zlakindson, the son of the eminent Vilna physician, wrote a great work on astronomy. Vilna did not surrender to the executioner's sword. It kept its glorious tradition alive.

On July 15, 1943, an hour after midnight, the police stormed the ghetto, arrested Wittenberg, the commander of the partisan organization, and put him in chains. At the gates of the ghetto he managed to escape. A call was sent out for the mobilization of all partisans. Preparations were made for defense.

After the uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto, the Germans, frightened by the Jewish resistance in that city, sent Kittel to Vilna. With the help of an *agent-provocateur*, he managed to arrest Vitos and Koslovski, two Lithuanian leaders of the illegal organization. Vitos, with whom Wittenberg had close contact, hanged himself in prison. Kittel told Koslovski that the Jew Wittenberg had betrayed him. On July 16th, after Kittel had failed to capture Wittenberg, an ultimatum was delivered to the ghetto: if Wittenberg was not surrendered by six o'clock in the evening, airplanes would be sent from Kovno to drop incendiaries on the ghetto.

There was panic in the ghetto. The majority was resolved to ignore the ultimatum and protect Wittenberg. As the hour set for the ultimatum drew near, the atmosphere became unbearably tense.

Designating Abe Kovner as his successor, Wittenberg went to



ISRAEL ILEL

born in 1925 in Plovdiv, Bulgaria. Partisan. Fell in battle on September 4, 1944.

give himself up, to save the lives of the ghetto population. The next morning his body was found in the corridor of the Gestapo, limbs broken and eyes gouged out.

On September 1, 1943, the ghetto was surrounded with machine guns. We ordered complete mobilization and opened the munition arsenals. The struggle was on. It lasted a week. The Germans used bombs to break down the walls from behind which our comrades fired. On Strashun Street one hundred Jews were shot.

The Jewish partisans of Vilna, the comrades of Wittenberg, who carried on the fight against the Germans, later joined up with the Lithuanian and White Russian partisan groups. It was no small revenge that they took for the blood of their commander. The Jewish partisan group, the "Avengers," commanded by Abe Kovner, in the three months of its struggle, managed to wreck three trains. In the first wreck, twelve cars and locomotives were derailed. In the second, six cars packed with Germans. In the third, on the Vilna-Orag railway, two hundred Nazis were killed. Near Drogatski, the "Avengers" destroyed three bridges. They destroyed a German factory and took part in destroying a large number of German automobiles and cannons in the village of Kaniuchi.

After we took refuge in the forests, our comrade, Zelda Trager, went back into Vilna eighteen different times to rescue Jews from the prison camps. Vitke Kempner, the hero of the first diversion, went back into Vilna to destroy the electric station. When the Red Army began its attack on Vilna, the Jewish partisans were the first to enter the city, engage the barricaded Germans in battle and exterminate them by the score.

RIGA

Jews of all European countries were brought to the Riga Ghetto. There is no accurate figure as yet of the number of Jews annihilated in Riga. Certain Jews who managed to escape estimate that the number killed must be close to 200,000.

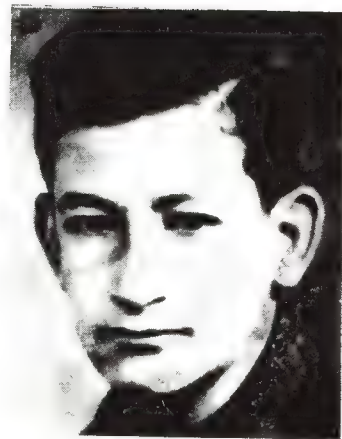
Immediately after the first mass murders, a plan was devised to organize an armed struggle against the invaders. The Jewish youth began to organize regular escapes from the ghetto. They faced



YOSIF TALVI
born in 1923 in Sofia,
Bulgaria. Partisan, fell in
battle on April 4, 1944.

their torturers in armed struggle. Many young men worked in the war plants. They decided to utilize this opportunity to get hold of automatic pistols, hand grenades and rifles. With the tacit consent of the Jewish Committee and the Jewish ghetto militia, trenches were dug, where these supplies were concealed.

They formed squads of ten which conducted their activities in secret. Members of one squad knew nothing of the activities of the others. Wolfovitch, the leader of one of the squads, conceived a plan to organize the escape of the members of his group. He wanted to join the partisans. When he had completed all of his preparatory work, he contacted them. He fled the ghetto in an automobile, together with his nine comrades, in the autumn of 1942. When the automobile was some nine kilometers out of Riga, Gestapo men caught up with them and surrounded the car. The Jews fought back. Eight Gestapo men were killed.



ISAK NATAN
born in 1926 in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Killed in an attempt
to get over to the partisans
on May 17, 1944.

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE BIALYSTOK GHETTO

On the day following the conquest of the town, the Germans caught 300 Jews and imprisoned them in the large synagogue. The German commandant invited the representatives of the community to visit him and informed them that he was prepared to liberate the imprisoned in return for gold and dollars. The heads of the community, led by Rabbi Dr. Rosenman, collected the necessary amount. The commandant put all the money and gold in his pocket and ordered gasoline to be poured over the synagogue.

The Jews of Bialystok began to prepare for self-defense. The underground organization of fighting Jews came into existence. The organization was in contact with the Russian partisans and with the Jewish National Movement of Warsaw.

On August 21, 1943, a police detachment entered the area of the fish market. They were received with a fusillade of shots from all windows. Several dozen policemen fell dead or wounded. The detachment fled in alarm. The ghetto was in revolt.

This was Warsaw on a smaller scale. The defenders possessed machine guns, hand grenades, bombs and rifles. The Germans, who had learned from their experience in the Warsaw battle, which had cost them 5,000 slain, now used artillery. A thousand

policemen and about the same number of SS began to bombard the Jewish district, which had been transformed into a fortress. The Jews of Bialystok gave battle for eight days. After eight days, the Germans were ordered to set the ghetto on fire. It burned for a fortnight. Not until the middle of September was the German staff in a position to proclaim that the revolt of the Bialystok Jews had been suppressed.

Throughout this period of their struggle, the ghetto fighters received help from the White Russian and Polish partisans. Those who remained alive endeavored to break the iron ring with which the Germans had surrounded the ghetto. A few groups were successful. They reached the forests where they were met by devoted friends.

Forty thousand Jews fell in the battle of Bialystok.

A LETTER

In my great human sorrow, I, a young Jewish girl from Kishinev, was befriended by a young Russian patriot, Tonya Pisemka. When our group was taken away by the invaders, Tonya followed us. She knew that we were being led away to be shot . . .

We were several dozen people. We were thrown into a small room and locked up. Tonya came to us. This might have meant her death, but she went from house to house, collected bread, and through an opening in the window handed it to us. We didn't care about food, we knew that the minutes of our life were numbered, but we wanted to live, because not for a second did we doubt that the Red Army would come again.

Understanding the dangerous work of fearless Tonya, I bravely looked death in the face. The Germans didn't succeed in shooting us: they had to hurry away under the blows of the Russians.

We excitedly congratulated our liberators, the Red Army, and at the same time praised the fighting Tonya, who had come to our prison to be the first to give us news of the approaching Red Army.

UKRAINE

Escape

Only two years after the grim events, details of the "Christmas



JAQUES AVRAMOV
born in 1922 in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Partisan. Fell in
battle in the Spring of 1944.

party" the Germans gave 15,000 Jews of Kharkov in 1941 became available. . . .

One of the few survivors of the Kharkov massacre, 40-year-old Sara Sokola, a library clerk, told of her own experience. Her story has been carefully investigated by Soviet commissions and has been accepted as accurate.

Today the woman, who is small and frail, is a cripple, for in her wanderings after her escape her feet were frozen and all but her heels were amputated. . . .

But though crippled, homeless and poverty stricken, she said the joy of liberation burned in her heart, and that her life was now happy.

Sara Sokola lived in Kharkov's Pushkin Street, in an apartment house where there were many Jewish families. During the first part of December, within a few weeks after the Germans' entry, soldiers of the special police called regularly to pick up listed persons and on December 14th she was the last Jew in the house. She received an order to join a group of 15,000 Jews for a seven-mile walk to an abandoned tractor plant. "So with a bundle of clothes and bedding and a small bag of food I set out," she said.

"Old people, little children and sick people lay dying beside the road. . . ."

She told how the survivors of the march were packed into a number of wooden huts which were to be their homes for the next three weeks, until the extermination was complete.

The huts had no windows and according to regulations the doors were kept open. They were not furnished, though some of the condemned had brought trestle beds. The Germans selected one Jew in each hut to act as the responsible chief.

Fines were imposed on mothers whose infants cried during the night, and when these fines could not be paid the women were told the children would be shot. "What could the mothers do?" she continued. "The children were hungry, for the mothers could give them no milk."

Miss Sokola paid tribute to a number of brave Kharkov residents who, risking German reprisals, visited the camp, trying to help with food and bandages.

. . . Her escape is another story. During eighteen months of



JAQUES BENBASAT
born in 1924 in Haskovo,
Bulgaria. Killed by the police
on May 23, 1944.

wandering she received much evidence of the bravery of the simple Ukrainian people who sheltered her.

Refuge

On the Second Ukrainian Front, Russia, February 28th—

This writer has learned about the merciful hand stretched courageously toward the Jews by their non-Jewish Russian brethren.

At Konotop the Jewish matron in charge of the Red Air Force hostel told the tragic tale of how her family had practically been exterminated at Kiev, her native town. Four brothers were among those who perished; the others, including children, had been burned alive in their cottage.

But her own daughter obtained refuge with a Ukrainian family, and an 8-year-old girl, aided by a new name, was protected from persecution. The child is now safe in Moscow.

Late one night at Shenderovka, after we had threaded our way through a vast park of smashed German vehicles, we called for warmth at an undamaged cottage. There the tall haggard farmer told how in one of the most densely populated sections of the rural Ukraine the Germans had methodically rounded up the Jews and slaughtered them. But here, too, the villagers smuggled some condemned children into their own cottages and saved them from death.

The villages that had been spared the more dramatic forms of destruction by war were found to have been bled white of manpower and skilled labor. With horrifying precision, the German anti-Semitic policy has been applied to this region of cherry orchards and fields of sun-flowers.

Yet here Jew and Gentile alike defied the enemy with indomitable courage. In few parts of the front have partisans played a more active, decisive role than on the banks of the middle Dnieper.

M I N S K

The Partisans

When the Germans invaded the Soviet Union, a Jewish youth—his parents ill and not able to leave their home—was about to finish his studies at the Medical School of Minsk University. When the



MAJ. ALEXANDER ABRAMOWITZ
BLUBSTEIN
Hero of the Soviet Union.

Germans entered the city they set up a ghetto for Jewish citizens and threw the youth and his family into it. Soon afterward his mother died, and a few weeks later his father was arrested and shot. Within a short time the Nazis had massacred most of the Jews in Minsk, and the ghetto was closed.

As a medical student, the Jewish youth had been classified a "specialist" by the Germans and was assigned to a veterinary surgeon, who put him to work as a stableman. He was transferred to the ghetto at Vilnius. Knowing that he was doomed to die, he fled with seven young friends, also "specialists." They escaped into the forests near Vilnius. Here they met a Russian partisan who gave them food. He said that there were many Jews hiding in the forests.

The boys offered to join the guerrilla detachment, and the partisans took them into their ranks and advised them, "Get yourselves some arms the way we did." Unarmed, the eight young men attacked German soldiers on a highway, and thus got their first Tommy-guns and rifles. Next they had to learn how to use these arms. A partisan was assigned to instruct them, and in ten days they had learned how to shoot and hurl grenades. It was the young medical student's idea that they should form a detachment of Jewish guerrillas. They were soon joined by eleven more who had escaped from the ghetto.

Within a month all of them were armed. They began to carry out dangerous operations, and their fame spread. Many Jews who had taken refuge in the forests sought them out and joined their ranks. To the usual partisan oath, the commander added these words: "As a son of the Jewish people, I vow always to remember the sufferings which the Germans have inflicted on my people."

From the Vilnius region the detachment moved to the Pinsk district. There in the dense forests and marshes it operated with more than 200 fighters. And this was not the only Jewish detachment.

As a rule, people do not escape from the ghetto—they die there. And to the Germans the Jewish guerrillas appeared as specters returned from the dead. They called these Jewish detachments "refugees from the ghetto." In their plan for the total extermination of the Jewish people, the Germans murdered hundreds of thousands. But the specters live—with their partisan comrades they are fighting the battle of liberation.



CAPT. SIMON NACHUMOWITZ
BOYGOROD
Hero of the Soviet Union.

The Ghetto

On June 22, 1941, Germany attacked the Soviet Union. As early as June 28th, the clatter of German tanks was heard in the streets of Minsk. About 75,000 Jews who did not have time to evacuate, were trapped in the city. From the very first day of the arrival of the fascists, disorder set in; robbery, rape, shootings and executions. Jews were subjected to special violence.

The first order of the invaders informed the inhabitants of the city of Minsk that they had been "liberated" from "Bolshevik-Jewish banditry." All men from fifteen to forty-five years of age were ordered to the conscription center under threat of shooting.

At the same time homes were searched: allegedly to find hidden arms, but in reality to steal our belongings—clothes, underwear, blankets, shoes, dishes and foodstuffs. Like hungry dogs, the Nazis fell upon sugar, honey, butter, cocoa, rice. They loaded them into large trucks and carted them away.

By order of the German authorities, thousands of men were sent to the Drozdy camp, where they were separated into national groups; Russians were kept in one group, Jews in another. They were given no food; they were forbidden to take water from the nearby stream; they were beaten; their heads were smashed with bottles. Tortures and abuses were inflicted upon Russians and Jews in equal measure. The guards shot hundreds of Soviet citizens on the spot.

Those who remained alive were divided into two groups: intellectual workers and manual workers. The first group was placed in trucks, taken to the outskirts of the city and machine-gunned.

The second group, which included many skilled and technical workers, was taken under convoy to the city jails. When they were driven through the streets, women and children ran out of their homes, looking for friends and relatives in the convoy. The 14-year-old daughter of Zyskin stopped at the gate hoping to see her father. A shot was fired, and the little girl fell.

The workers spent several days in prison; some were released and put to work; others were placed in trucks, taken out of town and shot.



SERG. ISAAC SANDLER
from Rostow, Soviet Union.
Fell in Battle.

About that time, an order was issued directing the entire Jewish population to register with a specially formed Jewish Committee (*Judenrat*).

The Gestapo picked up ten men in the street, brought them to the administration building, told them that they were the Jewish Committee and would be obliged to carry out all orders of the German authorities.

Jews were ordered to sew yellow patches of a prescribed size on their chests and backs. Any irregularity was punished by shooting.

Then the German authorities set up a ghetto and imposed a tax upon the Jews in gold, silver and Soviet money.

The Jews left their old homes for the ghetto. Living space was granted them on the basis of 1.5 square meters per person, not counting the children.

The ghetto was surrounded by five rows of barbed wire. Leaving the ghetto was punishable by shooting. Contact with the Russian population was punishable by shooting. Purchase of foodstuffs was forbidden under threat of shooting. Death became the fellow traveler of the Jew.

As soon as the ghetto was fenced in, robbery and rape began. Day and night, Germans broke into Jewish apartments. They robbed the people of everything. The robberies were accompanied by beatings, tortures and frequently by murder.

At this time a camp was opened on Shirokaya Street, where Soviet war prisoners and Jewish civilians were put to forced labor. Jews were compelled to haul sand and clay from one place to another, to dig the earth without spades. Once a day they were given 200 grams of bread and dirty water, called German soup.

The commandant of this camp was Gorodetski. Robbery, rape, murder, were his specialties.

The few who remained in the ghetto were registered with the labor department of the *Judenrat*.

On August 14th, part of the ghetto was surrounded, the men taken out, placed in cars and driven away. The Gestapo explained these men were being sent to work on military structures, but what the Gestapo called work meant death in every other language.

On August 31, 1941, the raid was repeated. The ghetto was again



SERG. SARAH SHOR
Heroine Fighter in the Soviet
Army.

surrounded by automobiles. This time women were also taken.

People who were taken away during the raids of the 14th, the 26th and the 31st were brought to jail and shot there—in all about 5,000 persons.

German fascism tried to create panic among the Jews; to chain their thoughts and actions; to instill into their consciousness the thought that for them all was lost, that there was no escape from the fascist yoke. But the Nazi bandits miscalculated. They forgot that they were dealing with Soviet Jews who for twenty-three years had led a free life. They forgot that these Jews grew up in struggle and victories.

In August 1941, the ghetto began to gather forces for organized resistance. On Ostrovsky Street a group of Communists gathered, among them a worker of the Council of Peoples' Commissars, Nat Weinhaus; workers of the Beolostok textile factory—Schnitman, Haimovic Feldman; a worker of the Union of Soviet Writers—Stolyar. The meeting decided to create an underground party organization which would handle the following problems:

1. morale among the Jews,
2. installing of a radio,
3. arranging for a systematic issue of leaflets,
4. establishing contact with Communists in the Russian part of the city,
5. establishing contact with partisan detachments.

The Germans shouted to the whole world about their victories and the underground party group—having begun to issue leaflets—mirrored the true state of affairs in revealing the falsity of the German victory announcements, and called on the Soviet people to fight.

Nat Weinhaus was the editor of these leaflets. They were read with great interest. They were copied, passed from house to house. When people met in the street, instead of greeting one another, they would ask: "What news is there today?"

On September 30, 1941, the Germans killed one of the leaders of the underground party group in the ghetto, Korkoeshko. His place was taken by Misha Gebelev, a teacher of the Kaganovich Communist Party in the city of Minsk. He was instructed to establish



SAMUEL KATZENELSON
Commissar in the Soviet Army.

contact with the Communists of the Russian section. The question of calling a joint party convention was raised.

In September 1941, contact with a Soviet guerrilla detachment was established. The underground party resolved to organize systematic aid by sending warm clothing, soap and salt.

Contact was established with the chairman of the *Judenrat*, Mushkin. Later on, the manager of the food sector of the *Judenrat*, Riditser, and the chief of the Jewish militia, Serebryansky, joined in helping the guerrilla movement. It was they who shipped clothes and supplies to the guerrilla detachments. Jewish women, even very old ones, helped the guerrilla fighters, sewed underwear for them, camouflaged robes, knitted socks late at night in the cellars. The workshops of the ghetto under supervisor Goldin worked primarily for the guerrilla fighters.

On November 6th, a rumor spread through the ghetto that there would be a pogrom on the day of the October Revolution. Gorodetski came to the ghetto. He selected some trained workers and ordered them and their families brought to the camp at Shirokaya Street. Some members of the *Judenrat* were also taken there.

At daybreak, large black machines began to enter the ghetto. Gestapo men emerged from these machines, armed with whips, revolvers and hand grenades. With shrieks, whistles and wild laughter, these drunken beasts dashed into the homes, driving helpless women, old people and children into the cars. When the machines were filled to the top, they took them to Turczynki, and unloaded the people at the barracks.

About 12-13,000 Jews were taken to Turczynki. They were kept there for two days. The moans of the children, tortured by thirst, echoed far beyond the barracks. On the third day, all these people were mowed down by machine guns and their bodies thrown into waiting pits.

On November 8, 1941, the specialists from the camp on Shirokaya and the workers of the *Judenrat* were returned to the ghetto. At the same time, 5,000 Jews from Hamburg arrived in Minsk. They were housed in apartments "vacated" after the pogrom. Some of the streets were added to the Russian section. The ghetto territory diminished. The ghetto led a hungry, hard life. But even this life soon came to an end for many.

Contact was established with the chairman of the Judenrat, Mushkin. Later on, the manager of the food sector of the Judenrat, Riditser, and the chief of the Jewish militia, Serebryansky, joined in helping the guerrilla movement. It was they who shipped clothes and supplies to the guerrilla detachments. Jewish women, even very old ones, helped the guerrilla fighters, sewed underwear for them, camouflaged robes, knitted socks later at night in the cellars. The workshops of the ghetto under supervisor Goldin worked primarily for the guerrilla fighters.

On November 20, 1941, before daybreak, the Germans again came to the ghetto. Again they drove people out of their apartments, taking them to Turczynki, to their graves. Quicklime was prepared at the graves. People were thrown in and burned alive. Seven thousand Jews perished that day.

The pogroms did not stop Jewish resistance. The movement did not come to an end when the leaders perished. Weinhaus died in the pogrom of November 20, 1941. His place was taken by Bruskind, Publicity Secretary of the Voroshilov Communist Party in the City of Minsk.

At the end of November, the Communists succeeded in calling an all-party conference. Slavek was the leader of the conference. Gebelev was the representative of the party group from the ghetto. From this moment on the systematic shipment of people into the guerrilla detachments began.

In the ghetto, groups of ten were assigned to the following tasks:

1. name candidates for contact with the partisan detachments,
2. collect arms,
3. send warm clothing to the partisans,
4. send medical supplies to the partisans,
5. create a fund for needy Communists.

The inhabitants of the ghetto had a very severe winter; people suffered from cold and hunger. Jews, who worked in the Russian section and had an opportunity to meet the Russian population, did not suffer so much. Jews, who did not work outside the ghetto, lived in dire circumstances. The Communists, who were not sent to work, suffered most.

Contact with several partisan detachments was broken because the detachments moved from place to place. Searches for the detachments ensued, and in February 1942, contact with the Soviet elements of the city administration was established. Through them the underground began to send children out of the ghetto to homes for Russian children.

In February 1942, Mushkin was arrested. He was the chairman of the *Judenrat*. His role was extremely difficult. On the one hand he fought the invaders, extending material aid to the partisan de-



LT. COL. ZOHAR SMULEVITZ
SHECHTMAN

Co-ordinator of the United
Armies of Gen. Panfilov.

attachments; on the other hand he was obliged to preserve the appearance of normal relations with the German authorities. He had to conceal his underground work even from his immediate co-workers on the *Judenrat*. The Nazis tortured him to extract information, but he told them nothing. After a month they killed him.

The winter of 1942 had brought more hunger, cold and sickness. The cries of the children, the moans of the sick, echoed through the Jewish homes. People sustained themselves on the refuse of German kitchens. The most common dish among the Jewish population was potato peelings.

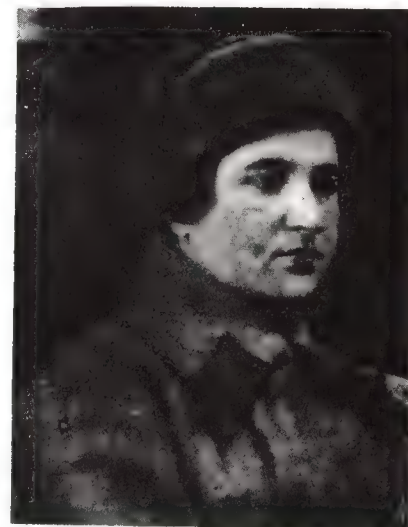
Scurvy, beri-beri, typhoid fever and typhus were prevalent. The people had to conceal all illnesses from the German authorities. The Jews knew that if the authorities discovered contagious disease in the ghetto, a pogrom would be inevitable.

On March 2, 1942, Gestapo arrived in the ghetto. Among them was *Obersturmfuehrer* Schmidt, thoroughly drunk. Working columns went to work as usual, while the Gestapo settled down in the apartment of the manager of the labor exchange, Epstein, and began an orgy. They had brought plenty of vodka and expensive wines. There was no room for all of them in the apartment, so some remained in the street. They called Richter, police chief of the Fifth Section, who had jurisdiction over the ghetto. The arrogant pack drank and over-ate. Then the executions began.

With knouts, revolvers and small machine guns they dashed into homes.

In the evening, the *Obersturmfuehrer*, surrounded by his pack of wolves and his policemen, armed with a long knout, totally drunk, swished his knout through the air and shouted in Russian: "Today we were successful, very successful." The police chief received an award and a promotion for organizing the pogrom.

The night pogroms occurred on March 31st, April 3rd, April 15th, April 23rd. In one of these pogroms—March 31, 1942, Nina Liss, who had returned the day before from Western Byelorussia, perished. She had been to Western Byelorussia on instructions from the party to seek out a place where the ghetto children could be taken.



THE BRUDINGER'S
Husband and wife in the Soviet
Army, fought on many fronts
and were decorated with Medals.

The night pogroms were explained by the Gestapo by the need to combat the partisan movement. The same kind of "acts" (that is what the Germans called a pogrom) were taking place in the Russian section.

Smolyar was head of the underground party. The Gestapo demanded his surrender. Joffe, the new chairman of the *Judenrat*, resorted to a ruse; he filled out a blank passport, in the name of Efim Stolyarevich, smeared it with blood and took it to the Gestapo, claiming that this passport was found on one of the men killed in a raided house. The Gestapo was satisfied, thinking that Stolyarevich (Smolyar) perished with all the residents of the house.

Stolyarevich lived on and continued the struggle with the enemy.

Ten Communists from the Russian section were brought to the ghetto where Gebelev hid them and gave them Jewish passports.

Contact with partisan detachments was temporarily lost.

For some time all searches were in vain. It was difficult to establish contact, not only with the partisans, but even with the Communists in the Russian section.

At the end of April 1942, a party meeting was called in one of the houses on Torgovaya Street. A group of Communists from the Russian section came to the meeting. They were the leaders of the Underground Party Committee of the City of Minsk. The city party organization was restored.

With the aid of the party, the ghetto formed a detachment near Slutsk, under the command of Captain Nikitin. Jews from the ghetto were sent to this detachment.

On June 27, 1942, the Gestapo issued an order that, in addition to yellow patches, all Jews must wear the following buttons: red for workers and dependents of workers, green for the unemployed. The workers were to receive their buttons at their places of work, others in the square at the *Judenrat*. The order stated that in view of the fact that the *Judenrat* would not be able to issue all buttons the Gestapo itself would issue them.



GEN. HERMAN HOFMAN
was a great Commander during
W.W.II. Resides in Moscow.

On July 28, 1942, after the workers' columns left, the Gestapo and the police, headed by Gattenbach, entered the ghetto. The residents were driven out of their apartments into the square.

Large, black automobiles—*dooshegoobky* (soul-destroyers) drove up. The people were loaded into them and gassed, and their bodies were taken to the graves prepared for them. At this time the hospital too was destroyed. The sick were shot in their beds. The medical personnel and the physicians were lined up in a separate column. They were taken to the square in their white uniforms, loaded into the *dooshegoobky* and put to death.

Forty-eight physicians—among them some of the greatest specialists of the Byelorussian Soviet Republic such as Professor Dvorszets, and experienced physicians like Toorgel, Kantorovich, Gurvich and Sirotkin perished at this time.

The nightmarish pogrom lasted for four days. In between, the executioners stopped to get drunk. They placed tables in the streets, covered with white cloths. While the ghetto was being drowned in blood the Nazi dogs drowned themselves in oceans of wine.

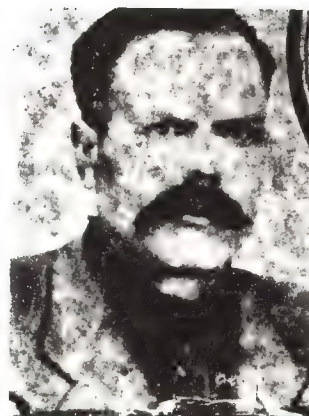
When the workers' columns returned, only puddles of congealed blood remained on the streets. Cries filled the ghetto. The returning workers found their dear ones gone. There was not a family without victims.

Out of 75,000 Minsk Jews, 8,794 remained by August 1, 1942. German Jews too fell victim to this pogrom—3,000 of them perished in the *dooshegoobky*.

In January 1943, the bodies of two Germans were found in the Russian section of the city. The Gestapo responded immediately. On February 1st, several *dooshegoobky* arrived in the ghetto, led by the bloodthirsty *Obersturmfuehrer* Miller. People were arrested in the street and placed in the *dooshegoobky*. In the morning 401 were missing.

With the arrival of Ribbe the Jews did not have a moment's peace. Mikhelson, the newly appointed police chief, Bunge and his assistant, Corporal Scherner, were the aides to his bloody deeds.

From early morning until late at night these four mad dogs rushed through the ghetto. If Ribbe did not like a man's face—he



OSHER-HERSH ZEIDENWAR

lived in the Lvov Ghetto, from where he was sent to Janowa concentration camp. He escaped from the camp and reached the Partisans. He fought against the Germans and took revenge for his and all Jewish sufferings. He survived.

was shot; if his clothes were not such as Ribbe approved of—he was shot; if the patch was sewed on in a displeasing manner—he was shot.

The ghetto streets were deserted. People were afraid to leave their homes. Ribbe and his gang hunted them down.

The pogroms began again. On February 19, 1943, Ribbe, inspecting the enterprises where German Jews worked, noticed many young girls. He took thirteen of them—twelve German Jewesses and one Soviet Jewess, Lina Ney. They were young, beautiful and full of life. The executioner ordered them to the labor exchange in the ghetto. Thirteen Jewish militiamen were brought there at the same time.

Ribbe and Mikhelson arrived at the labor exchange. Outside the street was noisy. The workers' columns were returning home; many stopped and waited. Why did Ribbe gather all these beautiful girls? Then the order came: each of the militiamen present was to take one woman by the arm and slowly lead her to the cemetery and to execution.

It was a terrible procession: thirteen young couples walked slowly to their funeral. One German Jewess asked permission to say goodbye to her husband. Ribbe had him brought to the cemetery and shot before his wife. The beasts stripped the women, tormented them, and then Ribbe and Mikhelson personally shot them. The cynicism of the bandits was so great that Ribbe took the brassiere off Lina Ney and put it into his pocket. "In memory of a beautiful Jewess," he said.

In June 1943, the extermination of the workers' columns began. Under the pretext of sending them to work in radio plants, the Germans rounded up seventy women. Twenty were sent to the plant and fifty to the Gestapo. Ribbe, surrounded by Gestapo officers, told his victims that they would be placed in automobiles and taken to work. He said they would be well fed. The machines arrived, and the women saw that they were the familiar *dooshegoobky*. They knew they were not being taken to work but to their death. They tried to run, and many were shot on the spot. The rest were forced into the machines.

From this moment on the systematic extermination of workers



CAPT. ISRAEL ILITZ FISANOWICZ
Hero of the Soviet Union.
(Fisanowicz was also on a
hardly seeing picture in the
first volume as he receives a
medal from an American
Admiral).

began. Ribbe visited all firms employing Jews and counted them all. After Ribbe's visits the Jewish workers disappeared one by one.

At the beginning of September 1943, Ribbe came to the ghetto of the German Jews and selected 300—the youngest and the healthiest. He packed them into machines tightly, like cattle. Several days later the procedure was repeated in the ghetto of the Soviet Jews.

On September 12th, the remaining German Jews were told to get ready to leave for Germany. They hastily got their belongings together. On September 14th, the *dooshegoobky* arrived.

The ghetto of the German Jews was no more.

Solomon Blumin, supervisor of the housing department of the *Judenrat*, extended much aid to the partisan movement.

For three weeks Blumin was tortured by the Gestapo. They demanded that he divulge the names of his accomplices, his contacts, the cache of arms. Blumin suffered in silence. The greed of the professional murderers who had lost all semblance of men, reached such proportions that they knocked out his gold teeth. In order to frighten the ghetto Jews who were still alive, Blumin was placed in a machine, taken to the cemetery in broad daylight and shot. The Jews were barely able to recognize his body; a tall, strong, stoutish man, when he was brought to the cemetery he was shrunken, thin, toothless.

His terrible fate did not stop the people's movement.

In June 1943, the guides came from the partisan detachment and asked for medicaments and a physician. The choice fell upon Dr. Nina Isaakovna Turetskaya, a splendid physician, a marvelous comrade. The inhabitants of the ghetto respected her greatly. "Our *Nuta*," our little mother, she was called by the children and workers of the children's home. A beautiful woman, a clever woman, she was able to find a common language with everybody. During difficult moments she would bolster up their courage, she would console and give hope where there seemed to be none.

She was happy that she was called upon to serve her people.

Solomon Blumin, supervisor of the housing department of the Judenrat, extended much aid to the partisan movement.

Four times Nina Turetskaya tried to leave the ghetto. Each time she met with bad luck.

Finally, on the night of June 16-17, 1943, the group got out. Two miles from the ghetto, they encountered Scherner with a squad of policemen. Like jackals, they threw themselves on the Jews. The guide was killed. Turetskaya was wounded. She crawled away and hid in a ditch. The bandits scoured around for her for three hours. Finally, they found her and took her to the fifth police precinct. They tortured her. Turetskaya lay there bleeding. Scherner tortured her for twenty-four hours, questioned her in Russian and in German: where was she going, with whom, whose assignment was she carrying out. Each word was accompanied by blows which fell upon her head, her shoulders, the wounded leg. Scherner saw that he could get nothing out of her. In the morning he dragged her into an automobile and took her to the Jewish cemetery. She was brought to the common grave on a stretcher. There the questioning was resumed. *Nuta* spoke up. To Scherner's question, "With whom were you?" she answered: "The entire nation went with me. I do not know their names. You will kill me, but no one will suffer for it. On the contrary, after my death, more people will escape. They will hate you more. Look at your hands, they are covered with blood. How many children did you strangle? I am not afraid. The entire Soviet nation will avenge us. Kill me."

*Look at your hands, they
are covered with blood.
How many children did
you strangle?*

Having gathered her last bit of strength, *Nuta* arose, sat erect and calmly awaited the bullet.

Scherner shot her. *Nuta* rolled off the stretcher and into the common grave.

The Jews of the Minsk Ghetto who remain alive will never forget their *Nuta*.

The Jews' escape reached its height in April-May 1943, when Farkhomenko detachments and the national Zorin detachment were formed in the Pushka. Zorin knew of the suffering of the Jews in the ghetto; he had borne it himself.

Some of the Jews entered the fighting detachments. Each fighter was imbued with the desire for revenge upon the enemy of man-

kind. Each fighter saw before him the burned cities, villages, the homeless people, the orphaned children.

The hour had come when the partisan units joined the Red Army.

31/12/41

Christian VIII Palais
Amalienborg

Me deden mostage
min hertige far for den
sunde 1309, ligesom sig deden
den ogsaa at bringe den
leg min hertige far.

Med hertigens befale
sig om Rosander i Syngesog
og sig ghelden mig ude at
den var ringe.

Obroende den og den
Trosangene si god Mytne
er sig den

Christian

Til
H. Rabiner Dr. Melchior

King Christian X of Denmark in a letter to the Chief Rabbi Dr. Melchior Ehrenpreis of Sweden, expressed solidarity with the oppressed Jews, dated December 31, 1941.

*Fragments from the New Edition,
published by Yad Vashem in 1980
and by the Holocaust Library in
1981.*

THE BLACK BOOK

The Ruthless Murder of Jews
by German-Fascist Invaders
Throughout the Temporarily-Occupied
Regions of The Soviet Union
and in the Death Camps of Poland
During the War of 1941-1945

Prepared under the editorship of
Ilya Ehrenburg & Vasily Grossman

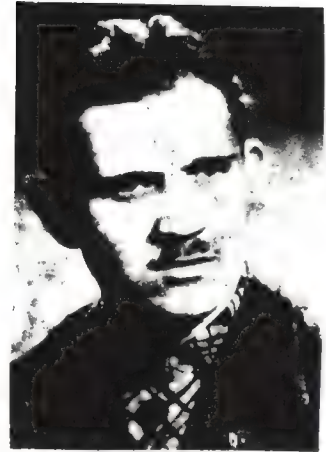
Translated from the Russian by
John Glad and James S. Levine

Resistance in Yarmolitsy*

[In Ostrog Jews greeted their executioners with bursts of submachine-gun fire. In Proskurovo the shooting lasted several hours. Jews killed three SS men and five policemen recruited from the local population. Several young people succeeded in breaking through to the forest and escaping.]

In Yarmolitsy the Jews resisted for two days. Weapons had been brought along with household items and had been prepared in advance. The following events took place in the cantonment: Jews killed the first policeman who came in to select a group of victims and threw his body through the window. An exchange of fire took place in the course of which several other policemen were killed.

*This material is entitled "Resistance" in the collection, *Murderers of Peoples*, vol. II, pp. 128-129. The manuscript of *The Black Book* does not indicate the name of the person who provided this information, and the beginning of the text is missing.



SERG. RICHARD KWIATKOWSKI-
KELER

was 15 years old when he
joined the Partisans in the
vicinity of Lublin. Participa-
ted in actions against the
enemy. He survived.

*JEWS KILLED THREE SS MEN
AND FIVE POLICEMEN RE-
CRUITED FROM THE LOCAL
POPULATION. SEVERAL
YOUNG PEOPLE SUCCEEDED
IN BREAKING THROUGH TO
THE FOREST AND ESCAPING.*



CAPT. STANLEY TENENBAUM

saw action from 1941 until the end of the war. Was three times wounded, the last time in March, 1945, Scorky in Colberg (Kolobrzeg), near Stettin. Received Medals: The Grunwald; For the Odre; Nyse, Baltyk; For Tempelburg, Falkenburg, Dramburg and other Medals. Left first, with his 25th Battalion in a liberated city. Below: Certificate of one of his award Medals as a lieutenant. Resides in the USA.

The next day trucks arrived with policemen from the nearby areas. They were not able to get into the cantonment until evening, when the Jews' supply of ammunition gave out. The execution lasted three days; sixteen policemen were killed during this resistance, among them the chief of police and five Germans.

There were instances of suicide in other buildings of the cantonment. A father threw his two children from the window, and then he and his wife plunged to their deaths together. One girl stood in the window and shouted: "Long live the Red Army! Long live Stalin!"

Information provided by E. Lantsman

Prepared for publication by Ilya Ehrenburg.

UCHWAŁĄ PREZYDIUM
KRAJOWEJ RADY NARODOWEJ

został (a) odznaczony (a)

Ob. por. **TENENBAUM**

Stanisław

SREBRNYM KRZYŻEM ZASŁUGI

PREZYDENT
KRAJOWEJ RADY NARODOWEJ



Members of the "Akiva" resistance leaders, Cracow, 1940. Shimson and Gusta Drenger are at the far left; Dolek Liebeskin is at the far right. They harassed Nazi Headquarters.



My Comrade — The Partisan, Yakov Barer*

(Letter of Boris Khandros, Lvov)

I was born in 1924. When I was fourteen, I became a member of the Komsomol (Communist Youth League). In 1941 I graduated from high school and went as a volunteer to the front. During the defense of Kiev I was wounded in the leg. An old woman hid me and brought me back to health. The front was far away, and I returned to Pridnestrovye. Together with Tamara Buryk, a village school teacher, I organized an underground group. We survived the terrible summer of 1943, and I again fought against the Germans, although I was thousands of kilometers from the front.

I met Yakov Barer in the beginning of 1944. He was a strong youth with an excellent command of German. He entered our unit and fought bravely. On March 17, 1944, I was seriously wounded in the chest; a bullet had pierced my lung. Yakov carried me away under fire.

*Yakov Barer now lives in Israel and is a lieutenant colonel in the Israel Defense Forces.



PERETZ KAHMI
born in 1922, in Sofia,
Bulgaria. Partisan, fell in
battle on May 30, 1944.

Before 1943 Yakov had lived in Lvov, where he was a furrier. He began his studies in 1939 and prepared to enroll in the university. But then the Germans arrived, and Yakov, like all the Jews of Lvov, was doomed.

The Germans took him to work one morning, and when he returned home in the evening, both his grandmother and his thirteen-year-old brother were gone; they had been taken to the "death factory" in Belzec. Soon Yakov was also sent there, but he jumped from the train.

In the fall of 1942 Yakov found himself in a concentration camp near Lvov. The commandant of this camp never sent any Jews to be shot. He would approach the doomed person, speak of planned improvements and the humanity of the *Führer* and, when the person began to believe that he would be saved, the commandant would strangle him. He was nicknamed "the strangler." He had a special glass booth built on a tower so that Jews could die in it before everyone's eyes. The "strangler" forced people to dig pits and then fill them in again with earth. On one occasion Jews were digging up the ground near the camp border. Yakov hid, and the column returned to the barracks. When a German sentry shouted at him, Yakov jumped up and killed the man with his shovel.* He removed the guard's uniform and checked his pass, which was issued in the name of Max Waller. After that, Yakov went to the barracks where his younger brother and eight friends from Lvov were being kept. He spoke in so alien a voice that even his own brother did not recognize him: "Get your things!" he barked. Silently all set out on their last journey. The sentry at the gates was not surprised, since Jews were led out to be shot every night. "Cleaning the air, friend?" the sentry joked.

This was Yakov Barer's first success.

Yakov decided to make his way to the east. They reached a railway freight station, and Yakov noticed crates of books in one of the cars headed for Dnepropetrovsk. The nine Jews hid behind the crates, and Yakov stood guard in the uniform of an SS soldier.

Yakov and his brother left the group in Dnepropetrovsk. They wandered for a long time. Yakov was forced to discard his uniform, since the gendarmes were on the lookout for deserters. In September of 1943 they reached Pervomaysk. There Yakov was befriended by his former teacher, Mikolaychik. Yakov obtained a

WHEN A GERMAN SENTRY
SHOUTED AT HIM, YACOV
JUMPED UP AND KILLED THE
MAN WITH HIS SHOVEL. *
HE REMOVED THE GUARD'S
UNIFORM AND CHECKED HIS
PASS, WHICH WAS ISSUED
IN THE NAME OF MAX
WALLER.

*Ya. Barer has testified that he killed two Germans.



Yugoslavian Partisans.



radio, and they listened to Soviet bulletins and told others of the news. The *Sicherheitsdienst* became interested in Yakov, and he fled, but the Germans killed his younger brother.

I saw the photographs and documents of the Germans Yakov killed. He did not like to tell of his exploits; it was hard for him to remember the death of his friends and relatives.

He and I split up in the hospital. He was headed west with the Red Army and lived for one thing only: to see Soviet Lvov. A Siberian surgeon of the Kiev Division saved my life, and I will soon go back to fight, but I do not know what happened to Yakov Barer. Is he alive? Did he ever see his native Lvov?

June 22, 1944

Prepared for publication by Ilya Ehrenburg.



JAQUES YONA

born in 1903, in Thessaloniki, Bulgaria. Deported to Greece. Died in Concentration Camp.

Letter of the Red-Army Soldier, Gofman

(Krasnopolye, Mogilev oblast)

I am going to tell of another tragedy — that of Krasnopolye. 1,800 Jews perished there. My family was among them — my beautiful daughter, my sick son, and my wife. Of all the Jews of Krasnopolye, only one survived — Lida Vysotskaya. It was she who wrote to me about everything. I learned that, a day before the execution — when it was no longer permitted to leave the ghetto — my wife managed to go to town to get dried apples for our sick son. She wore a shameful tag on her chest. She wanted to prolong her son's life — if only for a day. The heart of the unhappy woman beat with love for her son. On October 20, 1941, the Germans herded everyone together and shot them. The children were tormented for two months and then shot. My son had been ill for a long time, but the doctors were keeping him alive. Soviet science saved him, and those beasts killed him with a submachine gun.

I am a husband without a wife and a father without children. I am no longer young, but this is my third year in the fight. I have taken revenge and will take revenge. I am a son of a great fatherland, and I am a soldier of the Red Army. I raised my younger brother, and he is fighting now as a lieutenant colonel on the first Ukrainian front. He too is taking revenge. I have seen fields sown with German bodies, but that is not enough. How many of them should die for every murdered child! Whether I am in the forest or in a bunker, the Krasnopolye tragedy is before my eyes. Children died there. In other towns and villages children of all nationalities died. And I swear that I will take revenge as long as my hand can hold a weapon.

March 10, 1944

Prepared for publication by Ilya Ehrenburg.

I AM A HUSBAND WITHOUT A WIFE AND A FATHER WITHOUT CHILDREN. I AM NO LONGER YOUNG, BUT THIS IS MY THIRD YEAR IN THE FIGHT. I HAVE TAKEN REVENGE.



Laying a wreath at the Monument in the Memory of the Warsaw Ghetto Rebels. Left to right: Kalman Mendelson, a ZZW commander, Tadeusz Bednarczyk, Simcha Holtzberg, Chaim Lazar, Mrs. Kowalsky. Extreme right: Yaacob Zilberstein and Chaim Phrosh, Auschwitz survivors. Picture was taken in April, 1978.



"Jewish Gang Rendered Harmless"

"The security police and an S.D. unit in Latvia made the following report: on the basis of an investigation, on August 24 a Jewish gang consisting of six men and one woman was rendered harmless. They were all hiding in one of the apartments in house No. 15 on Plovuchaya Street. During the arrest, the male Jews, who had



LEON HARAVON
born in Sofia, Bulgaria.
Partisan, fell in battle in
June 1944.

revolvers, shot at members of the security police. One of the policemen was fatally wounded. Two Jews who tried to offer resistance were killed by the police; the rest tried to escape to nearby buildings. A heavy guard consisting of police units and a unit of the field gendarmery, as well as SS patrols, was immediately set up around the buildings on the block. The whole gang of Jews, who had taken refuge in the house, was arrested.

"The police arrested the Latvian woman, Anna Polis, the owner of the apartment, who hid the Jews in her apartment and supplied them with food. She will receive the deserved punishment. In addition, all the residents of house No. 15 on Plovuchaya Street were arrested.

"The Jews who were arrested, as well as those who harbored them, will be brought to justice immediately after an investigation."

On that day on Plovuchaya Street the Germans killed Doctor Lipmanovich, Gruntman, Manke, Blyum, Berkovich and others. Anna Polis, who hid them, was executed two days later. But on the next street a teacher, Elvira Ronis and her mother, seventy-year-old Maria Veninzh, hid a group of Jews for half a year and were able to save their lives right up until the arrival of the Red Army. The Latvian Jan (Janis) Lipke hid more than thirty Jews on his farm for several months and later led the majority of them through the front line.

* * *

On the third day after the Germans were driven out of Riga a spontaneous demonstration of many people took place in the city: in the morning the people of Riga found out that at two o'clock that afternoon, units of the Latvian army corps, which were being shifted to another area of the front, would be marching in the streets of the city. Thousands of residents of Riga, with flowers in their hands, walked out into the main street of Riga — Brivibas.

The military orchestra played. Everyone waited impatiently for the troops to appear. Then the people who had gathered there saw a small column of demonstrators, about sixty to seventy people, who appeared from the direction of the Western Dvina. The standard-bearer, his assistants, and many in the column were dressed in striped prison clothes, and on the chest of each could be seen the yellow hexagonal star, and on the back — a number printed in big, black letters. They were pale as death, and it was obvious that these people had not seen daylight in a long time; the faces of some of them were bruised and scratched; some of them



VITKA LEVY
born in 1920, in Sofia,
Bulgaria. Partisan, fell in
battle in June 26, 1944.

walked with a severe limp. At first it seemed that these were not people walking on the asphalt of Brivibas Street, but the shadows of those who had been tortured and shot and who had risen from their horrible graves to meet the soldiers of the Red Army.

And in fact, in this column there were people who had lain in mass graves, people who had crawled out from under the corpses of their fathers and children and then, for three years, persecuted and hunted, fought for their lives.

This column consisted of people from the former Riga ghetto. They were all that remained of the forty-five thousand Jews of Riga.

The people of Riga who saw the column of Jews lowered their heads. Generals and admirals who stood at the foot of the Obelisk of Freedom paid military honors to the demonstrators. And suddenly it became unusually quiet on the overcrowded square.

Battalions of the Latvian corps walked by in orderly ranks. People threw flowers at the soldiers and officers. Suddenly someone cried out in Yiddish from the crowd:

"Meyer, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me!"

A young, pale girl and an old man with a long gray beard ran out of the ranks and threw themselves at Sergeant Moreyn, hugging and kissing him. The sergeant with two medals on his chest, who had covered the long path of the war from Narofominsk to Riga and fought together with his comrades-in-arms, saved his father and sister. And they began to walk alongside him in the festive streets of Riga in the ranks of Red-Army soldiers.

An hour later in one of the empty apartments on Gertrud Street I met people in striped prison clothes. I heard from them the story about the murder of thousands of their brothers.

Riga Jews walked onto Gertrud Street with rifles and sub-machine guns strapped to them — fighters, sergeants, and officers of the Red Army. They came to inquire about their relatives and close ones. Most often they received sorrowful answers: "Shot during the first 'action,' 'committed suicide,' 'tortured to death by the Gestapo.'" The soldiers tightened the straps of their automatic rifles, saying: "We will make them pay for everything in full."

By Captain Yefim Gekhtman

*THE SERGEANT WITH TWO
MEDALS ON HIS CHEST, WHO
HAD COVERED THE LONG
PATH OF THE WAR FROM NA-
ROFOMINSK TO RIGA AND
FOUGHT TOGETHER WITH HIS
COMRADES-IN-ARMS.*

Transliteration verified by Dr. Gertrude Schneider, CUNY.

The Catholic Priest Bronius Paukstis

Paukstis, a tall, stocky man about 40 years old, invited us to his study — the study of the oldest parish of the "Trinity" in Kaunas — and told us various details of his activity in helping to free and rescue the Jews during the time of the German occupation.

Paukstis established contact with a certain monk named Broliukas,* who supplied passports to save the Jews. Paukstis would often have to pay 500 marks from his own resources as the cost of obtaining a false passport.

As a priest, Paukstis himself wrote out birth certificates for children who had been abducted and rescued from the ghetto, and he personally helped to locate places for them to live. After he had found a home for the fourth Jewish girl, Vizgardiskaya, whom he had rescued, he was told that the Gestapo was interested in him. . . .

"What was there left for me to do?" says Paukstis. "I got on a train, and having said upon arriving that I was going to visit my colleague-priests, I went to see some peasants with whom I had found homes for my little Jewish 'daughters.' Thinking that I was traveling around to my various colleagues, the Gestapo was no longer suspicious of me."

In all, Paukstis gave out a hundred and twenty birth certificates to Jewish children.

But it was not only the children whom Paukstis helped. Twenty-five adults were hiding in his church. Among the people he saved or helped to save, we can mention Doctor Taft, lawyer Levitan, the daughters of the head of the Slobodsky Yeshiva, Grodzensky, Rachel Rozentsveyg, Kisenisky, lawyer Avram Golub and his family, Kapit, and others.

When someone he had saved fell into the hands of the authorities, Paukstis looked for ways to buy off the Gestapo and sometimes he was able to do so.

"You think," says Father Paukstis, "that I helped a great deal, but I think with sadness of how much more I could have done if I had been endowed with a greater understanding of concrete matters."

Paukstis showed us a letter from a Jewish girl, Rachel

*IN ALL PAUKSTIS GAVE OUT
A HUNDRED AND TWENTY
BIRTH CERTIFICATES TO
JEWISH CHILDREN.*

*"Broliukas" is a Lithuanian nickname meaning "little brother." The real name is Bronius Gotautas. B. Gotautas died in a home for the aged in West Germany in 1973. S. Bindiene, *Ir be ginklo kariat*, "Mintis," Vilnius, 1967, p. 163 ("Warriors Even Without Weapons").

Rozentsveyg, whom he helped save and who is now attending Kaunas University.

The letter was written in Lithuanian. I'll translate a few of the beginning lines:

"Dear Father! Allow me to address you this way. Didn't you treat me the way a father would treat a daughter? Didn't you give me shelter when I came to you, so unhappy, after I had endured so much? Without questioning me or demanding anything of me, as if it were completely natural, you said: 'You will calm down here, my child, and you will stay with me a while. . . .'"

The letter was quite long. It is written with love and respect, and its entire content testifies to the fact that in the terrible conditions of the Nazi occupation in Soviet Lithuania there were kind, honest people who fulfilled their human duty calmly, as if this were only natural.

Author: **Girsh Osherovich.**

Translated from the Yiddish by **M. A. Shambadal.**



YOSIF LEVY

born in 1918, in Sofia,
Bulgaria. Partisan, fell in
battle in June 26, 1944.



Former Underground members of the Cracow Ghetto, who participated in the Attack on German Officers in the Cafeteria "Zyganeria", December 22, 1942.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE BOOK:

Resistance

By **M R D Foot**

M.R.D. Foot, born in London in 1919, was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. He was an army officer from 1939 to 1945, receiving a French Croix de Guerre for services with resistance in Brittany. He taught for twelve years at Oxford, was professor of modern history at Manchester for six years, and has spent most of the rest of his life on historical research. Among other works, he has launched the edition of the Gladstone Diaries and wrote, from the surviving archives, the official history of SOE in France. He is married, has two children, and lives in north London.



In parallel with such main escape lines as these and as 'Comet', which will be touched on in the next section, there were a number of smaller and supposedly more secret lines, run by SOE for the benefit of its agents. One of these, 'Farrier', an air line worked by Déricourt between the central Loire valley and Tangmere, carried over a hundred passengers; and turned out, long afterwards, to have been managed in consultation with the SD, who sent French gangsters to watch most operations and to attempt (usually without success) to follow the incoming passengers.² The others were more secure, but not so busy.

One large SOE line, called 'Vic' after Victor Gerson its commander, ran for two years from Brussels to Barcelona via Paris, Lyons, and Perpignan, carrying in the spring of 1944 up to a passenger a day. Gerson had been meticulously trained by Leslie Humphreys, section D's expert in escape and clandestine technique; made seven secret missions into France himself; and still lives quietly at his flat in the rue de Lisbonne, which the Germans (who had discovered his real identity) repeatedly searched without avail: he kept clear of it during the war.³ Many of his helpers were Jews, who were brave enough to stay and see the war through on territory where both the occupying and the local régimes were anti-semitic.⁴ Their Jewishness was in one way a positive advantage for secret work, because it gave them a sense of privacy, of being in a group apart; and thus helped to keep them from boasting about what they were doing for resistance. His line – or lines, rather; he kept three available in parallel – were securely enough run to survive two penetrations by the Gestapo (as a spill-off from 'North Pole', SOE's troubles in Holland) without disastrous casualties. Another line, called 'Var', ran in 1943–4 between Paris and London via the coasts of Brittany and Cornwall with comparable smoothness and low rate of casualty.⁵

Everyone was anxious to avoid in France in 1944 what Langley frankly calls the fiasco of Italy in 1943, when seven-eighths of the prisoners in enemy hands failed to get away. A joint Anglo-American force called IS9 was set up, to look

¹ Ibid. chs. xv and xvi; B. Wynne, *No Drums . . . No Trumpets* (1961).

² Foot, 289–307.

³ Thérèse Mitrani ('Denise'), *Service d'Évasion* (1946), includes some telling details. Others in Foot, 94–100.

⁴ See Paxton, *Vichy France*, 173–85, for a depressing record.

⁵ Details in Foot, 69–73.

Many of his helpers were Jews, who were brave enough to stay and see the war through on territory where both the occupying and the local régimes were anti-semitic. Their Jewishness was in one way a positive advantage for secret work, because it gave them a sense of privacy, of being in a group apart; and thus helped to keep them from boasting about what they were doing for resistance.

after the interrogating and repatriating of escapers and evaders in the 'Overlord' area (if they were not interrogated, the Germans might try and slip some agents in among them; and those who were not really evaders, but deserters who had changed their minds, might reap unfair advantages). IS9 went farther: it tried to establish camp areas, near Rennes, north of Vendôme, and in the Ardennes, to which escape lines could direct their passengers, who could lie up there till their camps were overrun. In the event, the Belgian Jean de Blommaert ('Rutland') looked after over 150 escapers and evaders in the Forêt de Freteval near Vendôme. Neave took charge in person of the rescue expedition, when the battle turned fluid in the second half of August; Langley, one of the first British officers to re-enter Paris in uniform, was not far away.¹

Whatever the relations were between MI6 and MI9 – neither Neave nor Langley is quite explicit about this in print – 6 could presumably call on 9, or even instruct 9, to move its agents to and fro when necessary.

Relations between MI6 and OSS were strained, to start with at least; 6, Sir Claude Dansey in particular, taking an attitude the Americans can hardly have failed to find offensive, treating them as brash and ignorant newcomers, while OSS felt that they had quite as much to contribute as an organization which had been left at the post, as MI6 had been in June 1940.²

By the spring of 1944, these early resentments had worn off and intelligent cooperation was well established. At 'Rémy's' suggestion, MI6 and OSS joined with the BRAL (the London link of de Gaulle's secret services, by now centred on Algiers) to form two- and three-man teams called 'Sussex' parties, whose task was to provide tactical intelligence from the impending and actual battle area.³ Some fifty of these teams were spread out, from May 1944 onward, in a great arc from Brussels to Rennes; all were supposed to have working transmitters and to report frequently.

They were able to reinforce London's already extensive knowledge about the ski-shaped sites in Normandy and Picardy from which the Germans launched in mid-June their attacks on London by pilotless aircraft (V1). This knowledge had been built up in part from air photographs, in part from agents' reports from other areas; the indispensable elements in it had come from a French circuit called 'Agir'. Michel Hollard, the originator of 'Agir' – like Radó a virtually self-taught natural clandestine – had by this time begun his tour in Himmler's concentration camps, which by a miracle he survived; his circuit's work, his own above all, earned him the title of 'the man who saved London'.⁴

To close this section, we need a word on subversion: a subject well to the fore in the mother country of the great revolution of 1789. As was noted above,⁵ there



MOIS LEVY
born in 1914 in Provadia,
Bulgaria. Killed by the police
on March 3, 1943.

¹ Neave, part vi; Langley, ch. xiv. ² See Harris Smith's rather oddly titled ch. vi.

³ See Rémy, *Les Mains Jointes* (1948), 127–30.

⁴ See the biography of him, *Agent Extraordinary*, by George Martelli (1960; republished with the title in the text, 1963).

⁵ p. 136.

were more than a thousand separate clandestine newspapers in circulation, at one time or another, in France between the late summer of 1940 and September 1944. They covered most conceivable aspects of anti-nazi feeling, from a wide variety of standpoints. There is a thorough and useful analysis of them, from a politico-literary angle of sight, in print already, to which we need do no more than refer the interested reader.¹ Historians of French politics need to weigh the varied impact of various newspapers; a problem beside our present purpose. The point we need to take is that the combined weight of the clandestine press and of the various programmes broadcast into France from abroad – particularly ‘Les Français parlent aux Français’ from London – had by the summer of 1944 created strength enough of anti-nazi and pro-gaullist feeling, all over France, to sustain a mild national uprising from mid-August till the Germans’ withdrawal was all but complete in mid-September.²

How was this uprising articulated?

It had been among SOE’s main aims from the start: much of the war revolved round the question of who was to control France, a cardinal question in English strategy ever since England emerged from the heptarchy. Unfortunately the high command of SOE was far too busy ever to be able to concentrate on the French problem for long; and as often happens in large organizations matters of real importance sometimes got overshadowed by points of office politics and even personal pique that seemed no doubt vital at the time, but cannot help looking ludicrous, at best, in retrospect.

SOE had not one country section working into France, but six. DF the escape section, whose ‘Vic’ and ‘Var’ lines were described just now, AMF the branch of ISSU6 that worked from Algiers, and EU/P which worked in intense secrecy among the half-million Poles who lived in France, can be put on one side.³ So can the ‘Jedburgh’ parties, SOE’s equivalent to ‘Sussex’, international teams of three, 93 of which operated as local stiffeners of fighting resistance in June–September 1944. The other two, called F and RF, need more than a few words’ explanation.

F section, amalgamated from MIR’s and section D’s experts in France when SOE was founded, was first commanded by Humphreys; then, for nearly a year from December 1940, by H. R. Marriott, formerly Courtaulds’ man in Paris; and for the rest of the war by Maurice Buckmaster, who came from the publicity side of Ford’s.⁴ Its existence was for a time concealed from de Gaulle, some of whose entourage were regarded by the British as insecure: he was furious



DAVID SHABAT
born in 1924 in Sofia,
Bulgaria. Died in prison in
March 23, 1943.

¹ C. Belanger, *Presse clandestine 1940-1944* (1961).

² Not quite complete: some of the Biscay coast ports held out till 9 May 1945.

³ One operation in which AMF cooperated is worth a footnote at least: the liberation of Corsica (20 September–4 October 1943). Gubbins’s son took part in this action, and was killed at Anzio soon afterwards. (Another son survives.)

⁴ People still sometimes describe Thomas Cadett, long the BBC’s excellent Paris correspondent, as once head of F section. SOE’s files do not bear this out: cp. Foot, 20, 179.

when he found out that it was at work, and he continually took the line that no one had the right to operate into France without consulting himself first. F section was not anti-gaullist; it was not pro-gaullist either. It was an independent body, seeking at first to inquire what the subversive possibilities in France were; de Gaulle's primacy, after all, only emerged slowly, and up to about midsummer 1943 was far from secure.

Many of F's agents became his ardent supporters, and did more to bring him control of France than he ever cared to admit. All RF's agents were his supporters from the start, and took as well that oath to him personally that so much affronted Mengin's republicanism.¹ RF section of SOE was a sort of administrative hyphen, connecting de Gaulle's secret services to SOE and to the special duty squadrons. No one ever spelled out precisely where the division of duties between it and the BCRA, or later the BRAL, lay; the officers at GSO2-GSO3 level who did the actual work of getting parties off to France knew and liked each other, and a sound enough system resulted.

There was rivalry between F and RF staffs, and even occasionally between their agents in France;² no worse, no better, than the rivalry between SOE and SIS, OSS and FBI, GRU and NKVD; better at least than that rivalry between Himmler's *Sicherheitsdienst* and Canaris's *Abwehr*. By the summer of 1944 F and RF had come to understand their common interests, and all worked together in a multi-national staff commanded by General Koenig: the *Etat-major des forces françaises de l'intérieur*, EMFFI. Even then, F's intelligence officer, Vera Atkins, stayed behind in Baker Street to keep an eye on the personal files of Buckmaster's agents; lest political or personal enemies made trouble.³

Let us try to get away from these staff perplexities to what was actually done in France: an equally perplexing subject, and one to which many specialized scholarly studies have been devoted. Pre-eminent among them is the collection edited by Henri Michel, called 'Esprit de la Résistance', among which three volumes deserve particular mention: his own book on strands of political thought, for a wealth of insight into feeling, René Hostache on the CNR for the institutional framework, and Paul Durand on the railways for a practical exposé of what could be done.⁴

Arms from the armistice army were often enough promised, but hardly ever available when it came to the point. Under SOE's arrangements, the British, and from January 1944 the American, air forces sent in arms by parachute instead: a total of perhaps half a million weapons, of which – perhaps, again –



MONY DEKALO

born in 1923 in Stara Zagora, Bulgaria. Killed by the police in May 1944.

¹ R. Mengin, *No Laurels for de Gaulle* (1967), 115-21.

² The story that the head of one section ordered the shooting (which never took place) of a leading agent of the other – the principal witness for which is long dead – is, the witness's widow assures me, a pure fiction. (Conversation in 1975.)

³ Foot, 32-3, 47.

⁴ H. Michel, *Les courants de pensée dans la résistance* (1962), R. Hostache, *Le conseil national de la résistance* (1958), and P. Durand, *La SNCF pendant la guerre* (1969); all Presses Universitaires de France.

about three-fifths were in useful hands at the critical period, July–August 1944. At this stage the USAAF made some big drops by day.¹

Their distribution, as dangerous and complicated a business as their storage, was effected through a wide variety of networks and movements. F section floundered at first. It had trouble finding agents; and the first one it sent to France by air, in November 1940, was brave enough to refuse to jump. What set the section up was the work of the three de Vomécourt brothers, Jean (whom the Germans killed), Pierre, and Philippe. Pierre got embroiled with the Polish intelligence circuit of dubious affiliation we have already met,² and spent the second half of the war in Colditz; Philippe survived to lead an important circuit in central France, and to write a colourful war autobiography.³ Between them, the three had shown by the autumn of 1941 that circuits depending ultimately on the British general staff for orders were feasible. In the next three years, F section's agents managed some ninety different circuits, ranging in size from the purely notional quarter-million of 'Carte' – the mirage of 1942 that dazzled Buckmaster, Dodgington his brave and wayward second-in-command, and many more senior people who might have known better – to the half-dozen or so trained agents and their friends of some tiny circuits that never got started at all.⁴ Fifty F circuits were still at work when the Allied armies overran them in France. About half of these were fairly newly formed, but in many cases the new formations had been put together by people who had themselves been active in resistance since the early days.

F section's failure with the illusory 'Carte' in 1942 was followed by the 'Prosper' disaster in 1943, when too many agents congregated in Paris in defiance of their orders, and fell into the hands of the SD: partly because their air movements officer, Déricourt, allowed the Germans to read their inadequately coded correspondence; partly because they inherited some points of contact from 'Carte', such as the Tambour sisters;⁵ partly because they formed a sort of dining club, eating excellent black market meals and talking English together: riding for a fall.⁶ The wireless expert of the SD's IVF section, Jozef Götz, succeeded in bluffing F section, through played-back wirelasses, into dropping eighteen agents smack into the Germans' hands in the spring of 1944.⁷ There has been some fuss in print about this, some of it deserved; it was a mistake, and a bad mistake, on F section's part, but it was not a catastrophe. Was it not Turenne who said, the general who has made no mistakes has commanded in remarkably few battles?

It is necessary to look at this wireless game in its proper proportions. The



SYNOD LXARCH STEPHAN of Bulgaria, was among the few of the Orthodox Church, that preached against persecution of Jews.

¹ See Foot. 470–7.

² p. 241 above.

³ *Who Lived to See the Day* (1961).

⁴ 'Carte' inspired a great many people outside F section too: cp. Guillaïn de Bénouville, *Le sacrifice du matin* (1946), passim, and A. Gillois, *Histoire secrète des Français à Londres* (1973), 146–64, for examples.

⁵ Photographs in *Simone et ses compagnons* (1947), 121–2, a memorial to Simone Seailles of F's 'Farmer' circuit.

⁶ Foot, ch. x.

⁷ *Ibid.*, and 368.

wireless game in Holland, as we shall soon see,¹ was all but fatal to SOE's work there; for a time, it absorbed almost all N section's effort, to no avail at all. The French wireless games caught fewer than a twentieth of F section's 400-odd agents dispatched, who in turn were less numerous than those sent by RF. Even if all the people arrested in the wireless games in France had been people of outstanding capacity – which was not the case – they represented something under two per cent of SOE's effort into that country. People can still be sad and angry about it, but within measure.



NADEJDA VASILEVA

A humble woman from Lom, Bulgaria, helped poor deported people during their stay at the port in Lom.

And F section did learn from its mistakes. All the wireless game howlers were compressed into two short periods, one in the late summer of 1943 when by a stroke of luck the Germans got an entire bogus circuit set up in Lorraine, to which the British trustfully dropped arms and money through the winter; and one in the early spring of 1944, when they started to drop men as well, till an S-phone operation to an unmistakably German accent brought them to their senses. By the time of the amalgamation, with RF, into the EMFFI, they had numerous well-found and secure circuits: such as Tony Brooks's small but deadly efficient 'Pimento', which controlled the main railway lines southward from Lyons and northward from Toulouse; Seailles' 'Farmer', which exasperated railway authorities round Lille; Claude de Baissac's 'Scientist' in southern Normandy, or Sevenet's 'Detective', which armed an important maquis in the Montagne Noire between Castres and Carcassonne.²

The strain involved for some of the agents was severe. Maurice Southgate, who ran a large F circuit ('Stationer') south of the main Loire bend, recalled long afterwards that the effort of receiving and passing on, clandestinely, twenty-seven fellow agents by the April moon had been almost too much; and that his first reaction on being accidentally arrested was, '*at last I can sleep*'.³ His circuit was quietly taken over, divided into two, and run with high combatant efficiency, by Maingard, his wireless operator, and Pearl Witherington, one of his couriers: she had a private army nearly 3,000 strong in the northern half of the Indre.⁴

Beside the British-run circuits and the gaullists, there were two other large fighting bodies on the side of resistance: the communists and the Poles. The communists dominated the FTP, whose commander Charles Tillon has written an interesting – if, necessarily, a biased – account of their work.⁵ They pursued, as communists like to do, a double aim – based perhaps on the principles of the fork and the skewer, as they apply on the chess-board: both the aim of getting the nazis out of France, and the aim of pinning as many of them down there as possible, in order to relieve pressure on the USSR. The last-mentioned line of

¹ pp. 264–7 below.

² The *Journal de Marche du corps franc de la Montagne Noire* (Albi 1963) repays study.

³ Conversation with him, 1968.

⁴ See Georgette Guéguen-Dreyfus, *Résistance Indre et Vallée du Cher* (Montluçon 1970), another leading example of the detailed local histories available in many parts of France.

⁵ FTP (1962).

reasoning may help to account for the communists' tendency, here as elsewhere, to press on with a policy of assassination without bothering overmuch about reprisals.

The Poles were much more painfully conscious of the danger of reprisals, and took endless trouble about security: no one in the fields of resistance can regard Poles as amateurs. They had two large networks in France, 'Nurmi' round St Etienne and Lyons, and 'Monica' round Lille, both of which passed a good deal of information – 'Monica', like 'Agir', was exceptionally useful on the VI – and prepared innumerable sabotages.¹ There was an efficient Polish secret army, with its own espionage, counter-espionage, and escape links laid on for it by Zdrojewski ('Daniel'); it lacked only the opportunity to fight. Care about reprisals delayed any unleashing-signal from London until the Polish-occupied areas were about to be overrun.

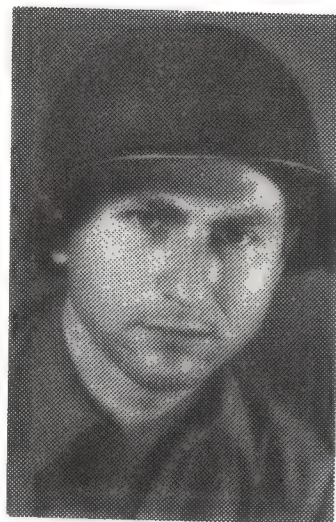
One party of a hundred Poles, codenamed 'Bardsea', provides an interesting example of administrative friction. They had been trained *à point* in Britain as underground fighters, parachutists, saboteurs; they were to reinforce 'Monica' as 'Jedburghs' reinforced resistance movements all over France. The London Poles, determined they should not be wasted, got an undertaking that 'Bardsea' would only go to areas likely to be overrun within two days; not understanding that mounting such an operation – getting the men, the stores, the maps, the parachutes, the target details, to the right place at the right time – took almost three days. So Lille fell into Allied hands while 'Bardsea' were still near Peterborough; and an attempt to divert them to Warsaw failed as well.²

The French were more successful than the Poles – in the very short run – in their pursuit of the mirage of the national redoubt. The injection of many giraudist staff officers onto gaullist staffs in the winter of 1943–4 strengthened the hold of this conventional idea. Many efforts were bent towards creating one, or several, among the maquis – groups who had taken to the hills and were living rough there, to escape forced labour service in Germany. As early as March 1944 the maquis on the Glières plateau in Savoy, of which the members regarded themselves as liberated already, was broken up by a set-piece attack by several thousand troops. A party of fifty Spaniards on a hillock held out literally to the last man and the last round: magnificent, but not irregular war. Members of the *milice* who joined in the attack, and were captured by the maquisards, later pointed out to the Germans those who had saved their lives: a touch of jungle life in what used to regard itself as the world's most civilized country. A muddle about an order from Algiers produced a still bloodier disaster in the Vercors south-east of Grenoble, in July: again, a large German force overwhelmed the area, and troops who would have done better tactically to withdraw held on, in the vain hope of sparing their womenfolk rape and massacre.

A similar disaster, at Montmouchet in the Massif Central, was mitigated by a regular British officer, Freddie Cardozo, who was there with an EMFFI

¹ Conversations with Generals Kukiel, 1968, and Zdrojewski, 1969.

² Foot, 400.



MARTIN J. GLEMBOURTT
saw war in Central Europe.
Awarded the American, European
African, Middle Eastern Ser-
vice Medals and others.
Resides in the USA.

mission called 'Benjoin'. He persuaded the maquisards, after a couple of days' battue – in which nevertheless they inflicted, as well as receiving, severe casualties – to scatter, hide, re-form, and re-emerge a month later. In the end they liberated Clermont-Ferrand. Sevenet, and Despaigne his wireless operator, who took over when a Ju 88 killed him in action, had a similar success with their *corps franc* near Castres; getting their people to ground without the casualties that have made Montmouchet notorious, and then bringing them out again.

The SAS party in Brittany also persuaded the Bretons not to congregate, not to set themselves up as free until they really were. SAS worked, over most of northern France, as an invaluable stiffening to resistance; a party of ninety of them in the Vosges distracted an entire SS division from the main battle. Four jeep-loads of them once took on a German force 3,000 strong, near Chalons-sur-Saone; all but two of the SAS were killed, but they took 400 Germans with them.

SAS worked directly, if at several removes, under the orders of Eisenhower, the supreme commander of 'Overlord'. Practically, resisters of all kinds were by midsummer 1944 all more or less working in the same direction: even Stalin wanted 'Overlord' to succeed, because if it did his own task on the eastern front would be made that much more easy. There is a delicate and difficult calculation, waiting to be made one day, about the degree of tactical help that resistance provided for 'Overlord's' advance: through the total disruption of the French and Belgian railway systems (950 rail cuts in France on the night of 5/6 June 1944, the night of 'Neptune'), the dislocation of long-distance telephones, and the perpetual ambushes on the roads. The Germans came to feel they no longer controlled their own lines of communication: unsettling.

'Dragoon' was still more visibly helped by resistance, in two disparate ways. Small but vital parties of French naval officers were put into Marseilles, Toulon, and Sète to preserve the port installations which the Germans wanted to blow up: Marseilles harbour was too big for five men to manage, but they baffled German plans to block the other two ports, and thus made supply for 'Dragoon' much more feasible.

A still more important role was played by the mountain maquis, prepared for this task by RF's 'Union' mission under Fourcaud and Thackthwaite and by F section's 'Jockey' circuit under Francis Cammaerts. 'Dragoon' planners had reckoned on reaching Grenoble by D+90. The commander was persuaded to risk a few American armoured cars on the mountain road from Nice through Digne and Gap; and Grenoble surrendered to them and their maquis guides on D+7. This turned the Germans' left flank in the Rhone valley and levered them out of all southern and western France.

By this time every French town of any size wanted to liberate itself, and many did so.¹ Parisians believed they ought to have an insurrection; café-conversa-

¹ P. Bertaux, *La libération de Toulouse*, in a series edited by Michel, is gently scathing on this point: as a rule, as in Toulouse, the resisters arrived after most of the Germans had gone.



T/S/4 EMANUEL M. RAY was in the European Theatre of Operation for most of W.W.II. He was among the liberators of the Concentration Camp Buchenwald. Decorated with several Medals. Resides in the USA.

tionalist resisters, there as in Athens, had been gossiping about one for years. One did take place: after a fashion. More French people were killed in the Paris rising than had been killed at Valmy. And yet – and yet: more than thirty years after the event, the historian may be allowed a note of faint scepticism. The barricades the Parisians built were not tank-proof. The Germans had tanks; but hardly used them. The title of liberator of Paris is given, by political acclaim, to Colonel Rol-Tanguy, the communist, or to Alexandre Parodi, the gaullist leader on the spot, according to the giver's political leanings; or to Leclerc, the commander of the French armoured division of which some troops entered the city on 24 August 1944. The man who really has a stronger claim to have liberated Paris is General von Choltitz, the German commander there: who disobeyed his orders to set the city on fire, because – in spite of what he had done at Rotterdam and Sebastopol – he had some instincts of humanity, could not bear to destroy anything so lovely, and knew the war was lost.¹



JAQUES AMADO
born in 1924, in Bourgas,
Bulgaria. Killed in an attempt
to get over to the partisans
May 17, 1944.



CAPT. EUGENIUSZ RADOSZYCKI, led a formation of army men in 1946. He fought many battles from Lenino to Smolensk, where he was wounded. After recuperating he was parachuted in the hinterland of the enemy in Poland and had many skirmishes with German Army units. Picture top left: Radoszycki as a lieutenant. Resides in Katowice, Poland.

Escapes, with so much local aid available, were many; a few have been noticed above.¹ It was even possible, with a Polish population surrounding it, for Poles to get away from a concentration camp; normally, an almost unthinkable difficult task. From the group of extermination camps at Auschwitz-Birkenau, west of Cracow, as many as 667 prisoners escaped; by two and threes to start with, but 310 of them in 1944 and 209 in 1945. At least 270 of these 667 were recaptured, sooner or later, and publicly executed with every circumstance of humiliation; yet over half of them got away altogether. This would have been inconceivable without help from the surrounding villages, which were full of Polish miners and their families; who would help, at the drop of a rag, anyone escaping from the nazis they detested, even if the escaper was a soviet citizen – as about one in seven of these 667 were. They guided the escapers on to the various partisan bands in the neighbourhood, in spite of the risks of reprisal.²

The cardinal escape problem in Poland was what to do about the Jews, who formed so tragically large a proportion of the overrun inhabitants. The Poles have left on the rest of Europe an impression of having been almost as anti-semitic as the Germans, in inclination: they were far from being so in practice, another instance of the inaccuracy and unfairness of stereotyped ideas about national character. Under the challenge of nazi occupation, all but the extremest near-fascist elements on the far Polish right responded stoutly in a pro-Jewish direction. The trouble was that the Germans were present in overwhelming force, and quite literally were out for blood. Poland seemed to Hitler, Rosenberg, Himmler, and their henchmen a good testing-ground for the *Endlösung*, the final solution of the Jewish problem: of which Hitler was already talking before the war. 'We are going to destroy the Jews', he said to the Czech foreign minister on 21 January 1939; and he meant it.³

Special commandos, renamed special groups – fifteen of them, all highly trained SS – worked over Poland in the winter of 1939–40, and thereafter over such occupied territories as were available in the east. Their original task was to herd all the Jews they could find into the General-Government, pending a decision whether to send them all to Madagascar or to polish them off on the spot. Mass executions in fact began in July 1941. Former Polish territory sprouted extermination camps: Chelmo, Belzec, Sobibór, Treblinka, Majdanek, Birkenau. In the Auschwitz-Birkenau complex, which covered some fifteen square miles, over three million people were put to death within five years: an act of unexampled infamy. Himmler asked,

All of us have asked ourselves, What about the women and children? I have decided that this too requires a clear answer. I did not consider that I should be justified in getting rid of the men – in having them put to death, in other words – only to allow their children to grow up to avenge themselves



SHIMON SHPIN

was a Partisan in Tyumen Forest. Fought many Battles. Later joined the Red Army. Fell in Battle by Breslau, Germany

¹ pp. 33 (Grav H. Ling), 114–15, 199 ('Christine Granville' and others).

² J. Garliński, *Fighting Auschwitz* (1975), 238n, 101–3, 163–5, etc.

³ H. Krausnick et al., *Anatomy of the SS State*, 44; and *ibid.* 43–124 for the consequences.

on our sons and grandsons. We have to make up our minds, hard though it may be, that this race must be wiped off the face of the earth.¹

Women and children had no special treatment in the Warsaw ghetto, when it rose in the spring of 1943: they were shot just as dead as the rest. Those twenty-eight days of absolutely hopeless, absolutely heroic revolt provide a passionate denial of that other popular stereotype, of Jews who shambled off unprotesting to the slaughterhouse.

That was what Jews had often (not always) done before, over twenty centuries of persecution: this time they fought back. Calvocoressi prints a map of eastern Europe showing areas of Jewish resistance in 1940-4: including, besides Warsaw, sixteen other ghettos in which armed risings took place against the Nazi oppressor. Let their names at least be cited: Bendzin, Bialystok, Brody, Cracow, Czestochowa, Lvov, Lutsk, Minsk, Mir, Riga, Sielce, Sosnowica, Stryzow, Tarnopol, Tarnow, and Vilna. In nine areas - one of them, between Vilna and the Pripet marshes, measuring about fifty miles by thirty - Jewish partisan bands controlled the district for months, sometimes for years on end. Such areas, when known to the Nazis, provoked frightful reprisal attacks; diverting men and weapons from the main front, at however fearful a cost. And in one of the concentration camps into which surviving Jewish prisoners were crammed, to be worked to death or more summarily wiped out - in the camp at Sobibor, not far from Lublin - the prisoners did revolt. Led by the eighty survivors from a group of 1,750 Russian Jews - some of them Red Army soldiers - who had arrived in September 1943, a party of them armed with carpenters' axes, stolen pistols and makeshift clubs rushed the main guard. About 400 got clean out of the compound; most to die straightway on the minefields near by, some to be killed by anti-semitic Polish partisans farther away, many to be tracked down by the avenging hounds of the SS; but enough escaped altogether for the tale to become known. It was too much for Himmler; he had the camp obliterated.²

On the intelligence front the Poles did as well as they did on the escape front; or even better. The 'Enigma' team worked away in exile all through the war. Both the GRU and the London Poles got excellent intelligence reports from Poland; as both were secretive bodies, nothing worth reporting beyond that bare fact is known, apart from one operation for London that was in every sense too big to hide.

One effect of the big RAF raid on Peenemünde in August 1943 was to force on the Germans a move of their main rocket experimental station to somewhere that was out of bomber command's range. They chose the province of Cracow; guessing, correctly, that the Russians would not allow bomber command to operate from bases on Soviet soil.³ But they had reckoned without Polish intel-

THAT WAS WHAT JEWS HAD OFTEN (NOT ALWAYS) DONE BEFORE, OVER TWENTY CENTURIES OF PERSECUTION: THIS TIME THEY FOUGHT BACK. CALVOCORESSI PRINTS A MAP OF EASTERN EUROPE SHOWING AREAS OF JEWISH RESISTANCE IN 1940-4: INCLUDING, BESIDES WARSAW, SIXTEEN OTHER GHETTOS IN WHICH RISINGS TOOK PLACE AGAINST THE NAZI OPPRESSOR. LET THEIR NAMES AT LEAST BE CITED: BENDZIN, BIALYSTOK, BRODY, CRACOW, CZESTOCHOWA, LVOV, LUTSK, MINSK, MIR, RIGA, SIELCE, SOSNOWICA, STRYZOW, TARNOPOL, TARNOW AND VILNA. IN NINE AREAS - ONE OF THEM, BETWEEN VILNA AND THE PRIPET MARSHES, MEASURING ABOUT FIFTY MILES BY THIRTY - JEWISH PARTISAN BANDS CONTROLLED THE DISTRICT FOR MONTHS, SOMETIMES FOR YEARS ON END. SUCH AREAS, WHEN KNOWN TO THE NAZIS, PROVOKED FRIGHTFUL REPRISAL ATTACKS; DIVERTING MEN AND WEAPONS FROM THE MAIN FRONT, AT HOWEVER FEARFUL A COST.

¹ At a Gauleiters' conference in Posen on 6 October 1943: *ibid.* 123, tr. R. H. Barry.

² Calvocoressi and Wint, *Total War*, 234-5; and R. Ajnsztein, *Jewish Resistance* (1975), 742-69.

³ Has anyone noticed that V1s and V2s were never used in action on the eastern front at all?

ligence. Though the Germans had the military upper hand, and petrol-driven vehicles, they were not quite a match for an enemy who was at best horse-drawn, but who could rely without question for help – as the Germans could rely without question for hindrance – on every single civilian in the country.¹

Practice shots with V1s and V2s were constant; the two sides raced for the fragments of the wrecks. One day, on 20 May 1944, a V2 landed in a swamp near the river Bug, about 80 miles east of Warsaw, and failed to explode. Polish resisters got there first, dug it out, *hid it*, took it to pieces later, and reported the results. On 25/26 July a Dakota from Brindisi reached Poland and collected the essential parts, which were in London seven weeks before the first V2 fell there.² This removed, at least, the secrecy from the secret weapon; its hitting power was unaffected.

The subversive side of resistance was even more active in Poland than the other two; and was even less easily distinguished from plain politics than in other parts of Europe. Personal jealousies and animosities played a considerable part in it; so did romance. Attitudinizers, the sort of people who are prominent in the early days of a big revolution, before the professional politicians and the soldiers move in to take control, were plentiful in wartime Poland, but they took risks as well as striking attitudes: café-conversationalist resisters who pullulated in Bucarest or Paris had no place in Warsaw, where everybody took the problems of resistance seriously.

The basic political difficulty, for a Pole, was that there were two enemies, not one. Frightful measures of repression were undertaken by the Germans, both within the Reich's new frontiers and in the General Government; the Russians did not then pursue *vendette* of race at all, but were equally fierce in their pursuit of the prewar Polish ruling class. Dzerzhinsky had been a renegade Polish nobleman, and seems to have left behind in the soviet secret police a lasting tradition of hatred for the class from which he sprang. As in the Baltic states, the Russians removed from their zone of Poland – or in their terms, from reoccupied western White Russia and western Ukraine – the whole educated class: about 1.5 million people.³ This group included over 12,000 officers of the Polish armed forces; too many of whom have never been seen alive again. Polish national consciousness remained vivid; the first of the underground newspapers, appearing weekly from 10 October 1939, was called *Polska Zyje*, Poland lives.⁴

From about the same date, there was continual contact between elements of the Polish underground and the republic's government-in-exile; partly by messenger, which was slow,⁵ partly by wireless, which was prompt and effective. According to Willets, Polish clandestine wireless was judged at the time to be



ZWI SHUSTER

was a Partisan in the vicinity of Mir. Participated in many actions against the enemy. He was a member of "Hashomer Hatzair." Fell in Battle for the Independence of Israel.

¹ J. Garliński, *Poland, SOE and the Allies* (1969), 52.

² Ibid. 149–64.

³ Count Edward Raczyński, 'Poland and Britain', *ERM* iii. 6.

⁴ Garliński, *Poland, SOE and the Allies*, 31.

⁵ Four weeks from Paris to Warsaw, 4 December 1939 to 1 January 1940: J. M. Ciechanowski, *The Warsaw Rising of 1944* (Cambridge 1974), 84.

'outstandingly good', in advance of any comparable service in the world, and at times as many as 100 sets were working at once out of Poland to bases in England or Italy¹ (of the move to liberated Italy, more in a moment).

Security was also good, thanks to the Poles' age-long experiences of occupation. There was no case of an agent being arrested on or near a dropping zone; there were no wireless games, attempts to play captured sets back, that even began to succeed. The Poles not only designed and made their own wireless sets, they devised all their own ciphers: of which GCCS thought highly. When in the spring of 1944 an absolute ban on all cipher traffic out of Britain, except in British ciphers, was imposed as part of the security planning for 'Overlord', three exceptions were secretly made: for the USA and the USSR, a necessary courtesy to greater powers; and for the London Poles. And as Raczynski has pointed out, 'Poland had no Quisling and no Pétain.'²

The London government-in-exile believed it was preparing the restoration of a democratic Poland – more democratic than the prewar colonels' régime, with which Sikorski was well known to be no sympathizer.³ The cross-currents of insurrectionary, romantic and cautionary traditions in Poland, the general course of the war, and the superior police abilities of the NKVD defeated it.

By Christmas 1939 it had organized an Association for Armed Struggle (*Związek Walki Zbrojnej*), which was renamed in February 1942 simply the Home Army (*Armia Krajowa*, henceforward AK). This body touched a nominal strength of 400,000 in 1944, but was only weakly armed; it got about two-thirds of its supplies from local caches, and a third from RAF operations, which at a cost of 73 aircraft brought in 600 tons of stores.⁴ Poland was right at the limit of the RAF's range; eastern Poland was always outside it. Early flights, there and back, might last as long as fourteen hours.

The air supply problem could have been made infinitely less severe if the Russians had allowed aircraft to refuel on their territory; which they hardly ever did. They said, correctly, that they were busy with their own war, and that they had no high-octane fuel to spare; they did not need to add that it was no interest of theirs to supply a movement the aims of which they disapproved, and the existence of which conflicted with aims of their own.

On 30 July 1941, the USSR established diplomatic relations with the London government-in-exile, thus enabling a number of Poles deported to the USSR to get away to fight in the Polish army in the near east.⁵ Nothing was said in this



ISAAK KATZ

was a Partisan in the vicinity of Pinsk. He was badly wounded in one of the battles against the Germans. Katz was transported by a clandestine plane to a Moscow hospital, where he recuperated from the wounds a whole year. He received decorations. Resides in Australia.

¹ H. T. Willetts, 'Britain and Poland', in *ERM* iii. 3.

² *ERM* iii. 10.

³ Ciechanowski, 2.

⁴ Details in Garliński, *Poland, SOE and the Allies*, 235–8.

⁵ One of these is worth a word in passing: Colonel (later General) K. S. Rudnicki, who had been arrested on the Russo-German demarcation line while on important business for ZWZ; had concealed his real identity; was living, under a false name, in Kirov, a town of 700,000 people; and scoured the whole town without success for two sheets of paper on which to write a letter. (His *The Last of the War Horses*, 175.) Herling was another.

pact about the one real point of impending difficulty in Russo-Polish relations, the question of the eastern boundary of Poland; this silence made trouble later.

The AK's commander, General Grot-Rowecki, was ordered by Sikorski in February 1942 not to oppose the Russians, nor even to hide from them, but rather to use his men as their guides when they entered Polish territory; at that moment, an event unlikely to happen soon. In the previous month, a Polish Workers' Party (*Polska Partia Robotnica*) had been created in Warsaw, with Moscow's approval; it formed its own private army, the People's Guards (*Guardia Ludowa*), merged in 1944 into a People's Army (*Armia Ludowa*, AL), which – like the FTP in France – was in fact controlled by communists. On the far right, on the other hand, was a body calling itself the National Armed Forces (*Narodowe Siły Zbrojne*), which was strongly anti-semitic and almost fascist in its outlook.¹

There was no Polish Jean Moulin to knit these ravelled strands together; on the contrary, the divisions grew deeper, and the broadest-minded leaders disappeared. In January 1943 the PPR began negotiations to join the AK; while these were going on, the bodies of over 4,000 Polish officers were found in Katyn forest, piled neatly in mass graves, each with a bullet in the back of the neck and none bearing any document later than 1940. The London Poles, unhinged by this mishap, appealed to the International Red Cross; and on 26 April 1943 the USSR broke off relations with them. This was bad enough; troubles came later in battalia.

Grot-Rowecki was arrested in Warsaw on 30 June 1943, and soon identified (Himmler had him shot fourteen months later, during the Warsaw rising). Within a week, Sikorski too was dead.² Their successors were lesser men. Mikolajczyk, the new prime minister, could not hold the soldiers; Sosnkowski, the new London commander-in-chief, was a man whose past inspired suspicion, for he had been an associate of the dictator-liberator Pilsudski. Bor-Komorowski, the new commander-in-chief in the field, personally a quiet and charming nobleman, had been an excellent commander of a cavalry regiment; his new post, forced on him by fate, was not one for which he was well fitted.

He did not insist on a break between the AK and the near-fascist NSZ, the 'National Armed Forces'. No one on the Polish side, after Katyn, wanted any truck with Moscow; unless they were taken in by Moscow's propaganda story, that the Katyn murders had been committed by the German and not by the Russian secret police. Had the London Poles been able to bring themselves to come to some sort of terms with Moscow, had they listened to Churchill's and Eden's repeated advice that they really must cede some territory on their eastern border, much suffering might have been avoided; had Moscow, in turn, been ready to arrive at a fair deal.

The communists among the million and a half Poles in exile in Russia – the survivors of the educated class, extracted from eastern Poland in 1939³ – started



LT. BEN BENESZ
saw war with the Polish Army
from 1943 till the end. Resi-
des in Australia.

¹ Ciechanowski, 4, 84-9.

³ p. 286 above.

² Cp. p. 229 above.

up in Moscow in March 1943, just before the Katyn troubles broke out, a Union of Polish Patriots (*Związek Patriotów Polskich*) in the USSR, a front organization intended to incorporate all their fellow-exiles. This ZPP included a lot of people who wanted to fight, who were formed into a small army under General Berling. Its leaders saw themselves as an alternative to the Polish Workers' Party (the PPR), and were reluctant to share power with it.¹

The AK meanwhile pursued, under its new leaders, the line of policy worked out by Sikorski and Grot-Rowecki: first 'Fly' (*Musha*), a series of pinprick sabotage raids, then 'Tempest' (*Burza*), local revolts, and lastly 'Rising' (*Powstanie*), which was to be a national insurrection. 'Fly' got on well enough, with a series of small maddening attacks that exasperated the Germans without mortally affecting their plans.² The main obstacle to more of these was a shortage of arms and explosives.

Hardly fifty successful drops had taken place by April 1943, when the short summer nights closed the operational season for the RAF. During that summer, the Germans erected a huge anti-aircraft artillery and fighter barrier west of Berlin, from north Denmark to Bavaria; impossible for supply Halifaxes bound from England to Poland to penetrate. Italy's surrender came just in time to prolong the Poles' agony.

In October 1943, 301 (Polish) Flight RAF, which included three Liberators provided by the Americans, was based at Brindisi. Beside it was an SOE base commander, H. L. Threlfall, who looked after administration as well as liaison with the RAF; and Polish signals and operating staffs. The arrangement was complex, but at least the air range into Poland was shorter: many more air operations were now possible.

Soon thereafter, the great inter-Allied conference at Teheran settled the fate of Poland: it was thenceforward bound to be liberated from the Germans, if by anybody, then by the Red Army: unless, many Poles were proud enough to think, it could liberate itself first.

At the end of the year, a National Council was formed in Warsaw – by the PPR, the workers' party, not by anyone working with London. London's Poles responded by ordering 'Tempest' where the Red Army approached Polish soil. 'Tempest' duly began, in Volhynia, early in 1944. The AK's forces got on well with the fighting troops of the Red Army whom they met; cooperated with them tactically, and advised them on minor local problems of ground and supply, just as Sikorski had foreseen. As the battle moved forward, NKVD troops arrived. They arrested the AK's officers, and offered the other ranks a simple choice: enlist in Berling's army, or go to Siberia.

Much the same happened later in the spring round Lvov and round Vilna. By the end of July 1944, the Red Army was approaching Warsaw; and Bor-Komorowski, the AK commander, had to decide what to do. The role of urban



FAJWEL SHREIBER

belonged before the war to "Hatzofim" Organization. During the war he was commander in the Medvedev" Battalion, which operated in the Tyumen Forest. In one of his actions single handed captured a tank, this way saved many Partisan lives, but he perished in the action. He was awarded with the Medal of the "Red Star" posthumously.

¹ Ciechanowski, 104-5.

² Numerous examples in Garliński, *Poland, SOE and the Allies*, 101-65.

guerilla leader, at a moment fraught with political as well as military consequences of the gravest sort for his country and his class, was one he was ill fitted to uphold. He was not the man, and August 1944 in Warsaw was neither the time nor the place, to sustain that role successfully. As Marvell said of Charles I on the scaffold, 'He nothing common did or mean'; but he could not win.

He had heard of the attack on Hitler on 20 July, which seemed to indicate that the Third Reich was crumbling; he heard on 31 July of the American capture of Avranches, which heralded open warfare in the west. Between those two events came a political turn: under soviet supervision, a Polish Council of National Liberation (*Polski Komitet Wyzwolenia Narodowego*, PKWN) was set up at Lublin, midway between Warsaw and Lvov. Bor could see the PKWN as an alternative focus of loyalty for those Poles who were reluctant to accept the lead of the government-in-exile he represented.

Ciechanowski has explained how Bor acted, on inadequate information, and without proper touch with the advancing Red Army. By the last week in July, that army's advance guards were in Praga, which adjoins Warsaw on the eastern side; and Moscow radio was calling on the capital's population to rise. On the 30th, Mikolajczyk arrived in Moscow for consultations with Stalin;¹ and Sosnkowski was away for a ten days' visit to Polish troops in Italy. Bor thought the Russians were about to enter Warsaw, and was eager to strike first; he ordered 'Tempest' to start at five in the evening of 1 August.

In hard fact the Russians in Praga had run into a check; a German counter-attack held them; and they were probably unable, as well as visibly unwilling, to resume their advance for some five weeks. The Red Army had a good deal else on its plate as well; including, in the second half of August, the rising in Slovakia.² Even with Warsaw ablaze with street fighting, the Russians would not relax their rule forbidding special duties aircraft to land on their soil; save once, as late as 18-September, when an armada of B-17s from east Anglia dropped 1,284 containers - from some 15,000 feet; so only 228 reached what was left of the Home Army's lines.³

200,000 Poles were killed in the two months' fighting; the remaining 800,000 inhabitants were then evicted by the Germans. No capital city had suffered so severely since the Huns sacked Rome.

Slessor, as air commander in the Mediterranean, had followed these operations night by night, and had eventually to forbid the Poles at Brindisi to fly any more on a venture that had become too desperate. Looking back, he commented: 'How, after the fall of Warsaw, any responsible statesman could trust any Russian Communist further than he could kick him, passes the comprehension of ordinary men.'⁴ Ciechanowski shows there may have been a shadow at least



JACOB-LEIB RUDMAN

was a Partisan with other members of his family in the vicinity of Molodeczna. It came an order from the headquarters to catch a German "tongue" it meant an alive soldier for interrogation to find out essential information the Partisans needed. Jacob was entrusted with this mission, which he accomplished successfully. He later fell in Battle.

¹ He did not actually get into Stalin's presence till 3 August: too late.

² pp. 208-9 above.

³ Garliński, *Poland, SOE and the Allies*, 198-203.

⁴ Sir John Slessor, *These Remain* (1969), 151.

of a military excuse for the Red Army's inaction. Politically, it was certainly convenient for the communists to sit still and watch their enemies destroy each other. As Auden put it of a different battle in the same wide war,

History to the defeated

May say Alas but cannot help nor pardon.¹

The moral impact of the failure in Warsaw on the AK was shattering. Bor survived; he was honourably treated as a prisoner-of-war, was sent to Colditz, and did not die till the middle 1960s.² His sublime effort had torn the heart out of his movement.

The Home Army was disbanded in January 1945. A colder fate awaited its so far uncaptured high command, who were tricked into a meeting with the NKVD whence none returned: they died in prison.³



LEIMA PITKOWSKI

was a member of "Poalei Zion" during the war was commander of a Partisan group in "Sovetskaya Byelorussia" Brigade which operated in the vicinity of Biten. Fell in action.



To the end of the war these fourteen year old children were Hitler's soldiers, because the mature soldiers were already dead, wounded, or in captivity.



David Miskin (x) a Partisan commander with a group of General Platon's Fighters in Northeastern Europe.

THE Germans were not above using Jewish books. A young German military physician came to the home of a well known Jewish physician, Dr. Srebrny, to take his books. He found a work of Dr. Srebrny's written in German, lying on the table. In answer to a question the old doctor said: "I wrote it at a time when science was still respected by the Germans."

"But now times have changed," said the German. "Didn't you ever hear how the Roman soldier killed Archimedes?"

To this Dr. Srebrny gave a reply which should make every German soldier burn with shame. "Yes, but the name of Archimedes is known to you, to me, and to many others, while nobody knows the name of the Roman soldier."



Former Jewish Combatants from all over the world are Honoring the Fallen Comrades of W.W.II. at a Ceremony in Tel-Aviv, Israel.

The Bitter Saga of the Jewish Partisans



THE cry has gone up: "Why didn't the Jews resist? Why did they allow themselves to be led like sheep to the slaughter?" It was heard during the Eichmann trial; it was echoed by Hannah Arendt in her *Eichmann in Jerusalem* in which she provided some false, misleading and damaging statements. What was really the case? On this, the twenty-first anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, we bring you a part, a small part, of the definitive answer—an answer that should lift up the heart of everyone who calls himself a Jew, and make him proud.

The Jew did fight—but whereas the non-Jew fought only a single enemy, the Jew fought two: the Nazi, and the local population which hated him with the blind, unreasoning hatred bred of centuries of antisemitism.

But he fought—in the ghettos and in the forests as a partisan, Miss Arendt and her other detractors and questioners notwithstanding. Where and how he fought is the saga told in *Sefer Hapartisanim—The Book of the Partisans*—published by Sifriat Poalim in Israel, the Workers' Book Guild of Hashomer Hatzair. We bring you now the introduction to this saga, in somewhat abridged form. It is long, but we don't apologize for its length in the knowledge that our readers, bothered by the question "Why didn't the Jews resist?", will want to know the answers, and will read it—and quote it—as we have done.

—The Editors of Israel Horizons

THE acts of resistance by the Jewish partisans were a powerful expression of the irrepressible spirit of the Jewish people and of the forces that arose to resist its oppressors. They were testimony to the desire of the Jews to survive.

This resistance was a general phenomenon throughout all the Jewish communities.

Acts of resistance were carried out both by individuals and by groups. Some fought behind crumbling ghetto walls, others in the partisan forests. In the small towns, in the cities, in the ghettos, both individuals and organized groups were roused to resistance. However, these forces were not activated in all places.

For other peoples under the Nazi yoke, resistance was to recover freedom, but the Jews were threatened by a policy of total biological annihilation.

Jewish resistance took on various forms: passive and economic, and spiritual and moral, as well as active in the form of armed conflict.

The struggle of the Jewish masses is an unprecedented epic, rich in acts of heroism.

* * *

The Aims of Resistance

Organization of the rescue of Jewish adults and children and smuggling them across Nazi borders; mass escapes from ghettos; non-compliance with deportation orders by lying across railway tracks and refusing to board the death wagons—are not these all expressions of the revolt of the Jewish people?

One of the main characteristics of Jewish tradition is blood-soaked resistance to the forces of oppression. This was the essence of Jewish "reality." Until the last vestige of life was snuffed out, European Jewry proved it could maintain its self-respect. Individuals resisted in their last hours, even in the shadow of the gollows: the young girl who spat in the faces of her murderers; the young man who leaped at the throat of an armed Nazi; a hand raised in struggle before the skull was crushed; the cry of vengeance as a body was flung into the murder van.

The courage shown by Jews is one of the miracles of the period, an insight into the potential strength of resistance and latent spiritual forces of the people.

"Aside from the part Jews played in the Allied armies, Jewish resistance can be said to have encompassed:

¶ The resistance movement and the uprising in the ghettos.

¶ The Jewish fighters in the forests—the Partisans.

The main theme of this work (*The Book of the Partisans*) is the armed resistance of the Jews in the forests.

* * *

The Armed Resistance

The fighting in the forests was carried out by Jews in groups and as individuals. The groups included independent Jewish Partisan units, and large groups of Jewish fighters in non-Jewish units, many of which were founded by Jews. The individuals were Jews dispersed throughout non-Jewish units. There were practically no Partisan units that did not include Jews.

When the Germans attacked Russia in June, 1941, Polish Jewry had already been under the Nazi yoke for two years and West European Jewry for one year. The Nazis carried out their preparations for the biological annihilation of the Jews during this period. But the Jews still refused to believe their fate was sealed. They believed that the Nazis could not win against the Allied forces, and that the mighty power of the USSR would protect the Jews.

In the areas under Soviet rule—Byelorussia, Lithuania, the Ukraine—the Jews considered themselves safe, believing implicitly in the strength of the USSR. But the sudden retreat of the Red Army at the beginning of the Nazi attack caused confusion and despair among the Jews. The Germans carried out their extermination policy at a faster rate in the conquered areas of Byelorussia, Lithuania and the Ukraine than in the western sectors (Poland, Western Europe).

* * *

Total Annihilation

In the Soviet-annexed territories, the Germans totally annihilated the Jews during the first months of the invasion. This was to serve as an example of the ruthlessness of the Nazi regime, of the radical change of values to be introduced, to which the inhabitants, for their own welfare, had agreed immediately. The annihilation of the Jews was to symbolize the "suppression of Bolshevism"—the only "grace" the invader was prepared to bestow on the enslaved population.

Despite differences in means and the various deceptions employed in the various conquered

regions, the annihilation policy had a number of common factors:

At first restrictions were imposed, and then suddenly people would be taken away and murdered. Each blow was more sudden and more terrible, until the will to live was broken and desire to resist suppressed. Jews felt that the end was in sight for them and that all that was left of the world for the Jews, and perhaps for man in general, would crumble to dust in a world of never-ending torture, filth and humiliation. The very shadow of a German caused terror, and with this power the Nazis were able to decide the fate of millions by merely raising a finger.

These tactics, organized with perfect precision, ended in slaughter. Survivors—depressed, terror-stricken, lacking in willpower—were drugged with illusions. Hints were given of a chance to remain alive in order to deaden their alertness and to simplify the completion of the destruction. This caused the moral disintegration of the ghetto and weakened the desire of its inhabitants to escape, or their hope of help reaching them. The senses became dulled and despair and apathy gave way to utter abandon. Soon new illusions sprang up, seeming to flourish on the very threshold of doom. Despair and illusion—these accompanied the condemned men throughout.

* * *

The Soviet Action

Jewish public life was affected cruelly by the storm without and forces within. All the institutions were cut off, and it was as though a new way of life had been discovered in which social systems had been broken down, and where different strata of the Jewish community imprisoned within the ghetto took precedence over each other.

The Jewish institutions no longer had leaders. In the western territories, the Germans killed off the public figures, community leaders and Jewish intellectuals in the first *aktionen*. In order to destroy the body of Jewry, the Nazis began by cutting off the head which could incite to revolt.

In the Soviet-occupied territories, the Jewish institutions were disbanded in the period during 1939-1941. Movements and political parties were forbidden to function. The heads of the youth movements and the leaders of the communities, and even those capable of leadership, were deported. Those who remained went into hiding to escape the eye of the

authorities. Jewish communal life ceased to exist. The little that remained was under the direction of new persons who did not reflect the will of the majority.

When the Nazis conquered these territories, they wiped out the remaining Jewish intelligentsia and left alive those Jews who were "essential"—laborers and artisans. Only a handful of well-known Jewish ghetto leaders remained alive. The task imposed on the Judenrate (the Nazi-appointed Jewish administration) was that of carrying out the German decrees inside the ghettos, and serving as the local authority so long as there remained people to be ruled.

Most of the members of the Judenrate lived under illusions, and were the main source for spreading these illusions in the ghettos. The Judenrate took upon themselves the strict implementation of the Germans' instructions on the assumption that no other course was open to them. They believed that by sacrificing a small part of the community they could save the majority. Indeed, after each *aktion* (massacre or deportation to an extermination camp), one could always claim that a majority existed (those who remained) in comparison with the minority that had been taken.

* * *

The Impediments

There were always a number of honest men in the Judenrate who tried to do all within their power to save Jews and to maintain some semblance of human dignity, but these, in most cases, were the first to be sent to their death.

There were Judenrate, especially in the small towns, although also in cities, who bore the suffering of the ghettos with faith and devotion. They also cooperated with the underground organizations and in some cases even stood personally at the head of them.

Under these conditions, there was little possibility for the Jews to prepare themselves for active resistance. Gusta Davidson, an outstanding young woman member of the Cracow resistance organization, wrote in her moving prison diary, *The Diary of Justina*, that "... If we were to admit the truth, everyone is sick and tired of life. They can no longer stand the constant panic, and often one has a secret wish that perhaps the end will come quickly. The spirit of revolt has not yet risen; no one has the will to fight the enemy—and is it any wonder? Only a person who has not lived

through these three years of atrocities, humiliation and plunder, in an atmosphere of nervous desire to grasp the remaining wisps of life—only a person living under normal conditions would have the courage to reproach them. But anyone who has glimpsed these souls, whose world has been plunged into darkness, despairing and grief-stricken, anyone who passed a single hour in this despondency with no ray of hope—would not feel otherwise.

"It is easy to say: Flee! Even if you remove the yellow star, you still remain a Jew. Every hesitant movement gives you away as a Jew, every unsure step, the back stooping under the yoke of slavery, the look of a hunted animal. . .

"At times I think that here all traces of our people will disappear off the face of the earth and no memory of the Jewish communities will remain; nothing will be left of all we hold dear. By all I hold sacred, my only desire is to die. I have no desire to live, I do not want to continue living on the ruins of ourselves. . ."

* * *

Revolt Against Reality

It was in such circumstances that the underground resistance was born.

Gusta Davidson comments on the decision to take up arms:

"How could we not think of this? History would never forgive us this sin. . . What could prevent us from taking the only action left to anyone with self-respect? History will always condemn us . . . for no matter what happens we are lost. Let us leave some act behind us which perhaps may one day cause someone to look back on us with respect. . .

"Our movement's strength lies in Palestine today. But the knowledge will never reach them there of how the Jews met their death in affliction and how the youth took up arms in the desire for revenge and paid with their lives."

Under the conditions in the ghetto, the very organization of an underground movement was in itself a revolt against reality. There is nothing in the history of our people to equal this struggle, neither in the extent of the revolt despite such adverse physical conditions, in the drive with which Jews acted, or in the impossibility of success. It was this very drive, the devotion of a handful of fighters in the ghetto, that made up for the almost complete lack of arms and the absence of any point of departure from which the Jews could fight.

Many groups took part in the underground, but the driving force and the ideal were provided by the organized Jewish youth, with the pioneering youth in the vanguard. Methods differed. In the small towns the main aim of the underground was to break out of the ghetto and fight in the forests. Only in certain places was there success in organizing revolts inside the ghetto, when the Nazis carried out their acts of extermination before the underground's plans to break through and set up contacts with the leaders of the Partisans in the surrounding area could be put into practice.

In these small towns, the weak and inexperienced underground was unable to carry out sabotage or military actions not only because it lacked arms and explosives, but also because such operations would bring retaliation—the immediate destruction of the ghetto. Since there were no underground movements outside the ghetto, any anti-Nazi act in the vicinity was paid for dearly by the inhabitants of the ghetto.

The position was different in the big towns. There there was a lively, even bitter, argument over the aims of the underground. A strong element claimed that the purpose was first and foremost the struggle within the ghetto, where large numbers of Jews were concentrated. These ghettos lasted longer than the smaller ones. They were able to organize, to obtain some weapons and make contact with underground organizations outside the ghetto. Acts of sabotage were also carried out. Thus, in the larger ghettos, the underground movement took on the character of a fighting organization.

* * *

Collective Responsibility

In the small towns, the collective responsibility imposed on the ghettos by the Germans was a serious obstacle to the underground organizations. Any act could bring punishment for the entire ghetto. This weighed heavily on the conscience of the underground movements and influenced the course of events and the fate of many people.

It should be stressed that in early 1942, when the underground movements began to organize in the ghettos, there were almost no organized movements outside the ghetto, nor were there any Partisan movements in the forests. It was not until a much later stage that here and there a weak *urban* non-Jewish underground movement sprang up, generally under the influence

of the ghetto underground movement, and never without the assistance of the Partisan movement.

One of the main factors that determined to a large extent the fate of the ghetto was its terrible isolation. This naked truth, the complete isolation of the Jews from the outside world and its attitude towards them, must be understood in its entirety to comprehend fully the position of the ghetto. It is against this background that one must evaluate the problems of the underground movement, its aims, the rescue operations, the fighting in the forest and the uprisings.

There were persons among the non-Jewish population who did not forsake the Jews, who helped them when possible, and extended their sympathy to them in secret. This was no easy task. They acted not according to orders but from the dictates of their own conscience. They proved that not all human values had been destroyed, and they will not be forgotten. But they were only a minority.

Following the large-scale slaughter, underground movements began to organize in the ghettos while, at the same time, the first Partisans became active in Byelorussia, Western Ukraine and Lithuania. By the spring of 1942 there were signs that the Jewish resistance movement had been firmly established. But the storm broke, and during the summer of 1942 the Jewish communities in these countries were wiped out; except for a few groups of Jews in the larger towns and in the work camps, no Jewish life remained. A tragedy of this period was that while the ghettos existed there was no Partisan movement, and when the Partisans came into being, the Jews of the ghettos were already in their graves.

* * *

The Argument

It has already been pointed out that in the discussions on whether to fight inside the ghetto or in the forest, in the large communities stress was placed on inside resistance, although some groups did go out into the forests. In the small towns, emphasis was on breaking through to the forests.

The difference stemmed from the fact that in the big towns the underground movement was organized directly by the various political movements which believed resistance was preferable from a Jewish-national point of view. Also, there was a greater possibility of preparing for a struggle—more space, contacts with the

outside—or at least the illusion of such contacts. Then, too, the forests were far distant, and the way to them dangerous.

The political parties were not as strong in the small ghettos and the Jewish quarter consisted only of a few score houses in a confined space, making preparation for defense extremely difficult. Also, the distance to the forest was short. It should also be remembered that the annihilation was begun in the small ghettos an entire year before the large towns, and there was no time to organize.

In the western regions, the forests were fewer, more spread out and further from the ghettos. The Jews, in the main, were urban with no contacts with the farmers. Thus, in these places the possibility of getting through to the forests was restricted.

* * *

The Obstacles

There, obstacles to escape were numerous and great, and this explains why the Jewish Partisan movement never attained large numbers. The main obstacles were:

¶ Lack of confidence in the forest and the peasants.

¶ Faced with choosing his fate in the ghetto or in the forest—both seemed to be a choice of where to die—the Jew preferred to remain with his fellow Jews within the ghetto.

¶ Strong family ties.

¶ Collective responsibility imposed by the Germans as outlined above.

¶ Lack of arms.

¶ The absence of communications between the ghettos and the impossibility of establishing coordination between them.

¶ The indifference to the fate of the Jews on the part of "free" Partisan groups in the first phase. These were not subordinate to any high command, nor did they have any particular ideological purpose. They appeared in various regions where vestiges of ghettos still remained, but there does not seem to have been any connection between them and the ghettos. On the other hand, there was little possibility of obtaining help from the political Partisan groups in the forests, mainly in the Eastern sectors. Even though in some cases they did offer help, they could do very little as they were occupied with organizing their groups, setting up bases and making contacts with local peasants.

The suddenness of the extermination in mid-1942 put an end to any plans for escape and

defense drawn up in the ghettos. Only a very small number were successful in breaking out from the ghetto, and only a minority got through to the forests. The majority were killed by the Germans, the Polish, Lithuanian and Ukrainian police, and by the local population.

Could the "forest" have served to rescue the major portion of the Jewish people?

The entire people, or even the major portion of them, could not have been saved. While the maximum number who could take refuge in the forest was never reached, the number of Jews who could take cover there was limited—a limitation imposed by the Germans and the local population who murdered Jews, and who were particularly angered by the sight of a Jew defending himself with arms. The limitation was also determined by some Partisan groups, and to a certain extent by the Jews themselves.

At the same time one cannot avoid the disturbing thought that in the summer and autumn of 1941, when large quantities of arms lay abandoned on the fields of retreat, an opportune moment to organize and arm a large-scale Jewish resistance movement and to establish it in the forests was lost. Most of the ghettos were still full of Jews and the walls had not yet been sealed and more or less "suitable" conditions existed for organization and escape. The missed opportunity was to have grave consequences.

As has been stressed, events took place with such rapidity that when the people began to realize the gravity of the situation, the conditions for revolt or escape no longer existed.

* * *

Total Preparations

The Nazis were able to carry out their program against the Jews for these reasons:

The Jews were unable to look to the inhabitants of the villages for support; they lived in an atmosphere of isolation and fear, and the indifference of the outside population to their impending disaster. The annihilation was to be the crowning act of hatred against the Jews throughout the centuries. No such hatred has ever been vented on any other people. Thus it was infinitely more difficult for the Jews to defend themselves than for any other people during the war. One of the bitter facts of this epoch was that certain peoples who had been conquered and degraded on their own soil did not begin to fight back until much later, and did not even mobilize all their national forces.



In the occupied territories of Europe a network of anti-Nazi combat groups sprang up. They differed widely, representing all the numerous types of guerilla warfare, ranging from Partisans in the forests to underground groups active in the towns.

In Russia the Partisan fighting took on the character of a mass movement of the people. The country provided a classic example of Partisan fighting—vast open spaces, forests, swamps. The Russian character also suited this manner of warfare. Numerous units of Partisans, both large and small, were organized in the occupied territories, in a vast semi-circle sweeping from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Slowly, they set up a strong additional front on the German flank.

* * *

Formed at Lowest Ebb

The units were formed when the Russians were at their lowest ebb. The army was beating a hasty retreat, and the large units were disintegrating under the impact of the invader. Small groups of escaped prisoners, Soviet soldiers who had fled in fear of being surrounded, people who had remained in the rear or parachuted there, Party emissaries sent to spread the idea of Partisan fighting and lead the units—these made up the Partisan group. There were also groups of Jewish fighters who had come from the ghettos. All these people gathered at rallying points and began training to renew the fight on the scorched earth. It must also be said that a large proportion of the Partisans had been prisoners of war who, on the one hand, had been ill-treated and

humiliated by the Germans, but who, at the same time, had been exposed to antisemitism.

The first phase of the Partisan war (until the end of 1942) was characterized by the absence of contact between the small units spread over vast distances and Moscow or some central or regional command, the acute shortage of arms and equipment, and by independent planning and execution of operations. However, in some regions, mainly in Russia, there were from the start units of political parties which had remained intentionally in the conquered territories or had been parachuted there. These maintained liaison with Moscow. In 1942, the Partisan units began to organize under the leadership of the Communist Party. It was not without difficulty that the Party succeeded in imposing its command slowly over the undisciplined forces in the forest. This struggle continued through the other phases of the war, and the element of anarchism and lawlessness was the root of some of the worst phenomena in the history of the forest units.

* * *

Later Phases

In the second phase, contact was established among the individual units, and companies and brigades were formed. Each group, large and small, was organized within a combat unit. The scope of operations was widened and the fighting was coordinated with the requirements of the Red Army which was preparing to attack. In autumn 1942, a supreme command was set up which coordinated the Partisan fighting with the general military plans, and tens of thousands joined the Partisan units. Vast areas of Partisan territory were cleared of the enemy forces and they became a virtual "Soviet Republic" in the heart of the occupied territories which included Leningrad and Smolensk. Combat units were sent out to attack strategic military positions such as railway lines and stations, airfields and industrial plants.

In the third phase, which began at the end of 1943, each unit was assigned to a particular region which served as the "provisional Soviet government." Characteristics of this last phase were: the spread of the Partisan network over the entire occupied area; the stepping up of political propaganda among the population; increase in the numbers of people taking to the forest; strengthening of ties with Moscow and the military commands on the various fronts;

and improved relations with scout patrols on the fronts, and with the Red Army.

During its existence, the Partisan movement was organized on the principle of "territorial division." This stemmed from the Soviet attitude towards the national problem and was in accordance with the aim of stirring up the inhabitants of occupied territories into mass national resistance movements. There were times when this was in absolute contradiction to reality. It was possible, for example, for the "Lithuanian Brigade" to have only a few score Lithuanians and the "Byelorussian" unit to be comprised in the main of Jewish and Russian fighters.

The standing of the Partisans with the local population—one of the most important aspects of the entire Partisan war—also changed during the various phases. It cannot be said that the population faithfully supported the Partisans from the outset. In certain Soviet regions the people welcomed the Nazi invaders as liberators and even collaborated with them. On the other hand, there was a sizeable proportion (which varied according to the region) who were faithful to the Soviet regime and supported the Partisans to the best of their ability. Without this, the Partisan movement might not have been able to exist at all.

* * *

Believed the Germans

During the first phase, many believed the German promise to divide up the collective farms among the farmers. Also at the time, "free" groups of Partisans roamed the forests in search of plunder. After a few months, the major part of the population began to understand the real meaning of the German promises. Reprisals, collective punishment, murder, the burning of villages suspected of contact with the Partisans—all these broke down resistance to the Partisans and considerably strengthened the Partisan movement.

As time went on and taught its bitter lessons, the ideological principles were accepted more and more by the combat units in the forest. The victories of the Red Army turned the balance. The belief after Stalingrad that the Red Army would be victorious caused ever-widening circles of the population to view the Partisans as representatives of the Soviet regime. Large sections of the population took to the forests with their families and possessions, and turned the Partisan organization into a mass movement.

The Soviet Partisan movement was an important factor in the defeat of the enemy. It controlled, almost unopposed, large areas in the regions of Byelorussia, Lithuania and the Ukraine. It cut off large enemy units. It wiped out hundreds of thousands of German soldiers, derailed trains and destroyed innumerable armored vehicles, and blew up thousands of miles of railway lines. It turned the occupied territories into scorched earth under the feet of the retreating German army and harassed the troops as they fell back. The Partisans joined the ranks of the Red Army and participated in the final defeat of the enemy.

The Jews were faced with new difficulties when they reached the forests. They had little or no arms, and they had to struggle to be accepted in combat units. They wandered from unit to unit, exposed to the dangers awaiting any unarmed person in the forest, both from the non-Jewish Partisans and the local population which saw in the Jews a triple object of hate: they considered them to be Jews, Communists and robbers.

* * *

The "Greeting" in the Forest

It was these conditions, far removed from the aim of fighting the Nazi enemy, that tragically decided the fate of the majority of the Jewish fighters.

Large numbers of Jews who reached the forest did not belong to any organization. Most outstanding, however, were the organized groups which had been in the ghetto underground, especially the ideological youth groups, with Hashomer Hatzair and other *halutzic* (pioneering) youth in the lead. They revealed their exceptional qualities in battle and in their life in the forest. One of the best known of these groups was the P.P.A.—the Partisan organization of the Vilna Ghetto. But the majority of the Jews in the forests entered the Partisan units individually, and a number of Jewish groups were the nucleus of the Partisan movement in their regions.

When the first Jews reached the forest, "free groups" stole the few arms in their possession and murdered them. This lack of security continued until units were set up and order and discipline introduced, mainly on the initiative of the Communist Party. Large numbers of Jews had to live in bunkers for some time to protect themselves both from the German spies and the "free groups." It was only later that

they joined fighting units or set up "family camps."

The Jewish individuals and groups which constituted the nucleus of the combat units retained their noble Partisan character even when they were in the minority in units which had been enlarged. They continued to fulfill important tasks as individuals and as Jewish groups in the mixed units.

Thus the Jews divided up into various categories: independent Jewish groups and units; mixed units composed of relatively large groups of Jews; and individuals in non-Jewish units and family camps. This division was not static; there was a continuous movement of Jews from mixed units and family camps to Jewish units, and frequently in the opposite direction.

When the Jew reached the forest from the ghetto he did not automatically become a Partisan. It was only when he took up arms that a psychological change came about. He regained his self-respect and became a serious factor in the environment.

To win the respect of the other members of his unit as a fighter, the Jew had to "prove himself" in battle, in his readiness to volunteer for missions, and through constant evidence of his fidelity and honor. In addition, he was once again subject to Jewish "collective responsibility." Any failure on the part of a Jew in the forest was not only considered the failure of an individual but also that of a Jew. Finally, in addition to the aims held in common with all other Partisans, the Jews pursued two additional aims: vengeance and rescue.

* * *

Special Characteristics

Whether or not he was attached to a Jewish or to a non-Jewish unit, the Jew considered these as his main purpose in fighting. Frequently, as a result of an act of vengeance, the Jewish fighter was considered by non-Jewish comrades as a troublemaker who upset friendly relations between the Partisans and the local population.

The Jewish Partisan was thus required to wage a threefold battle: He faced the Nazi invaders and their followers—the police and the fascist elements in the various organizations; he had to defend himself against the majority of the local population who hated the Jews and were always ready to murder them; and he was forced to struggle to exist even within the framework of the Partisan movement in the forest.

This threefold battle reflected the special characteristics of Jewish fighting and also explains how difficult it was to absorb large numbers of refugees from the ghettos and concentration camps in the forest.

Antisemitism in the forest was a painful and fearful chapter. Many Jews were murdered by the "free" Partisan bands. Even when the Partisan movement had been put on an organized basis, there were still numerous cases of expulsion of Jews, which meant certain death. Jews who carried arms were murdered, others were killed for refusing to hand over their arms, and unarmed Jews were also claimed as victims. They were often murdered as "spies." All this explains the eagerness of the Jewish fighters to set up independent units.

It was in the Jewish units that those who escaped from the ghettos could realize to some extent their greatest hopes—of being together with other Jews, of increased opportunities to take up arms, of revenge, and of the possibility of rescuing other Jews. Finally there was the fact that combat operations could be credited to Jews.

The Jewish unit symbolized all the Jews had lost. And if they were to be killed, they would at least be remembered in the annals of an epoch when the Jew had sunk into the lowest depths.

The Jewish units did not have their own command, and their plight was heightened by the difficulty in obtaining the confidence and friendship of the rural population. When the Communist Party took the upper hand with the arrival of Soviet emissaries, there began a change for the better. Discipline was introduced and manifestations of antisemitism were curbed considerably. More and more Jews in hiding in the ghettos were saved. There were also attempts to spirit groups of Jews through enemy lines into Soviet territory.

* * *

Never a Welcome Spot

However, it must not be forgotten that during the "organized" period as well, the forest was never a welcome place for the Jews of the ghettos who came unarmed. Their very presence complicated the relations between the units and the local population. Also, members of the High Command checked the flow of Jews into the forest and attempts were made to deny

the Jews the right to maintain separate units. Those who could not find their place in the mixed "territorial" units or integrate in the specifically non-Jewish units were abandoned to the mercy of the forest.

"Have the Jews separate aims in the fight against the Nazis?" a Soviet officer asked one of the Jewish officers. It was not understood what drawing power the Jewish units had for the survivors of the ghettos and concentration camps. When a Jewish unit was formed spontaneously and obtained its arms through its own efforts, the High Command recognized it officially after a certain period. The commanders of non-Jewish units would transfer to the Jewish units the elderly Jews and the women and children who were a hindrance to them. But it was not long before the Jewish units were disbanded.

It is strange that the units generally were broken up during the second phase of the Partisan movement when ties with Moscow had been strengthened, and when the movement was under the direct command of the Red Army, the Soviet Government and the Communist Party. It was precisely at that time, when the position of the Jews in the forests had improved, that their national aspirations as Jewish fighters were thwarted and they were denied the right to fight in independent units.

Various pretexts were put forward: the existence of Jewish units increased antisemitism among the population and there was a tendency to identify Partisans with Jews; it strengthened the notion that the Partisans were fighting to rescue the Jews; it provided the Germans with support for their propaganda to the local population that the Partisans were Jews. Arguments to the contrary were to no avail, nor was it appreciated that the Jews were being slaughtered because they were Jews, that their fighting in the forest was a direct continuation of resistance inside the ghetto, and that this was a special fight on the part of the Jewish people against an enemy which planned its annihilation. The units were disbanded under various pretexts such as claiming the Jews to be unfit for combat or the rearrangement of officers, etc.

Was this coincidence or a clear political line?



A Jewish Partisan.
Drawing made in the
forest of Narocz, by
A. Bogen. Resides in
Israel.

* * *

During this phase, the Soviet Government was already functioning clandestinely in the occupied territories, and was trying to win over the support of the local population. The independent Jewish Partisans were considered a factor causing terror among the people, who feared reprisal for the murder of Jews. Tens of

thousands of the local inhabitants fled into the forests from the Nazi atrocities in the villages, and the commanding officers feared that the existence of separate Jewish units might cause the local population to look unfavorably upon the Soviet regime.

However, the concentration of Jews in units

was restricted but did not cease absolutely. Hundreds of Jews formed themselves into independent smaller groups, or into virtually autonomous sections within non-Jewish units. These groups, even while operating within the framework of mixed units, did not cease to fulfill the national Jewish aims of rescue and vengeance. It can be said that every Jew in a Russian unit, whether as an individual or within a group, separately or independently, was aware of his national responsibility.

Not all the Jews who escaped from the ghettos were conscious of their Judaism when they arrived in the forest, but they became aware of it through contact with the realities of life there. Eventually the expression of their Judaism became the ideal of all Jewish fighters, no matter what their outlook had been in the past. This awareness raised in their hearts the faint hope of a new life in Eretz Yisrael, the Land of Israel, inspiring them to try nursing back to life persons rescued from the edge of the inferno, first of all through contact with a Jewish environment in which Jews were courageously defending their rights.

It has been estimated that over 20,000 Jewish fighters were in the Partisan units. Documents at our disposal prove that in proportion to their numbers in the forests and the special conditions under which they lived, the Jews fought more battles and were better fighters than the other Partisans. This was only an infinitesimal part of the Jewish struggle, a small part of the forces latent in the underground youth organizations in the ghetto which could not be rallied to fight the enemy before being cut down.

* * *

The Record

Only a small number of the ghetto dwellers who dreamed of taking up arms succeeded in breaking out of the ghetto. Of those who did do so, only part reached the forest. And of these, only a small minority emerged alive, or returned from fighting in the Red Army into which they had been recruited after the liberation.

The conditions of combat varied in each region.

Polish Jewry, the largest and most dynamic community in Europe, had fought desperately for its existence from the beginning, September, 1939. It was here that the process of extermination was the most drawn out, and more than in all the other regions, the political

parties and movements here remained active in Jewish affairs even under Nazi domination. The Jewish Fighting Organization, whose driving force was the *halutz* movements and Hashomer Hatzair, was composed of organized groups and had branches in ghettos throughout Poland.

Runners, especially the young girls among them, braved death to bring messages of the Jewish Fighting Organization to the ghettos. They brought the first news of the mass slaughter in Vilna, and messages from the Organization to the Jewish communities revealing the cruel truth of the situation and warning of the dangers of illusions.

It was in Poland that the Warsaw Ghetto uprising took place, the greatest manifestation of Jewish resistance before the Jewish people and the entire world. This was the aspiration of the fighting Jewish underground movement, "the last wish of my life," as Mordechai Anilewicz of Hashomer Hatzair, leader of the revolt, wrote before he died.

These fighters who succeeded in escaping from the ruins of the ghetto continued the fight in the forests. But the desire to fight was frustrated and only a very small number actually succeeded in fighting.

It was not by chance that the Nazis chose Poland as the slaughterhouse of the Jews of Europe. This was the most convenient location because of its antisemitic climate.

While in the former eastern territories of Poland, inhabited mainly by Ukrainians and Byelorussians, there existed a vast Soviet Partisan movement and later a leftist people's movement, there was little combat in the forests of central and western Poland.

* * *

The Division in Poland

The Polish forces divided into the nationalist underground, the A.K., and the leftist A.L. Social and political reasons caused the late appearance and weak performance of the leftist forces, and when they did appear, they were the target of the Polish reactionaries who put obstacles in their way and slandered them, calling them agents of Moscow and traitors. The leftist forces began to prepare for the fight against the Nazis only in 1943, when only a few individuals remained of all of Polish Jewry.

The leftist forces, and especially the High Command, had a positive attitude towards the

Jews generally, although Jews in their ranks were often forced to hide their identity. But their assistance to the Jewish escapees will never be forgotten, just as those Christians who sacrificed their lives to rescue Jews will always be remembered. Unfortunately, this assistance was only sporadic, and only a small number of Jews was saved.

The majority of the Polish population supported the underground nationalist movement, the A.K., which was composed of a number of parties with the "antis" common to all—they were anti-Nazi, anti-Soviet and antisemitic, with the third hatred being the most violent and the first the least violent of them all.

Thus, the possibility of the integration of Jewish Partisans in the forests can be summed up briefly as follows: The A.K. was closed to the Jews and those who succeeded in entering its ranks were murdered. On the left, by the time the A.L. was able to be effective, few Jews remained. Under the circumstances, a Jewish group could only be a small unit in these forests which had "a few trees and plenty of antisemitism."

* * *

The Hinge of Fate

The fate of such a group was determined during the first days of its existence. All the necessary functions of a combat unit—the provision of food, arms and ammunition, the carrying out of patrols, guard duty and actual military engagements—all rested on the shoulders of several dozen men, of ten or less. This had to be done with no assistance from the population which was hostile to Partisans in general and Jews in particular. Disaster thus came to the combat group soon after its formation, in most cases as a result of denunciation by Polish antisemites.

The Jewish groups actually spent only a very short time fighting. The remaining numbers of these groups—to the extent that any survived—took refuge in bunkers. Numerous Jewish groups were wiped out before they even had a chance to join battle with the Nazis. But a substantial number of groups also fell in battle. Very few survived for any length of time.

In all the chapters of Jewish combat in the diaspora there is no more classic one than that of Poland where the Jews lived in a hostile country, lacking even the most rudimentary conditions of life, as in Poland. From the very grave the double tragedy of Polish Jewry cries

out—the tragedy of its extermination, and the tragedy of its resistance.

In the occupied territories of the USSR, the extermination of the Jews by the Nazis was carried out during the first months of the Russian-German war. The sudden swoop of the Nazis, the ignorance of the Soviet Jews to the dangers threatening all Jews in Nazi-occupied territories, the absence of the Jewish youth who had enlisted in the Red Army or who had succeeded in escaping to the interior of Russia—these were the main reasons that the Jews were unable to organized underground resistance. But these were not the only reasons:

The Jews of the USSR were cruelly abandoned and utterly isolated. The atrocity of this is even greater in that this occurred in Soviet Russia.

* * *

The Jews of the USSR

The Jews had been associated in the development of the country, and granted equal rights as citizens, as well as in the single party that directed all aspects of the country's life. They had also taken up arms in defense of their fatherland. After all this, when Jews were fighting for their very lives, not only did they find their position no better than in other countries but on the contrary, Jewish resistance within the USSR was forbidden to have even that small amount of Jewish character allowed in other European countries. The Jews were not allowed to maintain contact with other communities in the diaspora and with Eretz Yisrael, and were prevented from drawing inspiration from its historic past or hope from its future. Under such conditions a Jewish community cannot continue to exist.

Jewish community life, in fact, had almost ceased to exist. It was only in secret that vestiges of national life remained. And it is not by chance that in the history of Jewish combat in the USSR there is no record of the organization of Jewish units.

However, thousands of Jews fought as individuals in the ranks of the Partisan units scattered throughout Byelorussia, the Ukraine and Russia. They fought as soldiers, officers, party functionaries, and they won the faith and esteem of their comrades in arms.

In the Central and Southern European countries, the Jews were most active in the underground and all forms of combat, usually in greater proportion than their numbers within the population.

In Yugoslavia a Partisan army fought in the forests and in the mountains. In Slovakia the resistance finally took the form of an uprising. In Hungary the underground was active mainly in the cities. In Bulgaria and Greece the resistance movement had both underground forces in the towns and combat forces in the forests. In all these Jews participated as far as possible, and were always prepared to do more than they were allowed.

In Western Europe, the resistance was mainly concentrated in the underground movements in the towns for manifold reasons: the type of Nazi rule in these countries, the social and geographic conditions, national traditions of warfare, and the aims the resistance movements had set themselves.

Because of the lack of Jewish national experience, the absence of political communal organization and the extent of integration within the non-Jewish society (in keeping with a tendency to assimilation), there were few separate Jewish units in these sectors. The Jews joined the non-Jewish underground organizations as individuals.

A large section of the population of West European countries was active in the rescue of Jews. In these countries also, the typical Eastern European type of ghetto did not exist. Under such circumstances it was easier for the Jews to participate in the general struggle. They were prominent not only in their devotion to the anti-Nazi struggle and in their capabilities as underground fighters, but also because of their proportionately high numbers participating in the resistance.

A glorious chapter, details of which have not yet been recorded, was the rescue in Western Europe of Jewish adults and children. This was one of the primary aims of the urban Jewish underground in several countries. The leaders of these operations were inevitably the members of Jewish youth organizations, the pioneering youth (especially outstanding were the pioneering youth in Holland).

* * *

Grief Amidst Joy

The Jewish Partisans greeted the day of liberation with mixed feelings. With their joy they felt profound sorrow which cast a shadow over the day they had awaited so long. Wherever they turned they found the ruins of a life that no longer existed. They mourned even as they marched in the victory parades.

Of the thousands of Jewish Partisans, the majority joined the Red Army and never returned from the battlefield. Their remains are strewn throughout the forests and on the battlefield. Those who came back returned to a valley of death, to mass graves, to soil still quaking with the living dead, a soil of hatred never to be satiated by Jewish blood.

They returned seasoned fighters, battle scarred, having survived the test under fire of the Jew who dared oppose those who would annihilate him.

The guns were no sooner silenced than the Partisans, the pioneer Jewish youth and Hashomer Hatzair took up the call to rescue the Jews remaining in Europe.

Thousands of Partisans set out from the USSR to Poland, through Austria, Germany and Italy. Together with the youth organizations which rose to life out of the fire, they spread the network of the "Bricha" throughout Europe. To them came Jewish men, women and children for safety.

The Partisans set up their own clandestine organization which rounded up the Jews remaining in Europe, in the towns and in the death camps. They set up transit camps, smuggled Jews across the borders, gave pioneering instruction and helped bring the refugees to the shores of Eretz Yisrael.

They met the men of the Jewish Brigade come to rescue the Jews remaining in Europe. This was the first natural embrace of Jews who had been kept apart by those fateful years—the embrace of two living arms of the people.



— *Jim Campbell warphoto exhibition.* —

"Bandits killed in battle".

General Jacob Smuskewich: A War Hero Remembered

By Max Boro



CANTOR MAX BORO is a survivor of the Holocaust and was born as Mottel Boro-davka in Rokiskis, Lithuania. When he was a boy, the Nazis imprisoned him in Schavler Ghetto. He was also in labor camps at Radviliskis, Linkaiciai and Ponevez. Later he was in concentration camps at Studhof, Dachau and Muldorf. In 1949 he came to the United States.

Cantor Boro is married and resides in New Brunswick, N.J. He and his wife Edith have three children: Sheila is an editor, Stanley a pharmacist and Sharon graduated from Rutgers University.

More than 30 years after my cousin and I had survived the Nazi Holocaust, she journeyed from Israel to the United States. She brought a special book with her, one she knew would have a great significance to me. It was entitled *Yizkor—Book of Rakishok and Environs*, and it was issued by the Rakishker Landsmanschaft of Johannesburg, South Africa. No sooner did I skim through the pages then I was transported back to the peaceful, normal days of my childhood before the Holocaust. But it was the photo of Jacob Smuskewich, the great Jewish warrior, that arrested my eye.

When I was growing up in Rokiskis, Lithuania, the Jewish community took great pride in their landsman, whom they knew as Yankel *Der Rakisker*. But this simple title belied the greatness of the man, General Jacob Vladimirc Smuskewich, Chief of the Red Army Air Force, a hero presented with two Lenin Orders and many other medals of distinction. How did Yankel get to be such a decorated general? His climb to renown began during World War I when the battlefield advanced nearby to Rokiskis.

His mother and father, Velvel and Chaje, fled with their three sons and daughter from the town, which was being evacuated, to the Ural Mountains. Everyone hurried about in an uproar. Cannons thundered from a distance. People and their possessions crushed into railroad boxcars. Daylight dissolved into dusk, then deepened into darkness. The boxcars rolled away from the fury of war.

Morning came and Velvel and Chaje yawned and stretched their legs. They looked at their children and counted. Three. One had disappeared! The wails of the mother and father should have pierced the seventh heaven, but their cries were to no avail. No one knew where their son Yankel was. "He is lost, only lost, but not dead," the family insisted.

After the war, the Smuskewich family returned home and took up their lives as they had left them. They prayed that God Almighty would allow them to be reunited with their little Yankel before they entered the eternal life.

A decade went by, and then another. After years of hearing nothing about the boy, who would now be a man,



Gen. Jacob Smuskewich

rumors swirled about the tiny town. He was alive, they said, and not only alive but a big general. The foreign press wrote articles about him, and printed his photo. A monthly Jewish magazine, *Die Yiddishe Builder*, claimed he indeed lived. The family, incredulous, remained silent. "If he is such a big man," people asked each other in the marketplace, "why doesn't he contact his family?" The Smuskewiches heard nothing from him.

In 1940 the Soviets occupied Lithuania and wonder stories about Yankel made the rounds. Newspapers wrote of him and his family and published pictures of the home in which he was born. Still, no Yankel....

One day a twin-engine plane of the Red Air Force landed in the Ponevezer Airport. The next day, between *Mincha* and *Ma'ariv* on *Shabbos*, Velvel sat stroking his three-toned beard in *schul* with the other kosher *katzovim* (butchers) discussing whether the week ahead would be better or worse than the one behind. "A farmer," someone pointed out, "outside of town—I think maybe four kilometers from us—has a few fat cows for sale, but he is asking too much."

"*Ver Weis* (who knows) if he will bend himself about the price," piped in another.

While the *Katzovim* debated this and that, Mrs. Smuskewich visited her neighbor. The *cholont* that Chaje made for *Shabbos* was a complete success. They both agreed.

The younger Smuskewich son was not home. He was in his third year in Telzer Yeshiva, awaiting his *smicha* (ordination). The middle son was with Zionist *Hapoel Hatsoir* Club. He was one of the Maccabi team's soccer players. A goalkeeper of some fame he, of course, never dared to play on *Shabbos*. The sister, the only daughter, was a *frume* (religious) girl who belonged to the *Tiferes Bachurim Schul*. That was also known as CHABAD, the only Lubavitch movement in all of Lithuania. While each led their day of rest, a caravan of four limousines stopped in front of the Smuskewich home. An officer knocked on their door, and waited. No answer. Looking through the window of her neighbor's house, Mrs. Smuskewich observed a high-ranking officer limping toward her house. He held a cane in



MAJ. OSKAR KONTES
was a Partisan in the vicinity
of Kiev and participated in
annihilating many Nazis.
Survived.

one hand and a beautiful woman in the other. Four officers walked behind him.

"Yankel" she screamed as she ran from the neighbor's house toward this entourage. Other neighbors had noticed the strange procession approaching the Smuskewich home. Two boys were dispatched to the *schul* to alert Velvel.

"What could officers want from me?" Reb Velvel asked, stunned. "I am not a rich man— never was. If they want to take away my *yatke* (butcher shop), let them take it! It is getting harder and harder to make a living."

"What could officers want from me?" Reb Velvel asked, stunned. "I am not a rich man—never was. If they want to take away my *yatke* (butcher shop), let them take it! It is getting harder and harder to make a living."

Suddenly, a middle aged man burst into the *schul*. With shorth breaths from the excitement, he gasped, "Reb Velvel, your son the general is here to see you!"

Velvel bolted from the *schul* and some said, though we could not be sure, that Reb Velvel forgot to *davnen Ma'ariv* that evening from the excitement and joy. Before long, the whole town was in great celebration. A special concert was arranged in the general's honor. Quite a few friends from Yankel's boyhood came to see him.

The general's wife, much to everyone's joy, was Jewish. They had two daughters who were pilots. They landed their small plane outside of town on the flat fields in order to see their father's family. The general himself spoke a beautiful *heimish* Yiddish. A larger house for Velvel was provided by the order of the general to the town komissar.

Respect, dignity, and honor came upon the shoulders of Smuskewich family. The general took the entire family to Moscow and introduced them to Stalin. Thereafter, when any problem concerning Jewish affairs arose in Rokiskis, Reb Velvel was called upon to solve it. After all, the komissar had great respect for a father whose son was a hero of the Soviet Union twice over.



HERSZ KOCASZ (WILK)

was one of the first Partisans in Dombrow forest and operated in the vicinity of Kotek-Pulaw, Poland. Participated in many actions against the Germans and their collaborators.

Enlisted into the Red Army, and fought in the Battles near Berlin, where he was wounded toward the end of the war, and was transfered to a hospital in Plaszow, Poland.

With Yankel's return, the happy family learned what had happened to him. He had gotten onto the wrong boxcar and ended up in Moscow. Once there, he was placed in a refugee camp and later sent to school. He was possessed of a fine mind and had an absorbing interest in aviation. He went into the army and rose through the ranks of his own merit. During all this time, he could not contact his family for the Soviet Union had already erected what would later come to be called the Iron Curtain.

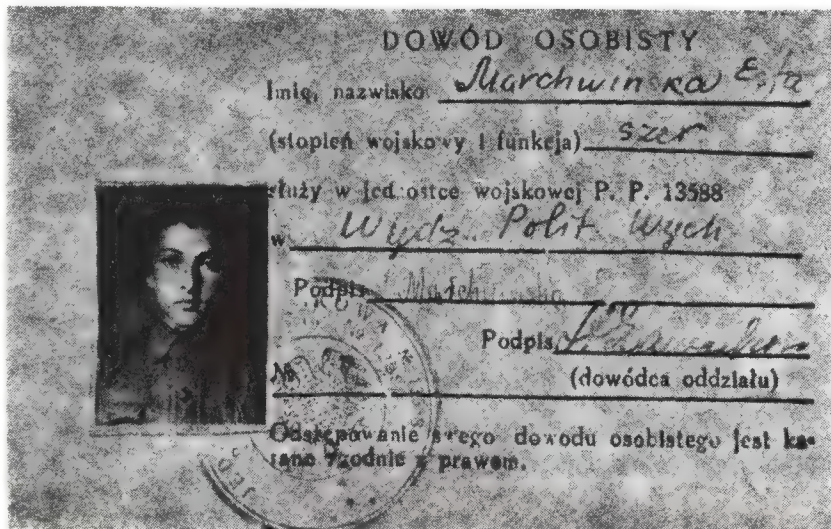
General Smuskewich was an extraordinary flyer. He distinguished himself during the Spanish Civil War. He lost a leg during the Finno-Soviet War. He was shot down one cold winter, his leg froze and was amputated. Hence the limp. He had a good sense of humor. His friends were Jewish writers like Perez Markich and Jewish actors and distinguished Jewish generals like Gregory Stern. He lived on Gorky Street in Moscow. On his door, a shiny brass sign bore the words, "Hero of the Soviet Union."

During World War II, he fought the Nazis with extreme heroism. It was not Hitler who ended his life but a bullet ordered—ironically—by Stalin around 1943. This was revealed by Khrushchev in 1956 when he "rehabilitated" General Smuskewich and other generals in an effort to excoriate Stalin, whom Khrushchev hated.

After many protests outside the Soviet Union, in 1956 the Soviet government, in a move to avoid the bad image this had created in the West, erected a monument in memory of the hero of World War II and many other wars, General Jacob Vladimirovich Smuskewich.



BEN-ZION GULKOWITZ was among the first Partisans in the "Bielski" Brigade in the Naliboki forest and participated in many combat actions as a cavalier scout. He passed away in the USA.



PVT. ESTHER MARCHWINSKA was an inmate in the Mir Ghetto, Vilna vicinity. She fought as a Partisan and later on in the ranks of the Polish Army as an anti-air-gunner. This is her certificate, issued by the Polish Government. Survived.

ZA BOHATERSKIE CZYNY

Na podstawie Dekretu Polskiego Komitetu Wyzwolenia Narodowego z dnia 23 grudnia 1944 r. Naczelnny Dowódca Wojska Polskiego, rozkazem personalnym № 396 z dnia 5. 6. 1945 r., w imieniu Krajowej Rady Narodowej, za bohaterskie czyny i dzielne zachowanie się w walce z niemieckim najeźdźcą i za zasługi położone przy budowie Wojska Polskiego, nadał:

KRZYŻ „VIRTUTI MILITARI“ V KLASY

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1) Mjr Barchasz Henryk, | 2) Kpt Jachimowicz Mikołaj. |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|

„KRZYŻ GRUNWALDU“ III KLASY

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1) Mjr Borowik Wacław, | 3) Kpt Golenko Leonid, |
| 2) Mjr Rudawski Michał, | 4) Kpt Kubek Maksymilian. |

KRZYŻ WALECZNYCH

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1) Płk Wildmont Włodzimierz, | 3) Por. Kur Zdzisław, |
| 2) Mjr Malewiak Tadeusz, | 4) Por. Sitek Franciszek, |

SREBRNY MEDAL „ZASŁUŻONYM NA POLU CHWAŁY“

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1) Kpt Silber Dawid, | 2) Por. Stoczkowski Piotr. |
|----------------------|----------------------------|

FOR HEROIC ACHIEVEMENTS

from the distinguished twelve, four of them are Jewish Combatants, they are: 1) Maj. Henryk Barchasz; 2) Maj. Michał Rudawski; 3) Maj. Tadeusz Malewiak; 4) Capt. Dawid Silber. It means that one third of them were Jews, who distinguished themselves with bravery in Battles against the Germans.

Polish Jewish Officers with the Nations Flag.



Polish Jews in the Fight Against Germany

By Col. Michal Rudawski



Commander of the 1st Panzer Corps Gen. Kimber in center with Polish and Russian Officers. Sitting to the right is Major Michal Rudawski.



MICHAŁ RUDAWSKI comes from the village of Lysobyki in the voivodship of Lublin, Poland. Before the war he worked at the Jewish Scientific Institute YIVO in Warsaw. In 1939 he found himself on territory occupied by the Soviet Union.

On the 22nd of June 1941 he volunteered as private in the Red Army and was in its ranks at Stalin-grad. In 1943 he voluntarily joined the Polish Army, which was set up on Soviet Union soil. He then finished N.C.O. as well as Soviet officers school. Upholding various positions in the Polish armoured units he took part in the fighting. In the last days of the war he was a major and Staff officer in the 1st Armoured Corps.

After the war he finished the Academy of General Staff and worked there as a lecturer and later as Commander of its Operational faculty. In 1957 he left the military service at his own request. He studied at the Warsaw Polytechnic and acquired an M.Sc.E.E. He then worked as an engineer in Poland, and from 1969 in Sweden where he is now a resident.

His wife, Klara Rudawska nee Eisenhendler, comes from Przemyśl. In 1943 she voluntarily joined the Polish Army where as a sergeant and nurse in surgery in the 1st Field Hospital she came all the way from Moscow to Berlin. After the war she studied medicine in Warsaw and worked as a pediatrician in Poland and at present in Sweden.

The daughter Ewa is a physician in Sweden. The son Wlodek works as an economist at the Israel Airlines EL-AL in Stockholm.

Next to the Russian and American Jews the Polish Jews made up the largest number of Jews in the armed fights against Fascist Germany - the greatest enemy of the Jewish nation. Around 150 thousand Jews took part in the fighting of the Polish army in 1939. More than 32 thousand of these were killed or wounded.

As a consequence of the ever increasing flow of sad news of the cruelties of Nazi Germany against Jews in occupied Poland, thousands of Polish fit for fight Jews, who were then in the Soviet Union, were eager to take part in the fighting against the enemy. That was also the reason why thousands of Polish Jews volunteered in the ranks of the Red Army. When, in the morning of June 22nd 1941, I reported as a volunteer to the "Voyenkamat" in the village of Kolki in the Wolyn district, where I worked at the time, I noticed that all the volunteers were Jews. When, a few days later, I arrived at the rallying point of volunteers in Kiev, I noticed that more than 90% of them were Polish Jews.

In 1941 when the Polish Army under Gen. Anders was formed and which was subordinate to the Polish Government-in-exile in London, the Polish Jews who were then in the Soviet Union in great numbers and voluntarily reported to its ranks. In spite of this, as a consequence of the flagrant anti-semitism which was then dominant in this army, the number of participating Jews was reduced to about 3%. In the military cemetery on Monte Cassino in Italy lie many Jews who fell in the battle of this mountain in 1944.

Especially noteworthy was the Jews participation in the organizing and in the operations of the new Polish Army which was created in 1943 in the S.U. because it made up a considerable percentage of its numbers, and in particular of its corps of officers. In its first battle, the first Polish Division in the name of Tadeusz Kosciuszko at Lenino, in Russia, in October of 1943 the Jews distinguished themselves for their heroism. Out of a total of 489 who were decorated with Polish and Soviet medals for their courage and heroism in this battle, 108 were Jews, i.e. 22%. One of three whom the Soviet government awarded the title of the Hero of the S.U. was a Jew, Capt. Julian Habner. In the battle at Lenino,

NEXT TO THE RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN JEWS THE POLISH JEWS MADE UP THE LARGEST NUMBER OF JEWS IN THE ARMED FIGHTS AGAINST FASCIST GERMANY.

OUT OF A TOTAL OF 489 WHO WERE DECORATED WITH POLISH AND SOVIET MEDALS FOR THEIR COURAGE AND HEROISM IN THIS BATTLE, 108 WERE JEWS, I.E. 22%.

many Jewish soldiers died honorable deaths, as for example the rabbi from Sandomierz, private Hersz Zawada. Altogether, 56 Jews were killed in this battle. This is 12,2% of the total number of killed in that division. This is a very high ratio considering that the percentage of killed in the whole division only reached 4,1%.

In the battle at Lenino, the Jews distinguished themselves for their heroism and self-sacrifice, because, for the first time since 1939, it was made possible for the Polish Jews to actively take part in the armed fight against the enemy. This was the second half of 1943 and the Polish Jews in the S.U. knew the fate that their families, their brothers and their sisters in occupied Poland had been subjected to by the Nazi murderers. This made the Jews volunteer in great numbers to the Polish Army. The influx of Jewish volunteers was so great that the organizers of this army had to limit their acceptance in order to prevent "deformation" of the national Polish "face" of this army. In spite of this, there was a large Jewish participation in all the battles the Polish Army took part in on its way to Berlin and Prague. In the various service branches of the Polish Army over 20 thousand Jews fought, among these were 3300 officers. In terms of military units, this comprised two full divisions. Around 1300 soldiers, NCO's and officers - all Jews died honorable deaths in these fights. Thousands were decorated with high military orders, often even many times.

The most important influence on the attitudes of the Polish Jews and on their commitment in the fight was that the fight against Germany coincided with the aspiration of the Polish Jews to actively take part in the war, which for them was not only a question of a universal war against Fascism, but also of a physical existence as human beings and as a nation.

THIS MADE THE JEWS VOLUNTEER IN GREAT NUMBERS TO THE POLISH ARMY.

IN THE VARIOUS SERVICE BRANCHES OF THE POLISH ARMY OVER 20 THOUSAND JEWS FOUGHT, AMONG THESE WERE 3300 OFFICERS. IN TERMS OF MILITARY UNITS, THIS COMPRISED TWO FULL DIVISIONS.

Polish Jewish Combatants laying a wreath of flowers on the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising Site in 1948.



CHAPTER II

**Eastern Europe
Balkans**

EDITOR'S NOTES

Chapter II (page 135), begins with the story about the Jewish Medical Doctor Yechiel Atlas, who became one of the daring Partisan Commanders in Western Russia. He with his men annihilated many Germans and their collaborators, taking revenge for their people.

A picture with a description of two lines in the Anthology, which makes history, on page 159, is about Boris Tsindelis, a hero of the Soviet Union. A Jew who received the highest Soviet military decoration, has for sure achieved tremendous accomplishments during W.W.II.

148 Jews were decorated with the prestigious order "Hero of the Soviet Union."

While we single out one hero, we can not single out all of the others that are scattered all over the pages in the Anthology.

The historian Isaiah Trunk (page 163), "Eyewitness Testimonies," is to be added to the chapter of Resistance evaluation during W.W.II.

Martin Gray, "For Those I Loved," (page 205), is a story of a young man, who swam in the rough waters in W.W.II. He made it, and took revenge with his bare hands against his persecutors and then with weapons in hand.

Page 213, a document about General Commissar Wilhelm Kube, who was assassinated by Jewish Partisans.

Sobibor, was a concentration camp in Poland, (page 237). It tells the story of the revolt in the death camp against the Germans, where the revolted killed some Germans and other criminals and escaped. Some of them managed to reach the forests and joined the Partisans in the fight to avenge for the spilled blood of the innocent inmates in the concentration camps.



In the "Vilna House" in Tel-Aviv, 1970. A group of former Partisans and residents of the pre-war Palestine (Israel). From right: Chaim Kozlowski; Ahuva Radzeli; Judith Hilberg-Solonoitz; Isaac Kowalski; Chava Kozlowski-Glezer; Zipora Kuperstein-Mildstein; Chaim Lazar; Leibl Koriski; Leibl Urbach. Kneeling from right: Abraham Abedzinski and Joseph Radzeli, holding on display Isaac Kowalski's book: "A Secret Press in Nazi Europe."

Dr. Atlas Platoon

By Samuel Bornstein



The sign reads: "We partisans shot at German soldiers."

SAMUEL BORENSTEIN was from the city Lodz. When the war broke out he escaped to the township Dereczyn, that was under the Soviet rule. He worked there as a teacher in a public school. When the war broke out between Germany and Russia, he joined the Partisan movement with "Doctor Atlas"-brigade. He was an excellent fighter. Resides in Israel.

The date was September 8, 1942. Upon returning to my camp, I was startled to discover that all of my comrades were fully armed and prepared to depart.

"We are moving to a new location," Hershel Zucker-
man informed me.

"Move again," I said to myself, "We are always moving." Battle tactics and security measures taken by the partisans required us to shift constantly. To stay in one spot would be dangerous since the paths leading to our position would be discovered as soon as the Germans located the trampled grass. Furthermore, we were forever being discovered by shepherds taking their flocks to pasture or by farmers who came to the forest to cut wood. These neighboring peasants were not too trustworthy and had amongst them many informers. It was very difficult to conceal our position from them and therefore our only defense was constant moving.

As preparations were made for moving the camp we realized that we were in great danger. We had been constantly attacking the Germans and had inflicted heavy casualties and damage upon them. They were sure that we numbered many more than we actually did and the very thought of having to enter the forest caused them to shudder. This fact made us feel happy even though we realized that we were far from secure. Camping with the enemy on our neck, and subject to sudden attack at any moment, we were living under constant fear. Our present camp site was very comfortable but we had already been there too long for safety's sake. The command was therefore given to move to a new position which had been staked out by our scouts.



JANKA GANGEZ

was a medical student at the University in Lvov before the war. In the Ghetto she joined the anti-Nazi Underground movement. She was apprehended and tortured to death by the Gestapo in Lvov, but didn't reveal any secrets.

The new location was in the Borelum forest. Our journey was timed so that we would cross the main road in the dark hours of the night. When we arrived at our home the hour was very late and I fell asleep, exhausted from the trip. I slept until late the next morning and awoke to find that the camp was already a beehive of activity. All of the tents were pitched and the cook was busy with his pots and pans. His utensils were all placed in a hut fashioned from branches. Everything looked the way it had been on previous days. Only the low bent trees, which replaced the magnificent tall ones surrounding our previous site, convinced me that we had indeed moved.

In these same woods, but at another location, was situated the "Family Camp" of the Jewish refugees from Derechin, and at my first opportunity I went to see them. Many changes had taken place since my last visit. For one thing the people had reconciled themselves to the massacre and did not mention a word about the horrible slaughter which had taken the lives of their brethren.

The Family Camp lacked the appearance of a military center. The wooden huts which served as living quarters were scattered and the populace itself was divided into several units, each containing some thirty or forty people. These units did their own cooking and their rations were very limited and not like those of the partisans.

In the camp I found many old people and children who had been saved from the slaughter. I also saw several old Jewish men who were standing up and reciting their prayers. Here, as in the Atlas platoon were many kinds of people, all burning with the desire for revenge. Several already had weapons which had been obtained at very great expense. Others had rifles which had been supplied by the partisans.

While visiting in the camp, I suddenly sensed considerable movement. "Dr. Atlas has come!" someone said. At last I was to have the opportunity to see the Jewish



PVT. GREGORY MOZESHTAM
volunteered into the Latvian
Division that was formed in
the Soviet Union in 1941. He
fought on several fronts in
the first line of fire. Wounded
many times seriously. Dis-
charged as an invalid (second
group). Was decorated with the
Red Star and other Medals. His
Brother fell in Battle on the
Eastern Front in 1943. Resides
in the USA.

leader whose name had become a watchword in our forests. As he neared, I looked at him carefully. Although his appearance was more like that of a doctor than of a military leader, his dress testified to his fighting role. He wore a tattered army uniform with oversized boots and was armed with a sub-machine gun, a pistol, several rounds of ammunition, and with hand grenades which protruded from his pockets.

Atlas extended warm greetings to the children who gathered around to see him. Then he signaled to the adults that he wanted to speak to them. A silence fell over the group as he began to talk:

"Jews," he called out with a voice full of urgency, "I am able to absorb ten of you into my unit. I have weapons for you and this is your opportunity to avenge the blood of thousands of our co-religionists who have been murdered. Our mission is dangerous. Who is ready to join me?"

Scores of volunteers pushed their way forward to sign up for the group. I also struggled to get an opportunity to volunteer my services. I introduced myself to Atlas and requested him to apply to partisan headquarters to have me transferred to his unit. After this I returned to my camp with the hope that my request would be granted and that I would be assigned to the unit of this wonderful Jewish leader.

Several days passed without incident, and then suddenly, on the seventh of August, a messenger from partisan headquarters arrived at our camp with a letter. Our leader read the message with interest and, as we watched him, we realized that something important was in the offing. The leader commanded Hershel and me to prepare to set out on a mission. We were to leave with him at once and the entire unit was to follow us in full battle gear two hours later.

"Jews," he called out with a voice full of urgency, "I am able to absorb ten of you into my unit. I have weapons for you and this is your opportunity to avenge the blood of thousands of our co-religionists who have been murdered. Our mission is dangerous. Who is ready to join me?"

After we had departed, we were informed that our orders were to take charge of a new group of Jewish refugees. Hershel and I were to serve as the leader's aides. As we continued walking in the woods we passed another group of partisans who had with them a heavy machine gun. They were the partisans from the other side of the Shchara River.

Finally we reached our destination . . . the camp of the Jewish refugees. Hershel and I were ordered to organize at once a combat unit from amongst those who were capable of bearing arms. This we immediately did and told the unit to prepare to depart. Most of the men went empty-handed because the supply of weapons was very limited. As soon as the older men saw what was happening, there was a great stir and one of them, Chelcovitz, the shoemaker, approached us with a stick in his hand:

"We know where you are going and our place is with you," he said as he pleaded with us on behalf of his older colleagues. "There we shall be able to exchange our sticks for rifles," he added. Since headquarters was located nearby, Vanya, our leader, set out to confer with his commanding officers about the request. When he returned, he organized another unit, armed only with wooden clubs.

The men parted quietly from their wives and children and we started on our way. It was dusk before we reached the edge of the forest. Groups of partisans were gathering around small campfires. In the distance I saw Atlas at the head of his unit. Boris Bulat from headquarters approached us riding on horseback. This man had lost his right hand in battle but was still an excellent marksman. As he dismounted, he addressed our group:

"Today is your opportunity to gain revenge! Early in the morning several partisan groups will carry out a joint raid on Derechin."



SHLOMA PUDNIK

was mobilized in 1940 into the Soviet Army. Fought on various fronts till the end of the war. Was badly wounded and became an invalid. Resides in Israel.

When Bulat finished talking, we marched silently, each man sunk in his own thoughts. It was exactly two weeks since the massacre in Derechin. Our march took us into difficult terrain transversed with marshes, but we did not slow down. Vanya, our leader, plotted the course with his compass and we continued walking until two o'clock in the morning. At this time we reached our destination on the city's outskirts and took up our positions, lying on our stomachs. On both our right and left flanks we noticed other partisan units moving into position. "Those are the units of Dr. Atlas and of Kolya," explained Vanya in a whisper. "The Atlas platoon has been charged with wiping out the German guards on this side of the city. Our men have already cut communications and isolated the guards. We also have large forces ready to attack from the other side of the city."

A messenger from headquarters approached, crawling on his stomach. — "The battle is to begin at four o'clock!!!" In the distance we saw the mass grave which contained the bodies of hundreds of Jews who had been shot by the Germans. For a moment I thought that I heard the cries and screams of the dead rising from their grave. I was startled into reality by the sound of a shot. The air resounded with commands:

"Men . . . to the battle!!! . . . Fight for our homeland!" With these words, Boris Bulat, our one-armed leader ordered the attack. A few seconds later the sound of another command reached our ears from the direction of Dr. Atlas' men:

"Jews . . . forward! Avenge our brothers' blood!"

The hour was exactly four and the early dawn quiet was shattered by the sound of machine guns. The earth shook as the hand grenades exploded. "Tra-ta-ta-tat," pounded the machine guns with almost monotonous regularity. With this protective cover, our group stormed forward. We were met with a burst of fire from the build-

*"Men...to the battle!!!...
Fight for our homeland!"
With these words, Boris
Bulat, our one-armed
leader ordered the at-
tack. A few seconds later
the sound of another
command reached our
ears from the direction of
Dr. Atlas' men: "Jews...
forward! Avenge our
brothers' blood!"*

ing which housed the local police. As the day grew lighter, and morning set in, we occupied positions opposite the police station. From the upper story a rain of machine-gun bullets poured down upon us. In the meantime the Atlas men captured some White-Russian police who were serving the Germans. The pale, trembling police were marched forward with their hands in the air. Their faces bore the look of men who feared to die. Yekutiel Chemlenitzki approached with his machine gun. His head was bare and blood was running from his nose on his torn shirt and tattered pants. His laugh was that of a mad man as he spoke to the police in their own language:

"Ha, ha, . . . pretty isn't it?" he exclaimed. I joined the Atlas men as they marched the prisoners to the site where two weeks before they had butchered our families. There was a burst of fire and all of the policemen were killed. With this task accomplished, we headed back to the battle at the police station. As we returned, we noticed some of our men, who had been wounded, being evacuated on stretchers. We also saw the shoemaker, Chelcovitz, who had gone to battle with a stick as his only weapon, now fighting with a new German automatic rifle. With a glowing face he recounted to me an incident which had taken place:

"When Yudel and Ephraim Barnovski reached the city, they immediately headed for the home of one of the German officers. On the day of the great slaughter, this murderer had killed the brothers' parents and only sister in front of their eyes. Now was the chance for revenge. Without even worrying about the fact that they were unarmed, the brothers broke into the Nazi officer's home. The two men were wounded but one of the partisans came to their aid and killed the officer with a well aimed shot."

We decided to burn the city so that the Nazis could not quarter troops in it. A barrage of incendiary grenades started the conflagration. The city dwellers, a hoard of

There was a burst of fire and all of the policemen were killed. With this task accomplished, we headed back to the battle at the police station.

The two men were wounded but one of the partisans came to their aid and killed the officer with a well aimed shot."

gentile murderers, ran out of their homes and fell upon their knees, begging us to spare their property. Their pleas went unheeded, . . . in fact some of our men even replied:

"We also lost everything . . . and plenty of blood has been consumed by you. How do you dare ask for mercy?"

Those partisans who owned homes in the city hurried to burn them with their own hands. Most of the buildings in the city were razed by fire and all but one stronghold wiped out. Only the police station remained; it was the last bastion of a group of German soldiers who realized that they were fighting for their lives. Suddenly a group of partisans stormed the police station gate. I recognized them as members of the Atlas group and I joined them. The first few who entered the station were met by a German who threw a grenade at them. Several were killed or wounded. Those of us who remained in the rear removed the victims as the battle continued. The stone building was very sturdy and resisted our efforts to destroy it. Boris Bulat and Abraham Kapilovitz, another Jewish partisans, stood outside the building. Abraham threw one grenade after another into the upper stories of the building but with little effect. Just as we began to plan another attack, word was received from our lookouts that German reinforcements were on their way. A trumpet was sounded; it was the signal for retreat. As we began to withdraw, we saw men running in the distance.

"Those are our men," one of the partisans shouted. "They broke out of jail!"

In the meantime our men loaded wagons with weapons and other booty which we had taken. Our wounded were also placed on wagons and evacuated. As we withdrew from the city, I stopped a moment at the spot where our loved ones had been massacred. In the courtyard adjoin-

*"We also lost everything
...and plenty of blood
has been consumed by
you. How do you dare
ask for mercy?"*

*"Those are our men"
one of the partisans
shouted. "They broke
out of jail!"*

ing their grave was a pile containing the bodies of scores of dead policemen. This was a small part of our revenge.

On our way back to the forest we were met by crowds of peasants who greeted us with brandy, white bread, and cheese. We all rejoiced at the outcome of the battle for we knew that we had wiped out the German garrison stationed in Derechin.

At the end of September, 1942, I was called to partisan headquarters where I was informed that my request for transfer to Dr. Atlas' platoon had been granted. When I reached my new post I found only girls working there. The men were out on various assignments; some were seeking provisions while others were looking for weapons.

At this time, Dr. Atlas' platoon had become the outstanding group of partisans in western White Russia. Partisan activity, however was, in general, very weak. The Germans were strong and it was a rare occasion when one of their trains was sabotaged. The front lines were hundreds of miles away from us and scores of trains sped toward the front without incident, loaded with troops and equipment. It became clear that the only real damage that we could inflict upon the Nazi war machine was to cripple the German supply route.

The mission before us was immense. We had almost no experience in the area of sabotage. Furthermore, we did not possess the necessary explosives. But, necessity has been termed the mother of invention and soon several amateur demolition experts began to develop in our partisan units. These men utilized the most unconventional materials in their work. One day, for instance, Atlas appeared with two huge shells. He gave orders to remove the gunpowder from the shells and mix it with the incendiary grenades. When this was accomplished, plans were made to blow up the railroad. Atlas himself undertook the mission together with six assistants. Tension was high in the camp after their departure. Everybody nervously

We all rejoiced at the outcome of the battle for we knew that we had wiped out the German garrison stationed in Derechin.

awaited the return of our leader. The hours passed into days, . . . four, five, six . . . Finally, one week later, a copy of a Nazi paper fell into our hands. The bulk of the first page was concerned with reports from the front lines. However, at the bottom of the page was the following brief announcement:

“RED BANDITS BLEW UP A RAILROAD BRIDGE
NEAR THE ROZHANKA STATION WHILE A
TRAIN WAS CROSSING. THERE WERE DEATHS
AND INJURIES REPORTED.”

We knew that the Atlas party had succeeded. The group returned to our camp on the following day and furnished us with an account of the successful mission.

The district around Derechin was clear of Germans during this period and the partisans exploited the situation to the fullest. Various groups used the area as a meeting place and those few buildings which had not been destroyed in the earlier mass raid were now razed so that they would be useless to the Germans in the event that they should desire to use them in the future. In addition, we carried out periodic raids to replenish our food supplies and to stock up for the winter. From time to time we also destroyed farms belonging to the families of those policemen who had participated in the massacre of the Jews. The gentiles often stared at us with astonishment. Was it possible that this powerful group of partisans was made up of those same Jews who used to walk around shamefully wearing the yellow identification badge?

About this time we had a big surprise. One night the silence of the forest was broken by the sound of a truck. An alert was sounded in the camp and all personnel manned defensive positions. We were completely confused since our intelligence reports had not known of the presence of Germans for miles around. Were we to be the



PINKAS GINSBERG
fought with the Polish Army at
the outbreak of the war in
1939, than in the Soviet Army
till the end of the war 1945.
Decorated with the Medal, Vic-
tory over Germany. Resides in
Israel.

victims of a well concealed enemy attack? Patrols were sent out to investigate and with extreme caution they approached the scene of the noise. There, in the middle of the road, stood a heavy truck. Standing nearby were several partisans from the Bulat unit. A red flag flew on the truck. The vehicle had been abandoned by the Germans as junk, but, overhauled by the partisans, it was now as good as new. Overnight we had become a mechanized unit.

Towards the end of September we began to hear stories about the plight of the Jews of Dyatlovo. The Germans had slaughtered a number of them, but several hundred succeeded in escaping and finding refuge in the large Lipiyetzani woods which were about twenty miles from us. Dr. Atlas immediately went to their hiding place to establish contact with the refugees. He returned very depressed.

"Men," he began in a low, dejected tone, "we must aid them and that means that we must obtain arms and ammunition to supply them."

This challenge was met with enthusiasm. With the doctor himself leading, several "visits" were paid on nearby towns and the necessary weapons obtained from the farmers by "various" means.

One day, as I went on a mission with several buddies, we chanced upon Dr. Atlas standing in a nearby field busily digging. Near him stood a young shepherd boy whom we recognized as one of the doctor's trusted friends. When Atlas noticed us, he called for our assistance. We joined him in digging, each man taking his turn with the only tool available. Atlas turned aside all of our questions with a smile of secrecy. As we dug we suddenly came upon a horrible odor. We continued to dig although the stench was almost overwhelming. Our digging



DOV (BERI) ELNER
fought in the ranks of the
Soviet Army. Twice wounded,
once very seriously. Lives in
Israel.

was heightened by our curiosity. A few minutes later we reached the worm-eaten carcass of a horse.

"You're right," called Atlas to the shepherd boy.

We removed the remains of the horse and uncovered a machine gun, two rifles and several boxes ammunition. We learned later that the boy himself had hidden the weapons which had once belonged to the Russian army. By revealing his secret, the shepherd boy had aided us considerably.

Surprises like this were very common when one worked with Dr. Atlas. I recall how one day we were swimming in the river when Dr. Atlas appeared on the shore with a group of young shepherd boys. The children enthusiastically whispered in the doctor's ear and pointed to the water. Atlas stripped his outer clothes and waded in. With joy he soon brought up boxed parts of a heavy machine gun. This was added to the shipment which we sent to the Jews in the Lipiyetzani forest.

While cleaning my rifle one day, I noticed Atlas storming out of his tent with a map in his hand. It appeared to me that he was planning a major mission for us. Soon he appointed a group to burn the bridge on the Niemen river near the town of Belitsa. I was one of those assigned to this task. Our journey took us to the Jewish camp in the Lipiyetzani forest. We were warmly received by the people there who could not thank us enough for the weapons which they had received from us. At our request, they furnished us with a guide who knew the territory of our mission very well. This man was Eliahu Kobenski. He had come from a nearby town and had seen his wife and children murdered when the Nazis butchered the Jews. This tragedy he could never forget and his only prayer was for revenge.

In the evening we approached the town near the bridge. We were told by the local populace that the Germans used the bridge daily as a main route for their supply convoys.



LT. LEV ISRAELOVICH FRENKEL was wounded in the Battle of Kursk Duga. He became an invalid. Was decorated with the Order of the Father War and 7 other Medals. Resides in the USA.

Not far from the bridge was a building which housed the German guards. With haste, we approached the bridge which was nearly three-quarters of a mile long and made out of wood. We left our wagons at a distance and carried piles of straw and two barrels of oil by hand. The sun had already set and, in the distance, we noticed a light. This appeared to be the German guard station. We sent a patrol to investigate and they reported to us that the Germans had left the bridge completely unguarded. This fatal overconfidence on the part of the Germans of course was to our advantage.

I was assigned to man a machine gun near the edge of the bridge to provide protective cover for the men who would flee after setting the fire. The other men crawled on their stomachs and gradually spread the oil over the bridge. At the same time they put the straw in three big piles. Within five minutes they had completed their mission and the evening darkness was broken, first by pinpoints of light from matches and then by a great conflagration as the oil set the bridge on fire. We raced to our wagons and fled with the sky overhead lit up by the fire. The air resounded with gunfire as the Germans blindly shot in every direction. We did not stop until we reached the middle of the forest. There we climbed trees to get a better look at our masterpiece. It was apparent that our mission had been a complete success and that we had destroyed an important link in the Nazi supply chain. It would take a long time to rebuild the bridge.

In the early hours of the morning we reached the small town near our forest hideout. There we raided the local population to replenish our supplies and then headed back to camp. A short while later we noticed a large band of men approaching on horseback. We used field glasses to examine them and decided that they must be partisans. However, since we did not recognize any of them, we set an ambush and left a small delegation to meet with

There we climbed trees to get a better look at our masterpiece. It was apparent that our mission had been a complete success and that we had destroyed an important link in the Nazi supply chain.

them to determine their business. When the partisans approached they ordered us to return with them to the town. Since we were greatly outnumbered, and since we did not want to hurt fellow partisans, Atlas called off the ambush and we all headed for town. There we found a large group of partisans from the Orle division (named after the town of that name). They had established their headquarters in the heart of town and this building was surrounded by mounted guards and several of the local populace. We overheard the latter complaining about us: "Those are the Jews who robbed us."

As we approached, the partisan leader inquired: "Who is your leader?"

Atlas stepped forward. "I am," he replied.

"Where are you from?"

"From the Ruda Woods."

"What are you doing in these parts?"

To this question Atlas replied with a smile: "Do you have a map?" The officer in charge of the Orle group took out a map and Atlas asked him to point out the district in which the officer's men operated. When he completed outlining the area under his jurisdiction, Atlas inquired:

"Is not the Belitsa bridge in your section?"

Before the officer could reply, he was interrupted by a mounted messenger who informed him that unknown partisans had destroyed the bridge. Upon hearing the news, the officer turned to Atlas and inquired:

"Did you burn the bridge? Who are you anyway?"

"I am Atlas."

"Oh, Dr. Atlas . . . I've heard about you," replied the officer as his voice assumed a tone of respect. "I must say that the reports of your accomplishments have not been exaggerated. Your latest mission is very embarrassing to us. Here we have been operating with the bridge in



CAPT. ALEXANDER GRIGORIVICH
KRUGLIKOV

fought in the Battles of Moscow, Stalingrad, Budapest, and Prague. Was decorated with the Red Star, Fathers War (second group), Medals for Defense of Moscow, Defense of Stalingrad, Victory Medal and a Medal for Budapest. Resides in the USA.

front of our noses and we never even thought of destroying it. You certainly deserve credit for a well planned and well executed job." With these words the two groups departed and the Atlas platoon won another band of admirers.

Our partisan platoons grew in strength and, aided by skilled craftsmen who rebuilt broken, abandoned, Russian canons, we soon developed powerful artillery units. Our best weapon, however, was the uncontrolled imagination of the peasants. It was sufficient to move through their towns pulling a single cannon. Before the exaggerated reports reached the enemy headquarters, the single cannon grew into an artillery division. Of course we exploited these rumours and, after a while, began to spread them ourselves.

One of my closest friends was the youngest member of the platoon, a lad named Rosenthal. He was appointed to act as liaison officer between our unit and partisan headquarters. One day he returned from headquarters bearing important news. Atlas quickly read the message and told us to prepare for battle. The entire unit, girls included, prepared their weapons and left shortly after lunch. In addition to our rifles, pistols, and hand grenades, we also had one heavy machine gun and twelve other light and sub-machine guns. We were well prepared to fight.

After a march of several hours, we reached an opening in the forest upon which many other partisan groups had already converged. It was obvious that headquarters had planned a mass attack upon the enemy. Atlas left us a while to report our arrival to his superiors. When he returned he was full of emotion:

"Men," he stated, "Tomorrow we shall visit Kozlovshchina."

Our platoon was ordered to split into two squads; one charged with the task of attacking the city, and the other



COL. LEONID S. DEYCHMAN
fought from the beginning to
the end of the war. Received
11 decorations. He is a Doctor
of History. Resides in the USA

with the job of cutting the telegraph wires and blowing up a bridge leading to the city. The destruction of the bridge was to serve as the signal for the beginning of the assault. I was in the second group and we carried with us explosives, axes, saws, and other material to accomplish our mission. Since the road upon which we walked was not a primary road, the bridge was unguarded and we destroyed it without difficulty, after cutting the telegraph wires. At exactly 5:20 in the morning the bridge was blown up and the forces surrounding the city attacked. The noise of the battle shattered the morning quiet . . . the sound of gunfire following on the heels of the big explosion.

We didn't return to the battlefield but, according to plan, we set an ambush to halt any possible attempt to send rescue units to the city. While in ambush, we received word by mounted messenger to lift the ambush and regroup in the forest. Before we had time to inquire about the battle tidings, the messenger turned in haste and departed. We hurried back to the designated regrouping area and heard, to our sorrow, that the battle had not been successful for us. Our partisan units fought with great courage but were no match for the Nazis who had been forewarned about the attack and had had time to prepare a strong defense. Our leaders decided against an all out attack since this would certainly cost us many lives, and every life was precious to us. Thus the command was given to retreat to the forests. As we retreated we took stock of casualties. Many Germans had died, but our list of dead and wounded was also very high. One of the dead was my good friend Rosenthal. He died while supplying shells to an artillery unit. This he was supposed to do while crawling on his stomach, but, realizing that every second was important, he ignored safety measures and, instead of crawling, he ran with the shells. A burst from a machine gun cut him down.

At exactly 5:20 in the morning the bridge was blown up and the forces surrounding the city attacked. The noise of the battle shattered the morning quiet...

Two Jewish partisans were cited for meritorious action in battle. They were Kremalovski and Chaim Joshua Lipshovitch. Gremalovski was attached to an artillery unit. When the command to retreat before the arrival of the German troops was given, we discovered that one of our cannons was hopelessly stuck in the mud. Orders were issued to abandon the gun, but Gremalovski, instead of retreating, ran to a nearby village. There he stole a pair of horses and utilized them to remove the cannon only seconds before the Germans reached the position. All of the partisans had given up hope that he would survive, but, shortly, he strolled into the camp with the news that he had saved the Howitzer.

Chaim Joshua Lipshovitch was the leader of the machine gun squad which remained in a dangerous location to cover the retreat of the partisans. He was cited by headquarters for bravery above and beyond the call of duty.

One other Jewish partisan was also cited, although posthumously. He was Abraham Koplovitch whose mother and sister had been murdered by the Nazis. He had been burning with the desire for revenge and this attack afforded him an opportunity to avenge their deaths. Headquarters realized that he was bent on revenge and therefore a special order was issued prohibiting him from leaving his unit. But, sometimes even the best disciplined soldiers lose control of themselves and disobey orders. So it was with Abraham. At first opportunity he broke ranks and ran to the area where the police and soldiers had shot his family. Although he was all alone, he annihilated all but one of the Hitlerites. The one Nazi to survive killed him.

Our story now shifts to October, 1942. As a result of the large hunt which the Germans had carried out in August, our headquarters decided to take precautions to prevent a surprise Nazi attack. Scouting parties were sent

At first opportunity he broke ranks and ran to the area where the police and soldiers had shot his family. Although he was all alone, he annihilated all but one of the Hitlerites. The lone Nazi to survive killed him.

out to several distant vantage points with orders to notify headquarters if any large number of German troops was cited. As an added precaution the location of our headquarters was rotated so that it never remained with any one partisan unit for a long period. While the headquarters was located with our platoon, the battle alarm was sounded one morning at the break of dawn. Our scouting party had located a group of about three thousand Ukrainian Nazi troops who were advancing with two tanks and several artillery pieces. As report after report came in, it became obvious that they were headed our way. Orders were given to take up battle positions along the river bank and the Atlas platoon was located in the middle of the line. Across the river we heard the noises of the approaching tanks. The villagers had already fled their homes and at exactly 8:00 AM the Nazis attacked the empty village and set it afire. During this attack our men remained silent. Then the Nazis gave the command to attack. "Voraus" (Forward) shouted their leader.

The Nazis manned small boats and headed for our side of the river. The partisans held their fire until the first boats approached the shore. Then the command to fire was given and the entire shore became a wall of gunfire. Round after round was fired and the Nazis panicked. Some jumped into the water only to be shot like a flock of sitting ducks. Others perished in their boats. Those Ukrainians who remained on the other side tried to flee to the woods but were caught in an ambush by the Bulac platoon and they too were almost completely wiped out. Only a very few of the three thousand men managed to reach the woods and regroup. Then began the most daring fight of the day. Two Nazis were noticed on the other side of the river attempting to flee to the woods. Atlas and Eliahu K. began to chase them. The two partisans forded the water under cover of our guns. From the



ARON STAHL

was in the 333 Division Artillery Anti Air Defense at the 1st Ukrainian Front, under the command of Gen. Batutin. Was severely wounded. Lives now in the USA.

The second soldier (left) is SAMUEL LINDAVER participated in the war on many fronts.

Lives now in Israel.

woods the regrouped Nazis opened fire to cover the retreat of their men and Atlas and Eliahu K. found themselves under a rain of bullets. The two partisans reached the shore on the other side of the river and soon were hidden by the tall grass. Both sides ceased firing for fear that they would hit their own men. Suddenly there was an exchange of fire. The partisans held their breath on our side of the river and many uttered prayers for the welfare of Atlas and Eliahu. Then there was silence. All waited to see who had survived. As the moments passed and we began to fear the worst, Atlas and Eliahu appeared on the bank of the river. Not only had they killed the two Nazis, but they also had recovered a machine gun which had been abandoned by the Ukrainians. Eliahu swam the river with one hand while he pulled the new addition to our weapons in the other. Several days later both men received the highest medal from headquarters.

October brought with it the first autumn winds and rain. It also brought bad news. The Ukrainians overran the town of Roda. This was bad for us since the town was located at the crossroads which connected our forest with the Lipiyetzani forest. We were thus cut off from the other partisan units. The Nazis began to dig trenches and we realized that a permanent force was to be stationed there. It was therefore decided that the partisans would carry out a joint raid to destroy the new Nazi nest in its making.

At about this same time the Russian partisan, Fischoin, an excellent technician, assisted by the Jewish partisan, Chanan Susnovski, succeeded in repairing a tank which had been abandoned at the beginning of the war by the Russians. With this tank in the lead, the united partisan forces attacked and pierced the main line of Ukrainian Nazi troops surrounding Roda. The Nazis fought well until the partisans from the Lipiyetzan groups attacked them from the rear. This second attack caused them to

Not only had they killed the two Nazis, but they also had recovered a machine gun which had been abandoned by the Ukrainians. Eliahu (Kovienski) swam the river with one hand while he pulled the new addition to our weapons in the other. Several days later both men received the highest medal from headquarters.

flee in disorder. The casualties were heavy and the supplies which they left behind were a welcome addition to our partisan storehouse.

In this battle, a Jewish boy from our unit named Bogdash, excelled. A youngster, barely twenty, he had been a student in a rabbinical seminary. He was a good soldier and a good friend. He would try to do whatever was asked of him. Dr. Atlas held the youth in high esteem and in the battle Bogdash had an opportunity to prove himself. Leading one of the attacking columns, he was the first to reach the enemy lines. With a well directed hand grenade he wiped out more than ten Nazis. Seizing the chance afforded by this breach in the Nazi line, he raced to one of the enemy machine gun positions, commandeered one of their weapons, turned it around, and directed the fire against the Germans in the town. This daring act baffled the Germans and caused them to begin their retreat. During the battle, Bogdash also captured considerable supplies from the Nazis. When the other partisans approached him to praise his deeds, he would break out into a weak smile as if to say, "What have I done to deserve this?"

After the battle at Roda, I had an opportunity to meet my first war prisoner. I was present at the dramatic moment when our chief leader, Boris Bulac interrogated a Nazi prisoner. Both men were native Ukrainians and they conducted their conversation in their mother language. The pale-faced Nazi spoke with his head bent low:

"I was drafted into the army against my wishes. Permit me to become a partisan and I shall serve you faithfully."

"It's too late for that, you miserable German snake," replied Boris. "You murdered your own brothers."

With these words, Boris turned to us and gave the command: "Shoot this dog and plow over his grave until it disappears from the face of the earth."

*"Shoot this dog and
plow over his grave until
it disappears from the
face of the earth."*

As soon as the command was given, the partisans carried it out.

One night, at a very late hour, we were walking by a village. Suddenly a weak voice cried out:

"Partisans, wait a moment!!!"

We stopped. On the road stood a young boy about ten years old. Although a heavy rain was coming down and it was very cold, the boy stood barefoot and half naked. His whole body shook with the cold.

"What do you want, sonny?" I asked.

"I want to go with you," the youngster responded.

It happened that, at this particular point, we were scheduled to change horses. We dismounted, wet and chilled, and knocked on the door of a nearby inn. A moment later the door opened and we entered into a nice warm room, followed by the little boy. The innkeeper lit a kerosene lamp and his wife began to prepare supper while she poured out her displeasure at fools who travel at night. After we had all been seated, we noticed the little boy trembling near the door. I called him to my table and, as I stared at his face, I noticed a look of wonder.

"Are you Jews?" inquired the lad. "I am Jewish!"

With this statement, he began to approach us. We were all shocked, for now, as we looked closely at him, we noticed that he indeed was Jewish. David was his name and he came from Molchad. Only by a miracle was he spared when the Germans butchered the Jews several months earlier. After the slaughter, he fled to neighboring towns where, in exchange for room and board, he tended the cows of the peasants. Unfortunately, all of the good peasants were carried away by the Nazis and David suddenly had to assume adult responsibilities and shift for himself. At first he managed but, with the passing of each new day, survival became more difficult.



LT. ABRAM RUDNICKI
a Hero, fell in Battle by
Vitebsk, USSR.

The Germans threatened death to those who sheltered Jews. As David wandered from village to village, the peasants chased him from their homes and the shepherd boys drove him away with a barrage of stones.

One day, somebody told David that there existed a group of people who were fighting the Germans. These people were called partisans, and David decided to seek them out and join their ranks. He would beg for food during the daytime and, at night, would hide near the road, hoping that partisans would pass. The young boy never imagined that there were other Jews who were still alive. How great was his astonishment when we told him that he had not only found a group of partisans, but had found fellow Jews as well.

We fed the youngster the first real meal he had eaten in almost a week. Bogdash, who had remained silent throughout the conversation, stared for a long time at the child. Then he stood up, went to the innkeeper's room and located a pair of children's shoes. Quietly he began to try them on David for size. The innkeeper and his wife protested and cried:

"What will our child wear?"

Bogdash didn't reply. Instead he looked at the man with disdain. The shoes were the right size and they now belonged to David.

We continued on our way and I wrapped David in my overcoat. He clung to me with all of his strength and fell asleep on my knee. We soon approached home territory and came upon one of our patrols. We explained to them about David and turned him over to them. The partisan platoon now had a new ten year old member.

Our next adventure took place several nights later when two of our men set up a machine gun near the Plotnitsa station between Slonim and Zeliva. The night was pitch dark and their job was to protect Abraham Lefkowitz and me from a surprise attack while we pre-



MORDECHI (MOTTEK) ELNER
saw action with the Red Army
in a Artillery Formation, and
fought on various fronts. Was
wounded. Resides in Israel.

pared to blow up the railroad. Lefkowitz carried the explosives and I had the detonating wire. The remainder of our squad remained several hundred feet away. As we began to set the charge, we heard the sound of approaching footsteps. We grabbed the explosives and slid down the railroad embankment. There, at the bottom, we remained motionless. Above us passed a patrol of six German soldiers with dogs. To our good fortune, a strong wind was blowing in the opposite direction and the dogs did not pick up our scent. Soon the Germans disappeared in the darkness and we returned to complete our mission.

Finally, everything was set. Together with the two men who had manned the machine gun, we descended and began to return to the rest of our men, carrying with us the connected detonating wire. The cold was bitter and the blood seemed to freeze in our veins. An eternity appeared to pass as we waited for a train to come. At long last we heard an engine approaching, its whistle echoing through the silent forest. We were all ready and I began to count:

"One minute . . . Thirty seconds . . . fifteen . . . ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one!!"

I whispered to Lefkowitz to fire and he carefully pressed the lever of the detonator. The engine passed over the place where the explosives had been set . . . then one car, . . . and then another. Soon the entire train had passed without incident. Silence was all that remained as the train raced onward. Again we had been cursed with failure. Our companions, who had been waiting in the cold night, approached.

"What happened?" they asked in anger. But none of them envied our job. Handling these explosives was very dangerous and one of our men had already been blown to bits. Our task was to reset the charge, so for the third time Abraham and I climbed up onto the tracks. We



GERSHON BOYGOROD
fought in the ranks of the Red
Army, and was decorated with
Medals for bravery.

traced the wire and discovered that it had become loose from the explosives. Abraham reset the charge carefully and we again descended. Only after we had reached the safety of our men did he say:

"We just stared death in the face!"

His remarks went unheeded since everybody was aware that a second troop train was approaching.

"Set off the charge!" cried Eliahu, our squad leader.

A violent explosion ripped through the air. The engine and several cars left the rails and plunged down the embankment. The scene was one of bedlam. The injured and confused Germans were shouting and screaming. Their noise was soon silenced by the sound of heavy firing from our positions. When the job was completed, we melted into the darkness. Again the forest was silent!

The date was the twenty-first of November, 1942. Several weeks had passed since I had been in our camp. While gone, many changes had taken place. The leaves had fallen from the trees and a thin, white, blanket of snow covered the ground. Winter had come and the young men in the partisan groups worked feverishly from dawn to dusk to complete preparations for winter. While axes and saws felled trees for building winter homes, other men were busy stocking supplies.

Each squad prepared its own quarters. We dug holes 6 x 8 metres and about a metre deep. These holes were lined with lumber and the sides rose ten feet above the ground to support wooden roofs. For a floor, we placed dirt over a layer of straw and branches. A small "corridor" was added to the houses so that we could place stoves there. One thing was certain; there was no scarcity of lumber. All around us was nothing but forest.

Interesting additions to our camp were a number of prefabricated homes. These small buildings were really guard houses which had been built for the protection of

*The injured and confused
Germans were shouting
and screaming.*

policemen in isolated spots. From time to time, the police would leave the small houses and the partisans would swiftly move into action. They would take the houses apart, load the sections on wagons, and then reassemble them in the forest. By the end of November we were ready to move from our tent city to the new winter quarters.

One night we were all celebrating a festive occasion. An important leader of the White Russian central partisan headquarters came to coordinate our activities with those of other partisan groups. In his honor we had prepared a banquet complete with wine and brandy. The party ended abruptly with the approach of our mounted scouts. They reported that thousands of German troops were advancing on both our forest and the Lipiyetzan woods. They were heavily armed and were accompanied by tank columns and mobile artillery. Their advance was so rapid that our leaders barely had time to order us into battle position before the din of the tanks reached our ears. We took up positions in a nearby village and attempted to halt the Germans from crossing the river. Once again the Atlas platoon was located in the center of the battle. Suddenly the Germans unleashed a tremendous artillery barrage and shells burst all over. Our lone tank was pressed into action and the Bulat platoon began to use our artillery. But the German fire power was overwhelming and deadly accurate. Their artillery was joined by mortars and heavy machine guns. Nazi armored cars moved into position and overhead their planes scouted us. A complete combined arms attack was directed against us.

Our platoon attempted to move into a better position and Dr. Atlas led us in our slow advance. Shells were bursting all around and the air was virtually saturated with bullets. We ran a few feet and then fell down to the ground for cover from the deadly flying metal aimed at



BORIS TSINDELIS
Hero of the Soviet Union.

us. Our only chance to move came when the Germans briefly concentrated their fire in another direction. Atlas held the charge and, as fire again was directed against us, hit the dirt. We followed his action, thinking that this was a signal to take cover, but suddenly somebody shouted:

"Atlas is wounded!"

I crawled to Atlas' side and, together with a first aid-man, attempted to help our beloved leader. Blood poured from his side. He was seriously wounded and needed help quickly, but, to our misfortune, the German firing was so heavy that to move was almost impossible. Only by the fearless action of Lefkowitz and Berek, was Atlas moved to an aid station.

Pinned down in our mountain positions with ammunition running low, we were ordered to conserve bullets by reducing our firing to the minimum. Then one of our nurses crawled to our position, her face wet with tears. All knew what had happened before she cried out:

"The doctor is dead!"

Many of the men wept openly and for a moment all seemed lost. The spirit to fight died with the death of our leader. Then, as reason overpowered emotion, the command to conserve ammunition was voided and the partisans opened fire with every weapon available. Before Atlas had died, he stated.

"Tell the boys to carry on!"

His last wish was fulfilled.

"Atlas is wounded!" I crawled to Atlas' side and, together with a first aid-man, attempted to help our beloved leader. Blood poured from his side.



Placing a mine on railling tracks. T



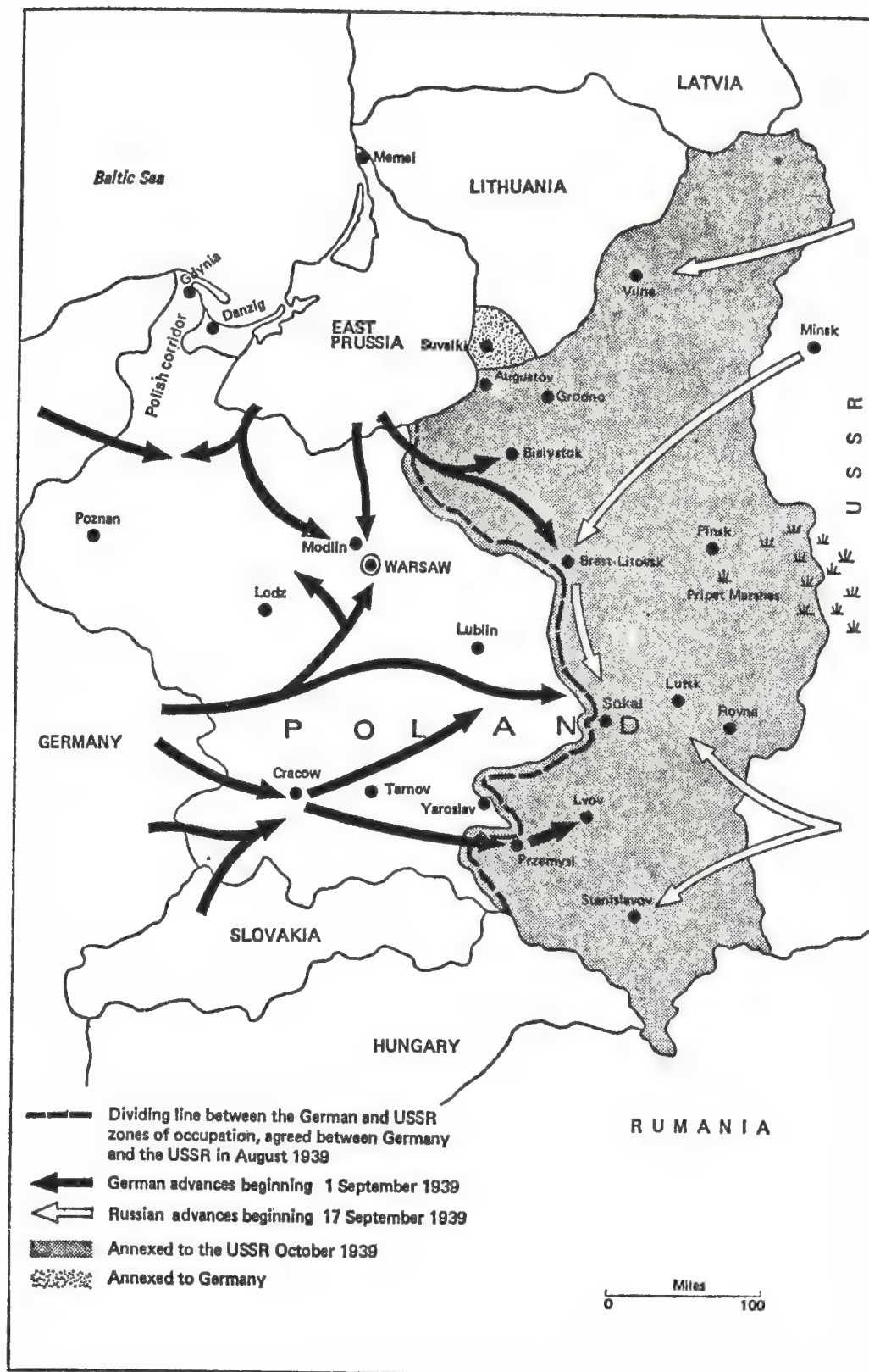
FRAGMENTS FROM THE BOOK:

Jewish Responses to Nazi Persecution

By Isaiah Trunk



ISIAH TRUNK, who was born in Poland, held a Master's degree in history from the University of Warsaw and a Doctor of Jewish Literature degree from the Jewish Teachers Seminary in New York. Throughout his life he had published works on the history of the Jews of Poland; he was a research associate at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research. He passed away lately.



The Invasion of Poland, 1939

EYEWITNESS TESTIMONIES

Eyewitness Testimony 1. Fifteen Lashes for Each *Judenratler!*

M.M. Lived in Sokoły, Białystok District. Recorded a few months after Liberation, in Białystok, May 14, 1945.

At the start of *Khol-hamoyed Paysekh*—this was in 1942—the Sokoły *Judenrat* was handed an order from the newly appointed *Amtskommissar* to have all able bodied men, regardless of age, lined up at 11 A.M. sharp in front of the *Judenrat* building.

The news started a panic in the *shtetl*. We were still in shock from the massacres in the surrounding villages, so whenever we heard about sudden lineups, we knew they always ended either in complete slaughter or deportation to be exterminated somewhere else. Even though we were terrified and ready to run, we listened to the “optimists,” who tried convincing us that if the *Amtskommissar* wanted to deport us, he’d make no distinction between men, women, and children, but order everyone out, like he did in Tiktin, Dvokeh, and other places.¹ We had to hope this cruel argument was true. But we still wouldn’t trust him—“*Poter biloy klum yiefshar.*”² This had to be a kind of final decree because if the Germans wanted to impose some minor penalty, they usually let the *Judenrat* do it alone.

By late morning, a crowd of a few hundred men had gathered in the street in front of the *Judenrat*, but it was plain that over half the men in the *shtetl* hadn’t come. At exactly eleven, the “blond beast” appeared. It was the *Amtskommissar*—his sinister eye magnified through the monocle he wore—like the Angel of Death, himself. His escort was this sadistic-looking German official—a monster of a man. The *Präses* of the *Judenrat* leaped forward, removed his hat, and bowed from the hip ceremonially. But the *Amtskommissar* only shouted at him: “*Varum hat sich da so ein kleines Publikum versammelt?*”³ The *Präses* replied he had sent word to every household and threatened severe consequences for anyone not complying. Why the others hadn’t shown up—he didn’t know. “We have no police, you see. To drag everyone out by force...” The *Amtskommissar* went wild, cutting him off and slapping his head and face. He snapped open his pocket watch and screamed: “*Im Verlaufe einer halben Stunde sollen alle hier versammelt sein! Sonst wird der Judenrat bald erschossen!*”⁴ This sent a new shock through the *Judenrat*. Suddenly, they were changed men. All twelve of them along with their aides and assistants rushed through the streets of the *shtetl*,

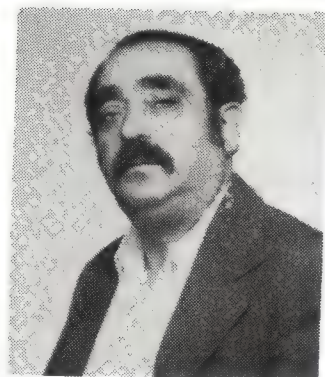


COL. FAYVE DAVIDOVICZ was born in Minsk, 1922. During W.W.II he fought in the ranks of the Soviet Army from the beginning through the duration of the war and received many Medals. After the war he became an observant Jew, attending the Synagogue in Minsk. After his death in 1976, the Israeli Government paid for the exhumation and transportation of his body for eternal rest on a cemetery in Israel.

going from house to house and dragging everyone out, big and small. No one could stop them. Then they lined everyone up in rows. If any "malingers" didn't show up, they said, that *Ashmedai* would execute the whole *Judenrat*! In fifteen minutes, the street was jammed with people, and the *Judenrat* marched them off in double file.

Fifteen minutes later—a half hour to the minute—the *Amtskommissar* and his cohort were back. He shouted at the *Judenrat* to move over where he was and take their place at the head of the column. The twelve stepped up and he reviewed the entire line, like he was counting them off. Then he ordered the *Präses* to bring him a footstool and went along himself to make sure it was the kind he wanted. They came back in a few minutes, with the *Präses* carrying a metal grate used to scrape the mud off boots. The *Amtskommissar* then ordered the *Präses*, Alter Ginzburg, the so-called "Jewish Prime Minister," to stretch himself out on it and raise up his coattails over his behind. The accomplice, that fat brute, walked up and lashed out fifteen full strokes with a whip. He also clubbed him a few times over the head "for good measure." Next, he ordered the "Minister of Finance," the proud and aristocratic Yoyne Ginzburg, to bend down over the grate. He also got fifteen hard swishes across the backside and had his head beaten. The third one in line stepped up—Yisroel Maik, the wealthy jeweler and watchmaker. He got the same punishment. Then the "Labor Ministers" came up—Yanov, Khaskale Tservanets, and Zeydl Ratchkovski. Next, it was Yankl the shoemaker's turn. He started pleading with that hangman: "*Ikh bin der barimter Schumacher, makh dokh fir die daytshn gute Schuche, gute Schtiefel!*"⁵ It was no use. He had to bend down over the grate and got his share of lashes. The shoemaker yelled out: "*Shoyn genug!*"⁶ By now, the executioner was exhausted, dripping with sweat, and he started cutting down on the number of strokes. Some of the older *Judenrat* members, like Aren Zholte, Leybl Okan, Lazer Rozenovitch, and the builder, the *Amtskommissar* passed over, and they weren't beaten. Dr. Makovski was publicly humiliated by the "blond devil" because he prescribed too many medicines to the sick. He was whipped a couple of times, too, and banished from Sokoly and the whole region. He was given three days to get out.

The *Amtskommissar* then started a tirade on why he had whipped the *Judenrat*: "You don't carry out the express orders of the authorities! You hoard goods in secret places and won't turn them over to the regime! Laborers escape from the work gangs every day! When you're told to assemble, you don't show up! All this is the fault of the *Judenrat*! The longer the war lasts, the more our laws will strangle you! Every act of disobedience is an act of sabotage and will be met with death by firing squad! This time, I'm letting you off lightly. Next time, I'll give you no warning and shoot you on sight!"



PVT. SZYMON RAJFER

saw war of all its duration and fought his way from Moscow to Berlin, with the Red Army and later with the Polish. Wounded in the right hand and left leg.

Was decorated with Medals: Grunwald; Victory and Freedom; For Participation in the Berlin Battles. Resides in Poland

When he had finished the floggings, the *Amtskommissar* ordered everyone who had been whipped to line up in a double row, and he marched them off to prison and had them all locked up. We were outraged. People cried out: "Isn't it enough that they humiliated the *Judenrat* like animals, tortured the Jewish representatives publicly, before the eyes of the *goyim*?! Did they also have to lock the eight men away?! What cruelty! God knows what else they'll do to them!"

On that first day, we still had hope they'd be released. When another day passed and they still hadn't returned, their families became wild from worry. The next day, that monster came into their cells and flogged every one of them all over again. He also beat up old Leybl Kogan,⁷ who was spared the first day because he was old and very sick.

The families of the hostages went hysterical and ran from one place to the other trying to find some way out of this. The four members of the *Judenrat* who weren't tortured refused to speak up to the *Amtskommissar* because they were afraid the mad dog would throw them into prison, too. The first one who tried to intervene was Yoyne Ginzburg's wife—she was the former teacher at the Polish public school. Her younger sister, Lotke, was very coquettish and spoke German beautifully, with a real Prussian accent. She had met all the ranking, influential German officers before. So Celina—Ginzburg's wife—and her younger sister went to the brute, who was actually promoted over the *Amtskommissar* for his cruelty. They brought him very expensive gifts. The sadist pocketed the presents, released Yoyne Ginzburg the next day, but kept the others in prison. The families of the wealthy arrestees now lost all patience and had Lotke take over a wagonload of gifts to win over that criminal. After a third day passed, the remaining members of the Sokoły *Judenrat* were set free.



ANATOL PLAISNER

fought in the Russian and Polish Armies. Was wounded five days before the end of the war, Received several Medals. Resides in the USA.

Eyewitness Testimony 2. The Rambam Said, "Resist!"¹

Ebelsberg,² June 24, 1948

SWORN TESTIMONY

I, Noach Denenburg, born in Węgrów, Warsaw District, on January 18, 1893, currently staying in Ebelsberg, Block 3/214, do solemnly swear . . . and give the following testimony:

Jadowa³ during the German Occupation

During the German Occupation, the Tluszcz Rabbi resided in the town of Jadowa, three kilometers from the Urle⁴ train station on the Białystok-Warsaw line. Because the learned rabbi had preached to the Jews of Jadowa that the moral obligation of our people was to resist with courage and commitment, the Gestapo called for his immediate surrender to the authorities. The alternative offered was the taking hostage of ten Jews in place of the rabbi. The *Judenrat* reached a decision immediately and took steps to detain the ten. After praying and meditating, the rabbi came into the *Judenrat* and protested this decision with all his conviction. He put on his *yontiv* clothes, walked over to Gestapo Headquarters, and turned himself in. Before his execution, he spoke his last words and told the murderers to their face exactly what he thought of them. But he was shot dead before he could finish. Later, his body was given up to the *Judenrat* and he was brought to his eternal rest in the Jadowa Jewish cemetery.

[signed] Noach Denenburg

The signature of Noach Denenberg, written by his own hand, is hereby verified. [Court statement and seal]

THE LEARNED RABBI HAD
PREACHED TO THE JEWS OF
JADOWA THAT THE MORAL
OBLIGATION OF OUR PEOPLE
WAS TO RESIST WITH COU-
RAGE AND COMMITMENT, THE
GESTAPO CALLED FOR HIS
IMMEDIATE SURRENDER TO
THE AUTHORITIES.

Eyewitness Testimony 3. "... to Its Logical Conclusion"—Borysław

Anonymous. Recorded by Duvid Graysdorf in a DP camp in 1947.

Before the war, there were 14,000 Jews living in Borysław: storekeepers, craftsmen, and also workers in the oil fields and wax refineries. Maybe 400 of them survived the Nazi Holocaust: about 300 went through the hell of the camps and close to 100 went into hiding in the forests or with Gentile acquaintances.

On the fifteenth of September 1939, Borysław was annexed by the Russians, who stayed on in the city till July 1, 1941. During this period, Borysław was relatively calm.

On the first day in July 1941, the Germans overran Borysław. Three days later, the Ukrainian mayor, Dr. Tarletski—now imprisoned in Dachau—gave the signal to the Ukrainian nationalist militias to make the first pogrom on the Jews, which took the lives of over 800 people. Two weeks after the start of the German Occupation, all Jews were ordered to wear white armbands with the blue *mugen duvid*. Heavy ransoms were imposed on the *Kehileh* and on certain individuals, and the general confiscation of all Jewish property was put into effect. Very soon afterwards, two new terrible pogroms were unleashed against us.

On November 28, 1941, 900 Jews were taken into the surrounding forests—half to the Mikolaya Woods and the other half to Pionar. They were stripped naked and shot. Some were buried alive. The organizer of the pogrom was a Viennese German named Niemetz. He was Chief of the Ukrainian Police—today, he's in Dachau.

On the seventh of August 1942, the third pogrom started. The German *Schutzpolizei* officers—Gouldon, Neumayer, Schuch, Niemetz, Weigel, Wiefel, Genosse, and Pohl—led the roundup of over 5,000 Jews who were loaded into cattle cars coated with lye and hauled off to the Belzec crematoria.

By the end of August 1942, two open ghettos had been designated for Boryslaw. As soon as the areas were ready, over 2,000 Jews were “resettled” from the surrounding villages into the ghettos. On October 20, 1942, the second German *aktsye* was put into operation and went on for three full days. The German police themselves rounded up over 2,000 Jews then and transported them to Belzec. Again, on the fifth of November, a new *aktsye* took place. This time, the Germans ordered the *Judenräte* to assemble over 600 Jews, mostly women and children, who were shipped off to the Belzec crematorium like the rest.

On February 15, 1943, a new kind of *aktsye* befell us. The German police surrounded the ghettos, then charged in and dragged over 600 Jews off to the local slaughterhouse. Inside, they were forced to strip and tie their clothes into bundles. Still holding onto their rags, these naked victims were made to run for another 200 meters to the edge of a mass grave. They had to mount a board, which spanned the pit, in groups of five, and were shot at midpoint so they dropped right to the bottom. This was the first public execution in Boryslaw which was carried out before a group of Ukrainians, Poles, and Jews. The executioners were *Schutzpolizeihauptmann* Wiepert, Milos, Pohl, Neumayer, Niaw,¹ Gouldon, Schuch, Wiegel, and the others. They were backed up and assisted by the *Reiterzugpolizei* and the Ukrainian police cavalry.

When this *aktsye* was finished, the ghettos were liquidated. Some of the Jewish laborers were relocated into a new ghetto on Petramogila Street. Only those workers stamped “R” were included. The people in the Petramogila Ghetto lived in terrible overcrowding—over twenty to a small room. There, the living envied the dead.

This is the way we lived until April 1943—*Khol-hamoyed Paysekh*. The seventh *aktsye* started then and most of the remaining Jews were taken to Drohobycz² and put into the concentration camp there. The camp commandant was *Obersturmführer* Hildebrand. The camp was soon dissolved, though. A remnant were taken to Pastemita,³ near Lemberg,⁴ and the rest, to Janów-Lemberg.⁵

Then, a few days later, the final liquidation of the subcamp [on



PVT. ISAAK IOCIFOVICH FIKHMAN
fought in Vinnitsa and in
Budapest. He resides in the
USA.

Petramogila] was called. While the mens' *Appel* was going on, the women and children hid and the men refused to betray the hideouts. The *Blockälteste* was Shmiel Birnboim from Schodnica, Boryslaw. Schuch, and Wiepert, the arch-criminals, said he was responsible for the women and children hiding, and they demanded that he turn them over. Schmiel Birnboim refused and paid for it with his life. He was beaten so long and hard with an iron bar by a German of the *Reiterzugpolizei*, named Weudz,⁶ that he collapsed dead right in front of the column of Jews. The slaughter went on for two months. Then the second ghetto was completely liquidated. Those who had survived were driven into the slave-labor camp at Limanowa, outside of town.

These 1,200 people were held inside the camp until August 1944. Random executions and roundups went on regularly. The camp was run by SS men Tamaneck, Schwartz, Kempke, Lindenfeld, Semmer, Menzanger, Schembach. It's impossible to describe their cruelty. They were joined in their sadistic acts by the Jewish head of the *Ordnungsdienst*, Wolek Eiznsztajn, and his second, Max Heinberg, who profited from what the Nazis left over.

On March 28, 1944, when the Soviet army had stopped outside of Stanisławów, the Germans began liquidating the camp. The Jews had managed to dig a few bunkers in the forests and they broke out and headed there. The Germans were in total panic with no means of transport or escape. For some reason, the front stopped at Stanisławów. This gave the Germans a chance to go on with the extermination. Wolek Eiznsztajn began "agitating" for us to come out of the woods and return to camp, because no one was in any danger now. Life in the bunkers had been very hard and the people let themselves be talked into coming back. Soon, the Germans had deceived about 600 Jews this way and carted them off to the camp in Płaszów, Cracow. Wolek Eiznsztajn started "doing his job" again, and tried getting out the Jews the Germans had missed. They captured fifty to sixty people every day and by June 22, 1944, they again had a transport of 600 Jews ready for Płaszów. For the month starting on June 22 and ending on July 22, 1944, the Germans and Eiznsztajn had forced out another 700 Jews and sent them to Auschwitz.

During that month, the Germans also captured these three Jews: Hofman, Lanek; Hoberman, Fishl; and another man whose name escapes me now. The Germans learned that these three Jews had been the ones to organize the breakout to the bunkers they had prepared in the forest. The German murderers gouged their eyes out and butchered them. These three lost their lives in such a gruesome way for wanting to save their own brothers.

On August 7, 1944, 375 Jews were liberated from the Limanowa camp in Boryslaw. This is the final total of the Boryslaw Jews. Naked



MASHA SZEWAHOWICZ
was a Partisan in "Kirov" Battalion, Byelorussia. Fell in Battle.

and barefoot, the miserable remnants of a community the Germans slaughtered with the constant aid of the local Ukrainians and Poles.

Schwebisch Hall, December 29, 1947

Eyewitness Testimony 4. Escape to *Eretz Yisrael*¹

E.G. Born in Radom, Poland in 1932; escaped to Palestine in November 1942. Recorded in Tel Aviv in December 1942 by the Historical Commission of the Polish-Jewish Refugee Writers and Journalists Union. The then ten-year-old child tells of his life in the Radom Ghetto, the work he did in the factory, which was confiscated from his father, then goes on.

Suddenly, *Froh* Golde Graucher burst into our home. She was crying and said she had gotten a pass to *Eretz Yisrael* but what good was it, since two of her children—a daughter and a son—had been grabbed away from her and deported. This *Froh* Graucher was my mother's friend and she stayed with us till the time she had to leave for Vienna. During the night, as I lay in bed, I could hear my mother crying as they talked together. "Our days are numbered," she said. "That monster, Berend,² is threatening to take away our permits. I know we won't survive. But save my youngest child! Register him as the child they took from you. Let me at least have a son, a *Kaddish* in *Erits Yisrul*! Your child is gone, you must!" They fell into each other's arms, sobbing.

The next day, my father contacted a Jewish policeman to try and bribe the Gestapo, and he came round in the evening with a document for Natan Graucher, which was now my name. My father paid 10,000 *zloty* to bribe the Gestapo, but the policeman said I'd have to manage getting out of the ghetto on my own and no one could take me to the train, either, because the Gestapo itself was full of informers. My mother gave the policeman another 10,000 *zloty* along with *Froh* Graucher's passport and a photo of me. *Froh* Graucher was scared to give up her passport because the Gestapo would probably keep it, but the Jewish policeman swore he would take responsibility and bring the passport back. We waited till the next evening, and he came back with the documents like he promised. He said everything was ready—I was going to *Eretz Yisrael*!



ELCHANAN SEGALSON

belonged to "Betar" organization before the outbreak of WWII. During the war he lived in the Kovno Ghetto. He was in the Underground Movement there as a weapons buyer. Later on he was deported by the Germans to Dachau concentration camp.

After surviving the war he emigrated to Palestine (Israel), where he joined the "Irgun" and became one of the leaders.

He fell in action.

Eyewitness Testimony 22. Spontaneous Resistance

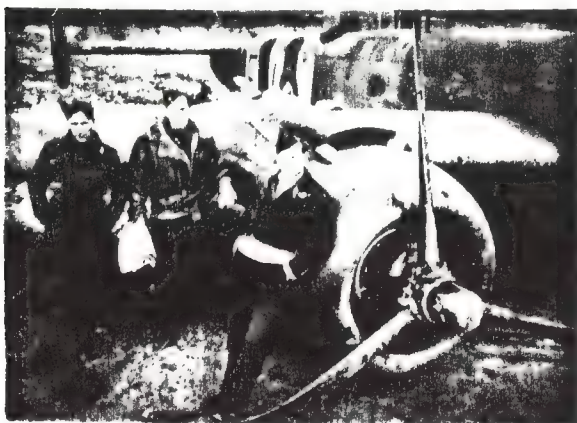
Z.H. Born in 1908 in Zawichost, Radom District, Poland; worked there as a driver. Recorded by Duvid Graysdorf in a DP Camp in December 1947.

... The Jews of Zawichost were deported during October 1942. Everyone was forced to march the ten kilometers to the Wikozy train station by foot. The people were made to wait twenty-four hours under the open sky. A terrible thunderstorm broke out just as the people got to the field, and it rained on them for hours. They were then jammed into freight cars and shipped to Treblinka. Jews were herded in from the surrounding areas and piled into the already overcrowded transport, which numbered some 5,000 to 6,000 people.

There wasn't a Jew left in Zawichost but two kilometers from the *shtetl* there was a labor camp where about 1,700 Jews continued slaving away at the most deadly kinds of labor. We had to work wading through swamps and ponds for days on end. The Jews of many neighboring towns—Radow, Shidlovtse,¹ and others—worked here. Every day, many victims fell dead; some because of the constant beatings and others from exhaustion and hunger.

When the Jews saw what had been done to the community of Zawichost, they decided to assassinate the camp commandant, the SS man, and to liberate the camp. They first killed the guards keeping watch by the commandant's quarters. Then they stabbed the commandant with a stiletto. Everyone broke out and all the Jews scattered into hiding in the woods.

WHEN THE JEWS SAW WHAT
HAD BEEN DONE TO THE
COMMUNITY OF ZAWICHOST,
THEY DECIDED TO ASSASSI-
NATE THE CAMP COMMANDANT,
THE SS MAN, AND TO LIBE-
RATE THE CAMP.



F/O GEORGE FINKLER
in center holding a map, with
other pilots, after B-25 A/C
crash landed Dec. 11, 1944,
after bombing Canal Locks at
Zutphen, Holland. They accom-
plished successfully the
bombardment mission.

Eyewitness Testimony 32. Collective and Individual Resistance

V.H. Born in Podwołoczyska, Tarnopol District, Galicia, in 1909. Recorded by David Graysdorf in a DP camp in November 1947. The witness is talking of the massacre of the Jews in the Tarnopol Ghetto.

After they liquidated the ghetto,¹ the Germans started tearing down the labor camps around Tarnopol. On July 12, 1943, panic broke out in the Hlobocek camp, where everyone expected it was about to be liquidated. Many Jews broke out and ran into the woods. *Obersturmführer* Rokita² heard the Jews had run off, and postponed the liquidation of the camp for a few weeks. When General Katzner's³ aide, that murderer Hildebrand⁴ arrived from Lemberg at the end of July 1943, we knew the time had come to act.

After we finished work, the camp was locked up and no one was let out. A great uproar broke out. People took their lives in desperation. At four in the morning, large groups of SS and Gestapo, together with Ukrainian militia, surrounded the camp and started firing at the people inside. We resisted. There was a resistance unit in camp and we'd been organized. Germans were killed, but the resistance was broken in the end. The remaining inmates were led off to the Petrikow Forest and shot.

The executions went on for three days until the second of August, 1943, when an announcement was posted for all Jews left in the camp to report for work registration and they wouldn't be harmed. The people didn't believe the German promises and wouldn't let themselves be taken out. A few days later, Rokita came and promised all kinds of privileges to those who registered for work. Many people were talked into it and did like he said. Before the march to the station, they were given rations of white bread, butter, jam, and marmalade; they were also allowed to take their things along. The Germans sent them to the train unguarded. After boarding them into the wagons, the doors were bolted shut. Suddenly, trucks were driven up, the people were chased from the train into the trucks, they were sped off to the Petrikow Forest and shot to a man.

When they began the executions, a friend and myself decided to make a break for the woods. We were armed with two stilettos. That night, we ambushed a Ukrainian guard, bashed his skull in, and broke out. We hid at a Gentile's house—we knew him from the train station. We stayed in hiding for a long time—till March 24, 1944, when the Red Army came.

THAT NIGHT WE AMBUSHED A
UKRAINIAN GUARD, BASHED
HIS SKULL IN, AND BROKE
OUT.

Commander of the Kovno Partisans, Leib Solomon, from (right to left), and the leader of the ("Forward") Brigade, Tziko.



Eyewitness Testimony 39. The Taking of a Nazi Fortification

R. Born in Warsaw, worked there as a bookkeeper. Fled to Dereczyn, Baranowicze District, Poland, where he was overtaken by the German invasion of the USSR in June 1941. This document is a deposition, in Polish, for the Jewish Historical Commission in Poland in 1947. The witness tells of the bitter treachery the Nazis practiced against the Jews of Dereczyn and the sequence of *aktsyes* which culminated in the almost total extermination of the Jews, numbering over 3,000 people, on July 23, 1942. He continues.

The partisan activities in the woods which rose from the banks of the Szczara River, and also in the Lipiczańska Forest, started in March of 1942. The first partisan units were made up mostly of Soviet soldiers and officers who escaped from German captivity. The first Jews joined around May and June. We'd been in touch with them the whole time and knew which trails they used, more or less, so a group of us—my wife, too—joined up with them in July 1942. Our group was taken into Borys Bezręcki's "Golanska" unit. Our detachment consisted of twenty-seven people—we had eight machine guns. I was a second gunner, and my wife carried out the duties of nurse. We were the first Jews taken into this partisan unit. There's a shortage of men in our force—the whole unit numbered only 400 people, of them, about sixty are Jews. This was the same time Dr. [Yechiel] Atlas was forming his famous Jewish partisan brigade.

In the early days of September 1942, we carried out our first major operation: the taking of the gendarme precinct fortification in Dereczyn, which was manned by fifteen Germans and eighty Byelorussians. The battle started at four in the morning, and lasted three hours. All the roads leading to Dereczyn were blockaded by our people. The assault unit smashed the gendarme compound with hand

THE ASSAULT UNIT SMASHED
THE GENDARME COMPOUND
WITH HAND GRENADES, BUR-
NED DOWN THE DAIRY ANNEX
AND SET THE PRICINCT
FORTIFICATIONS ON FIRE.
ALL OF US - THE JEWS OF
DERECZYN - TOOK PART IN
THE ASSAULT.

grenades, burned down the dairy annex, and set the precinct fortifications on fire. All of us—the Jews of Dereczyn—took part in the assault. One of our group—the son of the town butcher—broke into the *Sonderführer's* quarters unarmed, did away with him, then led in all the other partisans, until the arsenal was captured. At the end, he was killed in an exchange of fire. The panic-stricken, fleeing Germans were picked off through the slot windows of the fortification. The results of the battle were: the fortification smashed, five Germans and eight Byelorussian gendarmes killed. We lost nine men, including four Jews.

After we took the Dereczyn precinct, the first major German counterattack was launched, during which our Golanska unit had to disperse. We splintered off into details of from two to four people, and took up new positions in the nearby woods. My wife and I, together with another friend from Warsaw, Yosif Veygmayster, headed for the Lipiczanska Forest where we joined [Hersh] Kaplinski's Jewish force. This unit had over 150 people and was reinforced by the Jews escaping from Zhetl.¹ They divided themselves up into three units. The first, into which me and my wife were taken and which saw the most combat, was headed by Pinyeh Green. These men were absolutely fearless and inspired us to battle—men like Pinyeh Green, Sholem Gerling, Khayim Slomka, Natan Funt, and others.

ABRAHAM and FRIDA SUCKEVER inmates in the Vilna Ghetto for over two years, arrived by a special plane, via Narocz wilderness, where they were Partisans. In 1944, they visited the Lithuanian Partisan Headquarters in the Soviet Capital. They reside in Israel.





Certificate of the Soviet Government, confirms that the soldier BENJAMIN BIRGER fell in Battle, January 27, 1945.

Eyewitness Testimony 41. Hershl Posesorski, the Partisan

A.I. Born in Warsaw in 1912; worked there as a salesman. Recorded by Duvid Graysdorf in 1948. The witness describes the liquidation of the Jewish community in Swierzeń Nowy on October 5, 1941, and then the conditions in the labor camp of the *Luftgaukommando Moskau-Krakau-Breslau*. He then goes on.

To escape, to save ourselves, to run off to the woods—this was something we thought about day and night. Different groups took opposing sides. The first faction, consisting of the local *shtetl* Jews—mainly the rich—said this: “We’ve learned from experience that *Lagerdirektor* Domino is a man of his word. If he says he won’t shoot us as long as we don’t try to escape, we can believe him. And since there’s nowhere to run to anyway—the partisans murder the Jews, just like the rest—we should stay in camp and wait for a miracle.”

The second faction, which had the support of the majority of the inmates, believed that escape was primary, but had to be timed right, so as many Jews as possible would get out: for the time being, contact must be made with those partisans who can lead us to safety. The third faction, made up a couple of dozen youths, said: “Go now! There’s no one and nothing to depend on, there’s no reason to wait! Don’t think of collective retaliation—just go!”

A German sergeant who was on guard—I forget his name—stood by while the Jews argued, and understood what was being said. He

called over a few people and told them: "I know how you feel. I'm a Viennese worker. The day I find out there's danger, I'll let you know." There were a few Germans who gave us their soup rations, and got us some potatoes off the peasant wagons.

There was a young Jew in the Stolpce Ghetto named Hershl Posesorski, a young man of about twenty-two from Warsaw-Praga.¹ He worked at a German labor site. He had to travel around with the Germans a lot and gained their trust. At the end of the summer of 1942, seeing what was becoming of the Jews, Posesorski took advantage of the right moment and made off with two German machine guns. It was said he left them a note on a table with these words: "What I'm doing might come as a shock to you, but I swear to you, when the war's over we'll meet again, and then you'll find out who owes what to whom!"² The tragedy is that Posesorski didn't survive the war, and couldn't settle this account with the Germans.

Posesorski's escape made a strong impression on the Germans. They looked high and low for him on the roads and railways, but couldn't find a trace.

Posesorski had a sister in our camp. She escaped from the Stoypts³ Ghetto during its liquidation and was an "illegal" among us. One of Posesorski's brothers-in-law, Zlotovitch, a carpenter from Warsaw, was also in camp. He was interned in the summer of 1942, after he, too, escaped from the Stoypts Ghetto.

While Posesorski was with the partisans, he could find no rest till he liberated the camp and freed his sister and brother-in-law. He was in "Zhukov's" Brigade. The commander of his platoon was Lyova Gilchik, a Jew from Kopyl, near Minsk, who distinguished himself by capturing enormous quantities of arms, including hundreds of rifles, for the partisans. He couldn't speak Yiddish, but helped Jews at every opportunity and always advanced our cause.

Posesorski reported to the battalion command and told them of a "proletarian force" in the Świerzeń Nowy labor camp, very suited for the partisan units. He explained how he planned to liberate the camp. After the strategy session, the command permitted Posesorski to bring out only those who were armed or able to bear arms. But Gilchik told Posesorski privately, "Don't listen to them. Bring out everyone you can."

In January 1943, the Russians reached Vyelike Łuki, RSFSR. The German defeat at Stalingrad was imminent. We knew the Germans were demoralized—we had to do something.

It was during this time Posesorski got approval to liberate the camp. He was assigned four partisans—three Jews, one Byelorussian. The winter was extremely harsh. Huge snowdrifts. Approach to the camp was almost impossible. There was also a heavily fortified German garrison guarding the town.

Posesorski was given an additional assignment by the Command:

*THE COMMANDER OF HIS
PLATOON WAS LYOVA GIL-
CHIK, A JEW FROM KOPYL,
NEAR MINSK, WHO DISTIN-
GUISHED HIMSELF BY CAP-
TURING ENORMOUS QUANTI-
TIES OF ARMS, INCLUDING
HUNDREDS OF RIFLES, FOR
THE PARTISANS.*

transmit certain instructions to the Byelorussian police to Stoypts who were in touch with the partisans. This was also extremely dangerous. It was about three kilometers from Sverzhne⁴ to Stoypts, but you had to cross a bridge over the Neman. There was a strict control at the bridge. We found out later that Posesorski also carried out this mission and had no trouble delivering the instructions.

The group didn't move as one formation, but each one separately. Posesorski was the only one with a revolver, the others had rifles. He left them in Yavishtche, about thirty kilometers from Sverzhne. On January 29, 1943, he walked into town alone. It was impossible to get into the camp—all the Jews were away at the labor sites. Germans and Ukrainians checked all traffic in and out at the wood factory. Despite all this security, Posesorski broke into the wood factory, rushed up to his brother-in-law, Zlotovitch, and the others, and called out: "*Hayom hares oylem!*"⁵ Today we free the camp!"

Posesorski sewed on the yellow patch and after work, returned to the camp with the whole column of laborers. He immediately contacted the activist cell. They were afraid of informers and decided not to give the plan away yet, but to prepare the mass breakout.

It was on a Friday. The Jews themselves would keep watch so that none of them escaped—the threat of collective retaliation terrified them. The watch was strictest *Shabbes* night into Sunday morning, when the Germans and Ukrainians were too drunk to guard the camp. But on Friday, the "self-watch" was relaxed. A bitter frost and a raging blizzard—no one would leave. Even the same, the "escape artists" looked too excited while getting their bread rations.

Posesorski couldn't be held back—he wanted to free everybody. He summoned the Jewish camp leader, Kazik Raykhman—a *lodzher*—and announced: "In the name of Zhukov's Partisan Brigade, I've come to free the camp. I'm informing you we're surrounded by partisans. I know there are some here who can sabotage our mission. As commandant, I warn you, if anyone tries to stop us—a bullet to the head!"

Raykhman was shocked and said: "This day will be decisive and historic. Not only will no one interfere—I'll go myself!"

Because of the weather, there were few guards watching the camp. Posesorski himself went forward, knocked out several boards in the wall, flung a plank down across the stream, and—the camp was open! He announced that the escape would take place exactly at five. Everyone was to proceed one at a time, without causing a commotion. Posesorski got away with about forty people. They had several rifles, quite a bit of ammunition, and were gone!

As soon as the inmates found out what happened, there was an upheaval. The entire young militant wing had broken out! To be free of the camp—is it possible?! Some tried to calm the inmates, but most



MAJ. MICHAL MINKER
participated in many Battles
on various fronts.

of us got ready to escape. We packed together small bundles in a hurry, and with these on our backs, headed for the hole Posesorski left us. Because of the frost, the guards were staying locked in their tower, and saw nothing. We put together a group of about fifty, women and old people, too, and got out.

The plank over the stream cracked. Our feet got wet and froze. We all had frostbite. Not knowing which way to turn in this unknown area, we finally realized we had circled through the snow and drifts, only to come back to the lye heaps in front of the paint factory. You can't imagine our desperation.

After some time had passed, the Germans finally realized the extent of the breakout. A volley of shots rang out. The blackness of the night was split by flashes of mortars and flares. We dropped our bundles and ran wildly. We were led by a young man from Swierzen who perished later—Velvl Klatchuk. We ran toward the village of Polyesna—we heard there were partisans there. The frost stung us but we were still drenched in sweat. By around eleven at night, we were still two kilometers from Pogoreloye,⁶ five kilometers from Polyesna. To pass through Pogoreloye was dangerous—there were many German and Byelorussian police stationed there. To avoid Pogoreloye, you had to add another eight kilometers through unknown land. We decided not to make any detours, but to risk going through the village, thinking there was less danger at night.

We were so disoriented, many of us still had the yellow patches on our clothes. We had no guns, just a hatchet. The group didn't break up, like we should have done. We were all holding each other as we walked, thinking that if we perish—then all together!

In the middle of the night, when we got close to Pogoreloye, we could see fires still burning in the peasants' huts. This could only mean danger! But we walked on. Suddenly, a man runs out of the first hut, yelling: "*Stoi!*" It turns out this is one of Posesorski's men. He was armed. His name was Itsik Portsovitch, the son of a Świerzeń baker, but he was killed later. Our spirits returned. I was now reunited with my brother-in-law. In the midst of these men, our hope knew no limits. Portsovitch sent me to the leader of their unit, Dr. Oferman, from Warsaw—he survived—to report our newly arrived group.

As we walked through the village I could see a lot of activity. Many sleds were being loaded for a long journey. People walked around in white parkas. Oferman told me to report to the Soviet commandant for instructions. He taught me to say these few words in Russian: "*Tovarishtch Komandir, razreshitye dolozhit, shestdesyat chelovek,*"⁷ and so on. Before I even got the words out of my mouth, the commandant threw his arms around me and roared: "Where have you been all this time!?" Everyone was thunderstruck. It turns out



Representatives of the Greek Jewish community in Israel.

Eli Yomtov, Yaacov Menu and Raoul Saporta, laying wreaths at the Monument of the Rebels in the Warsaw Ghetto on April, 1978.

Posesorski is a good friend of mine from Warsaw and knew me right away.

He gave orders immediately to have extra sleds drawn up for us. We were fed, and at one in the morning, we started our trek in the direction of Polyesna. We rested there for a while, took on other Jewish escapees from the camp, and moved on. At two in the morning, we were about ten kilometers from the old Polish-Soviet frontier. We traveled through a forest all night long, riding and walking, so we wouldn't freeze completely. Hershl Posesorski led the entire expedition.

Of the over 300 Jews who'd been inside the camp, almost all of them had gotten out. But some, seeing the harsh, unknown journey ahead, turned back. Some were shot during the Police pursuit. On *Shabbes* morning, the Germans counted under eighty Jews in the camp. One man, a driver from Łódź, told them the route we took. They jumped into their armored cars and chased us till Pogoreloye—they were scared to go any further. The eighty Jews were tortured sadistically, then taken outside of town on Sunday morning and shot. About 200 Jews from the camp reached the partisans. Over eighty have survived.

At daybreak, we reached a village on the former Soviet side. Peasants came out of their huts, and seeing over 100 Jews, they started crossing themselves. The peasants who came with us were given back their sleds here and sent back. We went ahead by foot. We walked to the village of Yavishche, known as "Little Moscow." The four partisans who came with Posesorski to free our camp were waiting there. To our great surprise, we saw the other partisans strutting around with their automatics, flirting with the girls. Our shock was beyond words. We were still humiliated and intimidated and thought to ourselves, "The Germans were able to take Sevastopol but not this place?!"

Lineup was called—the old *Appel* was now transformed into "*Postroyenye*." The officers reported to the commandant, "*Zadanye vipolnyeno*."⁸ We fell out of line and were then quartered in huts, two or three men to a hut. Our first order of the day was, where do we find something to eat? The old partisans reassured us and joked: the peasants already know the partisan menu—a partisan doesn't eat bread with milk, only *salo*, whiskey, butter, and plenty of it. The peasants understood this very well. We had breakfast, dried our clothes, and rested a while.

At exactly twelve noon, we marched out of Yavishche. We walked through the historic Lavay Forest. By nightfall, we had entered the village of Lavay. We rested there till late at night. Around 11 P.M., Posesorski came and informed us: "There's been a change of plan, get ready to move. We have information that the Germans are pursuing



SERG. HIRSH SHAVLOVITZ USHPULIS
Hero of the Soviet Union.

us, but it won't make any difference. No sleep tonight—we're off this minute!"

An hour later, we had gone by foot to the village of Latvina. We met many partisans there—they were mobilizing the village: all youth, all able-bodied men, must join the partisans. From Latvina, we took sleds and headed for the Polesye Woods. The danger passed, we felt safe.

On Sunday morning, January 31, 1943, we arrived in the village of Zhavolki. The people received us well. We ate, washed our clothes. Some weeks later, after we'd been long gone, a German retaliation squad, reinforced by Radianov's people,⁹ came into Zhavolki. They found out how hospitable Zhavolki had been to the escaped Jews. As a revenge, they massed together the whole village, young and old, babies and gray old men, ordered them all to drop to their knees, and shot every one of them.

Like always, Posesorski couldn't keep still on that Sunday we were in Zhavolki. He even saw to the first aid and called doctors from his old partisan units to come and care for the sick. He was unusually brave—always riding ahead on his horse to scout the ways—he trusted no one else with this kind of mission.

On Monday, we left Zhavolki for another village, and came upon something totally unexpected. Yermenko's battalion was stationed here. It was a big village. Soviet military leaders in dress uniform, large cannons positioned in front of the homes. We were very impressed, but our relief was short-lived—many partisans were staring at us with hate.

We continued on. Our most dangerous moment came when we had to cross the Warsaw-Moscow highway, a major road with heavy military traffic and under constant surveillance. Posesorski scouted out a crossing and brought all 140 Jews over to the other side under the nose of the Germans in their checkpoints.

We arrived at the spot assigned to us in the Polesye Forest. The peasants in the area were extremely poor, famished. We weren't greeted very enthusiastically. We met even higher Soviet commissars here. The commander was called Shustapalov. This is how he addressed us: "We've taken you into the partisan family. You'll be fed from partisan storehouses. Hand over all personal possessions, if not—death!" Anyone who still held on to something parted with it quickly. Inside the village, we were read tracts about the great German defeat at the Battle of Stalingrad.

We could tell the partisans here were hostile to us. We were quartered in the village for the time being—there was a shortage of bunkers in the forest. Sixty people from our group were led into the forest to build bunkers, the rest stayed in the village.

By February 5, 1943, our whole group was staying in the forest.



CAPT. YOEL BOLIVIAN
Hero of the Soviet Union.

It looked like a small city. Just passing into this zone made an impression on us. We were escorted in by an integrated unit—there were many Jews here—of the Marshal Zhukov Brigade. A Third Unit was formed out of our 140 people. The Soviet Jew Epshteyn, from Słuck, was commandant of this unit. He gave the Jews a lot of trouble—the complete opposite of Commandant Lyova Gilchik. This Gilchik found out I could sing a little. He always called me over and said: “*Spoi shsto nibud, shsto a khosid, shtobi vzyalo!*”¹⁰ He often forced me to sing when the other commandants were present, non-Jews. I didn’t like this, it embarrassed me. So this Gilchik then treated me to some genuine Russian “blessings” and I was forced to sing. I noticed for the most part that Soviet Jews had a particular longing for Khasidic, liturgical melodies. Whenever Lyova Gilchik had a free minute, he’d yell to me: “*Spoi khasidimlekh!*”¹¹

It was rare when we had any time to ourselves. On the sixth of February, 1943, the lookouts reported that the Germans were putting villages to fire off in the distance. We were all put on alert. In the morning—*Podyom!* We took no special precautions. But at nine, an alarm—“*Voruzhye!*” We fell into line, the weak were put on sleds—there were many among us with frostbitten limbs—and march!

The march took two months, with interruptions. Sometimes we rested two to three days, and sometimes two to three hours—whatever the situation demanded. The third platoon, the Jewish one, had a few guns. Food was supplied by those who were armed and involved great danger. This caused a lot of resentment among the partisans. They complained: “*Zachem eto tretya rota?*”¹² Girls, young wives—they should form a civilian zone and stay in the forest. Why do they drag along after us?” The Jewish unit often starved. Besides, we were in Polesya, where the peasant has suffered poverty and deprivation from time immemorial. The commandants also protested against the Third Unit, but they always sent us to do the heaviest, dirtiest labor, though we were all half-starved.

Posesorski heard the objections to our Third Unit. He couldn’t stand it and knew it would end badly if we didn’t arm ourselves fully. He asked the command for ten partisans to go and capture arms. They were released—including a woman, Fela Vaynberg, from Łódź, who perished in Gretska¹³ at the end of May 1943, while on a mission for the partisans. They all left to get guns in the Kopyl area. The mood of our unit improved, we were all sure Posesorski wouldn’t return empty-handed.

Our unit had many different encounters in the Maritchanka Forest. The local peasants were very hostile to partisans. Many times, they got partisans who came into their huts drunk on purpose, then called the Germans. Before Maritchanka, we walked from fifty to sixty kilometers without stopping, through swamps and marshland, hungry and cold. When we reached Maritchanka, we thought we’d be able



BORIS ZAMANSKI

Medal holder of various category, for his heroic combat activities on the Eastern front.

to rest for a couple of days. Famine was widespread. We got hold of some potatoes somewhere. We were so hungry, we couldn't wait to cook them, and swallowed them raw. We tried sending out some partisans from our Third Unit to find something to eat, but ambushes were set everywhere—the Germans or Byelorussians were just waiting for us. They couldn't enter any village and returned with empty hands and stomachs. Our hearts sank. The other units still had some food supplies, our unit—nothing. They used to give us one or two potatoes a day and we ate them raw.

One morning about ten, at the end of March 1943, while we stood in the forest, we heard a short burst of machine-gun fire. We paid it no special attention. It turned out the local peasants found traces of the partisans and informed the Germans. The peasants, with the Germans right behind them, got past the lookout posts unseen and closed in on the partisan base.

Suddenly we heard shooting right next to us. We dropped everything and ran for five or six kilometers through swamps and bogs. Luckily, no one was hit, but all we had left was what was on our backs.

After the ambush, the command decided that the issue of the Third Unit must be settled once and for all—this can't go on! The Germans came after us and even the armed units didn't fight, they just ran away. Yet all troubles were blamed on the Third Unit. It was said openly: "Send the Third Unit away, and let them arm themselves. If you find guns, come back. If not—go wherever the hell you want to!" Other units used to get guns in mixed groups, armed and unarmed, but the Third Unit was always sent out completely unarmed, to a certain death. We tried protesting but it was useless. The commandant of our unit, Epshteyn, treated us cold-bloodedly in this matter.

We set out in small groups, ten to fifteen men to a group. There were German and Byelorussian and Ukrainian police ambushes in every village. The Ukrainians had organized special squads at that time to fight the partisans. We had no clothes, we were barefoot and starving. They gave us eight potatoes for every man as our provisions for the road. We wandered in the direction of the Kopyl region. It was said there were most likely guns there. Long military convoys passed through the area all the time, and it was possible to pick up arms that had been scattered or buried. This was where Posesorski had headed, and we wanted to join up with his group.

We left the Maritchanka Forest on April 7, 1943. We received a pass—stamped and authorized—that no partisans should try and stop us. Though they didn't like it and protested and argued, they had no choice—it was an order from high up and it was good for a month. At the same time, the First Unit also left to get guns. They were told that even if they couldn't get any, they should come back—us, no.

The first group of thirty men left—we were unarmed, with no



SHIMON SONDAEK
saw war in Eastern Europe.
Resides in Israel.

battle experience, complete strangers to the area, and didn't know any of the roads. Danger lurked on all sides, and we still had to cross the Warsaw-Moscow highway. We hadn't had a bite of bread for two months. We gulped the few potatoes down raw, unsalted.

As soon as we were out of the forest, we split up into two groups, fifteen men to a group. The bravest one of us, Baba Vahnberg, a Łódź weaver, became our commander. The second group—as we found out later—were active in the Pinsk Forest. Some of them survived the war.

We reached a village. Vahnberg and another man named Berman—a teacher from Mołodeczno, Wilno District—went ahead to scout and we remained in the woods. They were gone for too long and we started to worry. We were relieved when the two came back. They hadn't seen any gendarmes in the village. We ran into the village and broke into the peasants' huts like madmen. We forced them to give us food—even bread to take back with us.

Vahnberg told us to keep moving at all costs. One of us, Rubinlikht, a loom operator from Warsaw, went into a hut to ask for some food. We waited a long time and he still hadn't come out. Vahnberg passed on these orders to us: "Rubinlikht has broken discipline. Don't wait—leave immediately!" After we walked a few hundred meters, we heard cries of "*Ratuystsy!*" We never saw Rubinlikht again.

We came to a small river. We crossed over to the other side on rafts as thin as moth wings, then entered the forest and found bunkers right away—some partisans had probably been here before us. We could tell by different signs that they'd just left. We found a bit of food, a grill, and decided to spend the night here. We made a communal meal and the night passed without incident. We stayed in the bunkers during the day. Suddenly, we see several armed men moving in on us. It turns out they're partisans! We talked things over, they showed us a nearby path—the truth is, though, the more dangerous one.

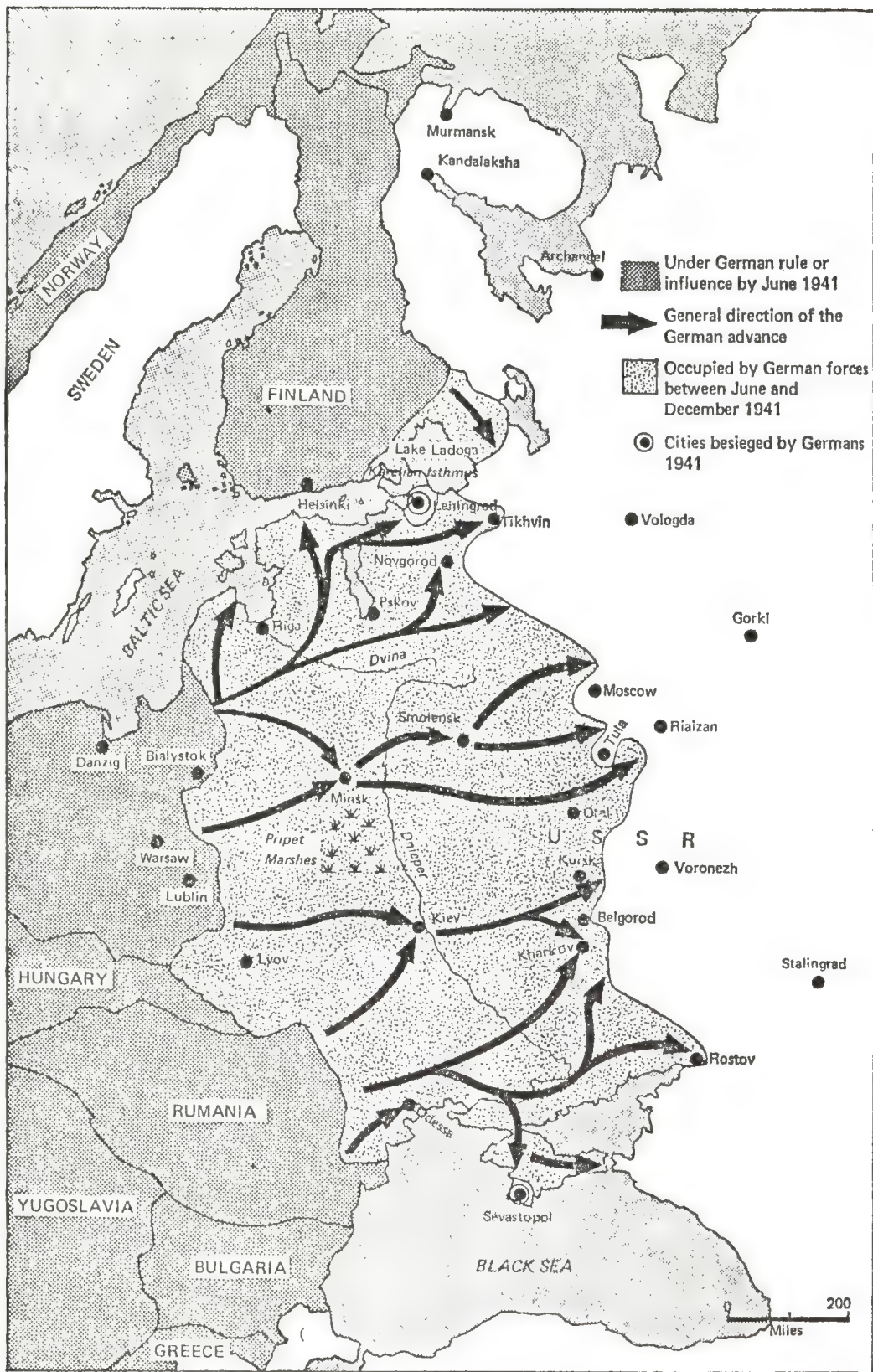
We started down the path in the evening. We had to wade through swamps in over our knees. The way took five days and nights, from the seventh to the twelfth of April, 1943. We managed to get food in every village, one way or another. Things had gotten better for us in this sense. We encountered all kinds of miracles. Once, Vahnberg went into a hut to find out if the area was safe. He burst back out, pale as a ghost—there are police right in the village! We ran where our feet carried us. Ten minutes later, we watched German and Byelorussian cavalry galloping through the woods.

We crossed into the Lavay Forest in the Kopyl region on the twelfth of April, 1943. This was a partisan zone by now. We were met by Jews. They broke the tragic news to us that Hershl Posesorski had been shot several days earlier by a Russian commandant. This is how it happened:



LEIB WOLKIN

saw war in the rank of the Soviet Army on various fronts in Eastern Europe.



The German Invasion of Russia, 1941

The unit commandant—Ananchenko¹⁴ was his name, a Ukrainian—noticed that Posesorski was using the machine gun he took from the Germans when he escaped. The group Ananchenko led was made up of Ukrainians. Many of them had served the Germans. In 1943, many Ukrainian police came over to the partisans. We recognized several guards from the labor-camp wood factory in this unit. Posesorski was extremely active in the Kopyl region. His heroic exploits were legend all over the countryside—to the peasants, he was known as “Hari.”

Ananchenko kept demanding that Posesorski hand over the machine gun. “*Eto komsostavskoye oruzhiye*,”¹⁵ he argued, “and you have no right to carry it—give it to me!” Posesorski didn’t give it up. Ananchenko threatened him: “Give up the machine gun or you’ll regret it!” Posesorski just laughed. People who were close to Posesorski toward the end said that Fela Vahnberg was partly responsible. Posesorski had grown very fond of her recently. She coaxed him into refusing to give it up—“He can’t do a thing to you,” she’d say to him.

One night—this was during the eighth to ninth of April—Ananchenko ordered Posesorski to come to a bunker in the Lavay Forest, and then categorically demanded the return of the machine gun. Posesorski refused. There was an exchange. Ananchenko suddenly drew his revolver and shot Posesorski down on the spot. He confiscated the machine gun for himself.

The nine Jewish partisans who had come here to the Pinsk Woods with Posesorski to look for arms dispersed now, fearing further shootings. We took up positions in Posesorski’s bunker. A group of friends brought him to his rest in the Grave of Fallen Partisans. After a while, his brother-in-law Zlotovitch arrived. He cut down a birch tree and sculpted a grave marker with this inscription: “Hershl Posesorski, fell by a murder’s bullet.”

The Soviet commandants tried to cover up the matter. A group of friends went to see Commandant Shustapalov and demanded the murderer’s punishment—that killer was still leading men! The commandant said now was not the time—there’d be enough time for punishment after Liberation. The only justice done was that we took the machine gun away from him.

You can imagine how we felt after all this. We lost the desire to accomplish what we came for—to get guns. It was hard. The peasants had stockpiles of guns, but demanded horses and watches in exchange. Without guns, it was impossible to get a thing. We had no problem with food here. The whole region was full of partisans. Stealing food from those cruel peasants without frightening them by gun was humiliating, but we had no choice.

Soon, fifteen more Jews from the Third Unit arrived. As the number of Jews grew, our mood improved. After a while, we saw there was no point in returning to the Pinsk Woods. The other partisans



SHIMON SNOWSKI

was a Partisan in the vicinity of Slonim. Fell in battle against the Germans.

didn't help us, they only left us to ourselves. The group of Ukrainians, the former guards at the wood factory, treated us much better than the others did—they were trying to make up for their past crimes, it seems.

The local peasants started calling us the "*Yevreytchiki byez oruzhiye*,"¹⁶ and gave up less and less to us. We even looked for guns at the bottom of lakes and rivers. We usually found only parts of guns—once, even parts of a machine gun. Paysekh Skalke, a carpenter from Warsaw, carved out the wooden parts of a gun. We got a strap from somewhere. I know—the gun had no lock, but we intimidated the peasants with it and it did its job. We even got ourselves new clothes, because we were walking around in rags.

The command then agreed to let us come along with the unit, but at the price of carrying out a dangerous mission—to set the wood factory at the Świerzeń Nowy labor camp on fire. In July of 1943, two of our group—Elie Mandelman, a weaver from Łódź who later perished at the front in the Red Army, and a man named Natek, I can't remember his family name anymore—carried out this operation. They broke into the wood factory and burned parts of it down. But after some time, the fire was put out.

Later, the whole Third Unit, headed by Epshteyn, left the Lavay Forest and came over to us.

Our group was made up only of Jews. It started out with fifty men, later seventy. The news spread that a large group of Jews was camped out in the forest and had plenty of food, and this rumor reached the command. We wanted to rejoin the partisans, but they wouldn't take us.

All of a sudden, there was upheaval—a German attack! The armed partisans scattered. There was no plan of defense, but we stayed behind. We hid out in the marshes. At dawn, we heard the rumbling of vehicles and a short volley of shots. We sent out a scouting party: it turned out there were only a few autos. The armed partisans had run away for no reason—they could have wiped them all out! The Germans took some animals away from the peasants and left.

We headed for the base camp of the partisans who had scattered and found what was for us a treasure: sacks of flour, barley, salt, bacon, furs. We lived off this for a long time.

In August of 1943, Lyova Gilchik came to us and said: "Comrades, we must organize, if not—we perish! The Command is against you. I'll take over the leadership."

The brigade commissar came to us and made a speech: "The Soviet people are being bled—help us fight! In the course of two months, you're to find arms. If not—we'll consider it sabotage. Get pitchforks, prongs, clubs. Kill the enemy! Steal his weapons!"

Mishke Oytser, a youth from Rovne, shouted: "What do we need



SERG. MOSHE MISHKIN
fought many battles in the
ranks of the Soviet Army
against the Germans.

guns for?! Someone we know had a gun"—he meant Posesorski—"and you shot him!!"

We started to organize, forming the so-called "Gilchika" group. We were part of the brigade named after Chapayev. The brigade consisted of several units: Zhukov Unit, Donayevo Unit, Shtorsa Unit, Ponamorenko Unit.¹⁷ These divisions were broken down into battalions, and the battalions into companies. The Gilchika Group consisted of two companies. The commandant of the first company was Mishke Oytser—he perished later in battle against the Germans. The commandant of the second company was Shmukler from Kletsk—he's alive. The overall command of the group was given to Gilchik.

Many Jews from Zhukov's division were forced to turn in their guns and were sent to our group. Our number grew to over 100 people. We tried getting guns, using any means we had to—we considered it our most important objective. In a brief period of time, most of the people in our company got guns. By now, we had over fifty rifles, two machine guns, three automatics. The brigade sent over some rifles dropped for the partisans from Soviet planes.

We carried out many diversionary operations, sawing down telegraph and telephone poles and cutting communications lines. We also blew up railroad tracks.

On the sixth of November, 1943, our group carried out a major operation. We burned down several bridges used by the German garrison in the Gretska area. The following day, we celebrated the anniversary of the October Revolution with the Shtorsa Division, who were positioned not far from us. On the morning after the festivities, a sudden reorganization was started. The brigade general staff—Commandant Shustapalov and the commandant of the Shtorsa Division—came for an inspection, and our whole group was ordered to fall into line while they addressed us: "Your group has our admiration—you've carried your missions out well, you've acquired arms. As of now, the group stands disbanded! Those with guns report immediately to the Shtorsa Unit. The others will be formed into a company of civilians under brigade supervision." The civilian company was formed and supported by the brigade—for a while.

We left the forest on November 15 to be quartered in the village huts. Partisan base camps ringed the area.

Our morale rose. Day after day, we went out on missions, operating along the Minsk-Slucsk highway. We carried out our last big offensive on June 19, 1944. We blew up a section of the Baranowicz-Slucsk railway for a distance of eight kilometers. The next day, we pinned the Germans down with a fierce attack. We killed many of them. Seven of our own partisans fell on that day.

On June 26, 1944, the Kopyl region was occupied by the Red Army. We were brought to Minsk and decorated. Many partisans were

WE CARRIED OUT MANY DIVERSIONARY OPERATIONS, SAWING DOWN TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE POLES AND CUTTING COMMUNICATIONS LINES. WE ALSO BLEW UP RAILROAD TRACKS.

THE NEXT DAY, WE PINNED THE GERMANS DOWN WITH A FIERCE ATTACK. WE KILLED MANY OF THEM. SEVEN OF OUR OWN PARTISANS FELL ON THAT DAY.

thrown straight into the Red Army and fell in droves in battles against the enemy. I want to mention several names now I still remember:

Yankiv Fishman—twenty-three years old, a Warsaw stocking-maker, alive.

Maza—from Stoypts, fell while with the partisans.¹⁸

Myetek Valonski—a Baranowicze mechanic, alive.

Yankiv Yakubovitch—a weaver from Łódź, alive.

I was inducted into the Red Army. On August 4, 1944, I was wounded near Raseynyay, Lithuania. In November of 1944, I was inducted into the Polish army. At the end of 1945, they demobilized me in Lublin.

Eyewitness Testimony 42. Jewish Partisans in the Bransk Woods

B.H. Born in Siedlce, Poland, in 1917; lived there. Recorded by Yankiv Fishman in New York, 1954. The witness talks briefly about the outbreak of the war and the Soviet evacuation of the city during which he, along with some thirty youths from the "*Ezras yisoyim*" (Orphan's Relief), was removed to Minsk. He was soon inducted into the Soviet army and later captured by the Germans. He continues.

On the thirtieth of April, 1942, we broke out—me and two other Jews and these five Poles. Wlodzio was our leader. Wlodzio was a young Jew from Warsaw. He was a student chemist. He was shot during the escape by a Ukrainian. We ran into the Bransk Woods and joined the Russian partisans. We heard that tens of thousands of Russian partisans were active in the Bransk Woods. The leader of all the groups here in the forest was General Srebrevkov. We were armed. I often heard soldiers say, "We should have attacked Gitler¹ first and torn him to pieces!"

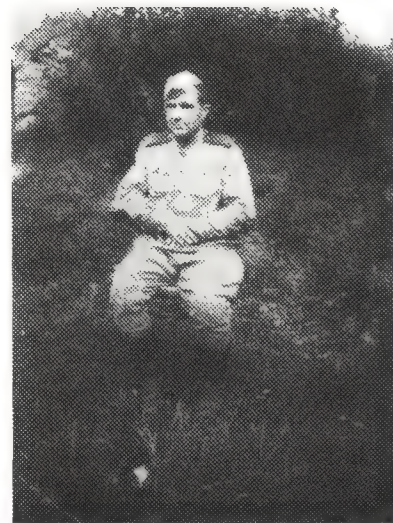
The Germans were completely tied down because of us. They were afraid to move. We dominated the whole Diatkov region from Diatkov to Orlov. We kept up constant pressure on the Germans. I belonged to the sapper commandos. I crawled under bridges and planted mines. We were followed by an inspection unit checking to see if we'd carried out our assignments. German trains crashed down off the banks or were smashed on the tracks. We captured tons of supplies headed for the front. I manned a machine gun and stopped the Germans from harvesting the wheat. They did the same when we tried to gather in the crops. Many fierce shooting exchanges broke out over these fields. We finally overran the village and secured the surrounding fields. I belonged to the assault group. There were seventy-five of us. We blew up the three German artillery pieces. A

*WE DOMINATED THE WHOLE
DIATKOV REGION FROM DIA-
TKOV TO ORLOV. WE KEPT
UP CONSTANT PRESSURE ON
THE GERMANS.*

German was killed and three were captured. The Germans tried to regroup around the village. The fight was to the death. I'm lying in a swamp, without food, and keep up constant fire against the Germans. I don't miss a shot. I can see I'm wiping them out. I lay in this position for five days without sleep. Many of us fell, but we killed much more on the German side. The peasants were with us. It was during this time a peasant accidentally led us astray while leading a group of ours, and was shot under suspicion of being a spy.

The battle to prevent a German encirclement of the Bransk Woods lasted till the major Russian offensive. The attack was launched with massive firepower. I receive a decoration from General Srebrevkov, the partisan leader. As a Polish citizen, I participate in the push on Poland. The offensive began in March 1944. By the sixteenth of September. I'm in Warsaw.² My assignment is to force Germans out of hiding. I capture them under the bridges. Germans are taken prisoner; Ukrainians and those who collaborated with the Germans are shot on the spot. This was an order.

At Jastrow-Landsberg in Bavaria, several Jewish and Russian soldiers and I liberated a transport of 400 Jewish girls, who were barefoot and almost naked. I was so shaken by their appearance, I was seized with tremors. The Germans, the ones who guarded them, had fled. The girls were in a pitiful state. Some muttered as if they were insane. We were enraged. We summoned the mayors of all the surrounding villages. We ordered them to see to the welfare of the girls. As we looked on, the transport was carried off by truck, and the girls were put up in abandoned German houses. I became close to one of the girls on the transport—she was from Wilno—and we were soon married. The wedding took place in 1946, in Landsberg.



SERG. R. MEYERZON
participated in many battles
on various fronts in Eastern
Europe.

Eyewitness Testimony 43. Jews and Poles Unite in Volhynia

M.V. Born in Tomaszów-Mazowiecki, Poland, in 1912; was a high school teacher there. This testimony, translated from the Polish original, was recorded in Landsberg, Bavaria, on April 10, 1946, as part of the depositions gathered by the Jewish Historical Commission of Poland.

This happened in 1943, when the Germans were staggering from their first big defeats. That was also the year Ukrainian nationalists became very active. They were convinced the time had come for a German withdrawal which would leave in its wake an independent Ukrainian national state upon the Ukrainian earth.

During this year, I was still in the Polish village of Kurdyban-

Warkowiecki, fifteen kilometers from the county capital of Dubno. The village was built on adjoining hills, and straddled the highway connecting Dubno with Rovno. The huts stretch on for a distance of two kilometers, with huge gaps from one to the other. Seventy percent of the inhabitants were Poles, the rest Czechs and Ukrainians. Until June 1941, when the German-Soviet war broke out, I was the principal of the local school, so the villagers weren't exceptionally hostile to me. This was how, in the terrible year of 1943 when the Jews in the Ukraine had long been exterminated, I was able to save myself through forged "Aryan" papers. I was also put up by different peasants, who, to tell the truth, did it with great reluctance. Besides me, twenty-two other Jews found refuge in the village, staying with two Czech farmers. Two Jews also stayed with Poles. Altogether, twenty-five Jews found hiding places in this village, and all of them survived till Liberation.

Every night of that whole year of 1943, the village faced great danger. As soon as night fell, a barrage of shots ripped through the village, and wherever the eye turned—fires. These were the Polish villages set ablaze by the *Banderovtsy* Ukrainian gangs. The Poles were shot and butchered.

Our village maintained a constant death watch, especially the Jews who were hiding here, because the end could come any second—if not at the hands of the Ukrainian gangs, then surely through betrayal by the Poles. For the Poles, there were the cities to flee to, but Jews—where could we run? Gradually, the village armed itself. The peasants had sixty rifles, twelve automatics, six heavy automatics, and up to 400 grenades in their possession. The Jews who stayed with Poles were also armed—including myself and two others—and sometimes, the Jews who stayed with the Czech farmers also got guns.

The attacks came at us in steady waves, but the tightly organized defense didn't break to let the brigands through. I took an active part in the defense. I also used to write proclamations for the peasants on organizing defense and I tried raising the combat morale of the defenders. I'll give you a copy of one of these proclamations. I've also preserved the originals.

The other armed Jews also kept watch at night and took part in the defense of the village. The attitude of Poles to Jews in this village was tolerant as long as they felt their own skins in danger.

For a whole year, practically, we never slept during the night. We were on constant alert. There were pitched battles many times and during one exchange, two people fell—the Pole Antek Wiezinski, and the Czech, Jorko Studenny. Similar bravery was shown by the fighting Jews alongside the Poles in the defense of the Polish village of Bortnica, eleven kilometers from Dubno. The bloodiest fighting in this village broke out on Christmas eve, December 25 [sic], 1943,



ANSHEL DELATICKI
was one of the organizers of
the Underground organization
in Slonim Ghetto.

which was only six weeks before the Red Army came. Fifteen Poles and eight Jews, all from Dubno, took part in this battle. This small unit held out in two houses against an invading force of 400 men. The battle lasted all night and ended tragically for the defenders after they used up all their ammunition. The eight Poles and two Jews were overrun and killed. The others got away and avoided falling into the hands of those savages. The strongest Jewish resistance was put up in defense of the Polish village of Panska Dolina, near the town of Młynów, Dubno County.

This village recruited 160 Polish combatants and had an autonomous Jewish strongpoint 1½ kilometers outside the village, by the wooded area. Kuna Gutenberg, born in Dubno in 1911, a painter by profession, told me the following facts about the defense of Panska Dolina:

The Jewish stronghold, which was part of a larger Polish one, was manned by fifty Jews, most of them heavily armed. The guns were gotten from the Poles by our liaison men. They requisitioned their own food. During attacks, the two groups united and defense was carefully coordinated. For the most part, the Jews were the first to fight off the marauders, since they also operated from the forests. The Poles built concrete trenches and had modern, low-caliber weapons and even machine guns. On a certain day in July, almost 3,000 rebels attacked, but the small number of Jews fought back with such fury that the Ukrainians fled in panic, leaving hordes of dead behind them on the battlefield—five wagonloads of corpses were filled, not counting those who had jumped into wells, and the wounded. But despite the vigorous organized defense, almost the whole village went up in smoke. The combatants didn't pull out, but lived to see the Red Army arrive.

A joint defense by Poles and Jews was also organized in the village of Zemówka, which was situated between the renegade Ukrainian villages of [names inaudible]. On the fourteenth of July, 1943, when everyone was out working at gathering the harvest, the village was suddenly put to the torch. I could go on about other battles where there was joint defense of Polish villages. . . .

JEWS FOUGHT BACK WITH SUCH FURY THAT THE UKRAINIANS FLED IN PANIC, LEAVING HORDES OF DEAD BEHIND THEM ON THE BATTLEFIELD - FIVE WAGONLOADS OF CORPSES WERE FILLED, NOT COUNTING THOSE WHO HAD JUMPED INTO WELLS, AND THE WOUNDED.

Eyewitness Testimony 44. Tunnel Escape from a Camp

Sh.S. Born April 19, 1929, in Iwanicz, Nowogrodek District, Poland. Recorded by the Jewish Historical Commission in the Hindenburg DP camp, Germany, in 1945. The witness gives a painstakingly detailed account of the unspeakable tortures and massacre of the Jews

in Iwanicze and its environs by the SS units and the Byelorussian police, resulting in a *selechtsye* where only the young and able-bodied remnants were sent into the Nowogródek Ghetto. The witness also brings to light an attack by partisans in the region, many of whom were Jews, upon a German battalion withdrawing after executing the old and the children in the Iwanicze Ghetto,¹ in which they wiped out every last German to a man. He tells then of the liquidation of the Nowogródek Ghetto twenty-two days into Ab, 1942,² during which over 5,000 Jews died, and of his successful attempt to escape the labor camp where the surviving remnants of the Jews were concentrated. He continues.

After the liquidation of the ghetto, a census was taken of the Jews in the labor camp. The counting was done in the morning before work and at night after work. They threatened that all Jews would be exterminated if even one Jew was missing from camp. This slowed down the steady flow of Jews who escaped to the forest.

Early in the morning of May 7, 1943, the census was closed by the *Judenreferent*, SS man Rauter, who announced that the Jews whose name he'd call, must report to the kitchen for bread, and the remainder remains as is. We knew right away this was going to end badly. Panic broke out among the remaining Jews.

In the crush, some managed to break into the kitchen through the side ways. After a delay of several minutes, the gate of the camp was flung open and large units of Byelorussians accompanied by SS detachments marched in. The people left out in the open were immediately surrounded and forced to run through the gates while they were beaten viciously. They were herded into a field a short distance from the fence, ordered to lie face down, then five at a time were dragged off to a pit dug for them and shot. Almost everyone tried to break free, but auxiliary police were positioned all around the field and picked the escapees off in a machine-gun crossfire. A woman named Samsonovitch was kicked by a policeman who ordered her to move, but she got up, straightened herself out, and gave him two such ringing slaps, that his snout was torn open and he was splattered from head to foot with blood. They shot her right away. Three hundred and fifty Jews were shot in that field.

The 250 of us in camp who survived—a scattered remnant—saw our last illusion of saving ourselves through labor collapse, and we decided to plan an escape to the partisans in the forest. We organized an assault unit. The Byelorussian police sold us some rifles and revolvers, and our plan was to shoot the guards once night fell, blow out the camp gate, and escape. The plan was criticized because the camp was situated in town and the shooting would be heard by everyone and this would give us away immediately. We made up a



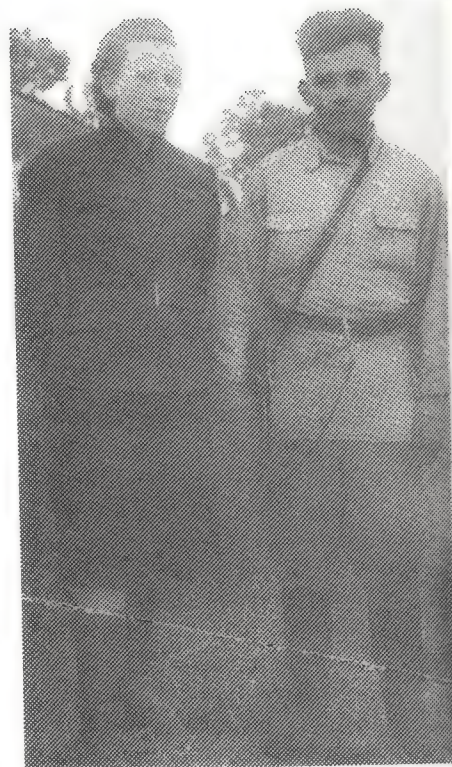
NIONIA ZIRINSKI
was an activist in the Slonim
Underground movement. Later on
fought many battles as a
Partisan.

second plan: When the guard changes and crisscrosses at a certain point, only a handful of sentries keep watch at the gate. They could be overpowered easily and we'd get the right passkey to open the gate through which everyone would escape. We got hold of a key and made a copy. We even smashed the gate open once, but some of our people were unprepared and we had to postpone the escape till later.

As we got up one morning a few days later, we saw that the camp had been reinforced by many SS units and extra police guards. The reason was that the partisans came during the night, attacked the Byelorussian police sentries, and dragged them off to the woods. Again we had to put off our plan of breaking through the gate and escaping.

Then they raised this towering pole topped by a huge searchlight which lit up the whole perimeter of the camp. They did this when it was learned that the partisans were ready to attack the camp and free us. But the young man from Nowogródek, Beril Yoselovitch, gave us the idea of digging an escape tunnel under the camp. Only a few dozen people knew the plan—only those we trusted completely and who were ready to make any sacrifice. We picked the farthest barrack to start digging in because it was right on the fence, and also because the most loyal people, the ones who knew the plan, were kept there.

The people were split up into units—some did the carpentry work, others the digging and getting rid of the earth. The people chosen to do this were those the Byelorussian workshop foremen watched over less because their absence wouldn't be immediately noticed. The same evening we drew up the plan, we started work. We dug a pit into the corner of the wall which bordered the fence and poured the earth into containers we carried up to the rafters. We dug two meters down, then we started digging in the direction of the fence, and here was where we had problems. Because of all the earth, the rafters started sagging and we were afraid the roof was going to cave in. Our plan would fail and the consequences would be unimaginable. We decided to make a routine request of the carpentry workshop foreman: since winter was coming and the barrack walls were weak, and there was such a big surplus of boards anyway, would he let us—after the day's work—reinforce the walls of the barrack? The foreman gave his permission. We got a double benefit out of it: first of all, we used the boards to support the roof of the tunnel, and we also decided to build fake walls into the barracks and pour the earth between them and the old walls. We needed a lot of manpower and skill to do this work. It was then decided that the people who worked on the digging steadily would get ten grams of bread from our daily ration and those who were in the workshops during the day would help digging for four hours at night. The work was done at a furious



ITCHE MISZELEWICZ and HANIA AKERMAN (from Lodz) as Partisans in the vicinity of Slonim.

Left: SONIA BUKSZTELSKI, FANIA WARSZAWCZYK, were Partisans in the Rudnicki forest. Sonia resides in Israel and Fania in the USA.



tempo. After we dug through about ten meters in length, there were new difficulties. The first was that it became impossible to carry the earth out in containers over such long distances. Then, we also had to have light and we had to use the searchlight illumination because the camp had no electricity.

Since Beril Yoselovitch was an electrician, he thought of a way to get us some light. When the guard changed, he busted the searchlight, then was called to do the repairs. He connected a wire to the searchlight pole and ran it the length of the fence and into the tunnel.

It was becoming dangerous and we had to get rid of the earth faster. The carpenters were asked to lay out wooden tracks the length of the tunnel and fix up a large loading cart. We nailed on some wheels, tied rope to the sides, and it rolled backward and forward smoothly, carrying out several cratefuls of earth at a time. Soon, most of the people found out about the tunnel and we dumped the earth out in other lofts. When the lofts started giving way from the weight, we took quilts, tore them up, and spread the feathers up there to hide the clumps of earth. The digging took over three months. The tunnel was more than 250 meters long. The exit was in the woods near the camp.

When the work was done, we passed the word around. There was a lot of opposition to the breakout. We called a gathering and forced a vote. A bare majority voted for escaping. We immediately picked a day and time for leaving the camp. It was also decided those with seniority would split up into two groups, one leaving before the other.

The days were rainy and windy. To cover our departure from all eyes and ears, we decided to wreck the searchlight again and to loosen the metal hoods over the perimeter fenceposts so their clanging from the wind would drown out our steps.

We succeeded 100 percent in everything. While we were leaving the camp, a small number of people decided to remain behind, claiming they didn't want to risk dying this way.³

The next morning, when we were already in the woods, we heard that at daybreak, armed SS units came into the camp, ordered to execute us. Fortunately, we were nowhere to be found.

In the headquarters of the
Lithuanian Division from right
Wetrin, Mogilnik, Koriski and
Lan.



Eyewitness Testimony 52. Jews in the Slovakian Resistance

K.K.H. Born in Olomouc, Moravia, Czechoslovakia, in 1924; lived there. Recorded by Dr. Kurt Weigel in Vienna in July 1947. After describing the conditions in his hometown when Slovakia became a satellite to Hitler, the witness continues.

In July, I was deported to the *Sammellager* at Zilina.¹ Fortunately, they stopped sending out further transports from the camp for four weeks, and during this time, I decided to escape. Three people from our camp were inducted into a labor battalion of from 500 to 600 men who were kept watch over by six overseers of the "Hlinka Guard."² I had informed my parents of my plan through a contact, and escaped. It took me a week to reach them.

The same day I got back, I took a train to Pressburg.³ The first thing I did was to report to a construction firm where I was employed as a Jewish assistant and got my work permit because of this. During this time, through the aid of a Slovak from Zilina who I learned was a Communist Party member, I made contact with the central committee of the Zionist Organization, which operated in Bratislava illegally. This was the end of 1942. We started putting together a plan for issuing forged documents. This was the time the deportations had slowed down, and we had a limited time to plan our actions.

I borrowed all the "Aryan" papers a Slovak acquaintance of mine had, and we brought him in on the conspiracy. We modeled all the personal documents we issued after these papers. At the same time, we heard that a liaison man for the Czech Resistance Movement was forging documents for the members who crossed into Slovakia. I was then introduced to a former Czech officer who was on the general staff of the Resistance Movement. The Resistance also had the co-

operation of an aid to the Bratislava police commissioner who got us police seals impossible to duplicate. This was when I became the liaison man between the Zionist Organization and the Czech Resistance Movement.

In the remaining time, we worked without stop at producing documents and we finished up papers for many people who were in danger.

No further transports were sent out until the start of September 1944, and we could work in relative peace. All this time, I was in constant contact with my parents. September 1944, was when the Slovak Uprising broke out. In the first days of the Uprising, I spent a week in Zilina as a courier, then left for the mountains near Srečno, five kilometers from Zilina, where I was told a Resistance unit was operating. From there, I was sent back to Bratislava to continue my work with the Resistance intelligence unit.

This was some of the work I did for the Resistance: I received bulletins in an envelope from a courier and passed them on to a second contact. These Slovaks knew I was a Jew. Both my parents' papers and my own were made out for "Aryans." I was legally registered with the police, but my personal profile folder was lifted from the files by our contact, so now the authorities knew nothing of my whereabouts or existence.

Another part of my work, and the most important for me, was the issuing of forged documents which saved between 1,000 and 1,500 Jews who were hidden in bunkers.

There were twelve of us young Jews assigned to live in separate sections of Bratislava. But we spent most days in my flat. Besides us, there were four other people, including a girl, who worked in the external affairs unit of the Resistance. We issued almost every forged document used at that time. . . . [A detailed description of the forgery process follows.] They were distributed by our couriers to Jews who were in danger. We received the addresses of these people through M. Dounan, the Swiss representative of the International Red Cross in Bratislava. The commander-in-chief of the whole group, Dr. Reves,⁴ took the finished documents from us and followed up on them. I personally never met the recipients of the documents. My work consisted of forging the original signatures and filling out the rest of the document. We used to get 1,000 Czech *kroner* a month to carry out the work.

It's been estimated that 1,000 people were saved from deportation thanks to our operation. Of all our couriers, three were shot and the girl was deported to Theresienstadt.

On April 4, 1945, we were liberated by the Russian army after a battle which lasted forty-eight hours.

[The witness has given me photographs of eight of his personal forged documents.—K.W.]

IN THE REMAINING TIME,
WE WORKED WITHOUT STOP
AT PRODUCING DOCUMENTS
AND WE FINISHED UP PAPER-
S FOR MANY PEOPLE WHO
WERE IN DANGER.

WE ISSUED ALMOST EVERY
FORGED DOCUMENT USED AT
THAT TIME...THEY WERE
DISTRIBUTED BY OUR COUR-
IERS TO JEWS WHO WERE IN
DANGER.

Eyewitness Testimony 53. Working in the Belgian Resistance

A.F. Born in Częstochowa, Poland, in 1898; emigrated to Belgium in 1920. Recorded by Yankiv Fishman in New York in 1954. The witness talks about the first decrees against the Jews of Belgium and the deportations in August 1942, when he lost his wife and children. He now speaks of this.

My wife was still stubborn and believed the Jews were safe. She had never seen Jews being rounded up and sent to concentration camps. In this sense, things went on as before. But I myself also didn't foresee the *Khorbn* like other Polish Jews. When the tragedy happened in August 1942, while the Jews were being caught in the streets and Jewish families were dragged out of their homes and taken to the camps inside Belgium itself to be transported later in closely watched trains to Poland, to Oświęcim,¹ just then I got a heart attack and was taken to the hospital. Because I was incapacitated, I begged my wife to take the children and find a hiding place somewhere. She put it off from day to day. This shattered me. I couldn't do anything for my family anymore. All I could do was tell them, beg them to be prepared for danger. It was no use. Four weeks after I was put in the hospital, my family was led away and interned in the transit-camp of Malines. After spending a few days there, they were taken to Oświęcim and killed.

When they no longer came to see me in the hospital, I knew tragedy had struck. I couldn't remain still. I wanted to return to the house. My condition only got worse this way and the doctor wouldn't let me leave the hospital yet. I remained hospitalized for another two long weeks. When I got back to my flat, I found it was empty. My family gone. All I found were their pictures.

I immediately went underground. I changed my name. Not A—F— anymore, but Charles Bayeury. I was drawn into working for the underground by the well-known editor, Marcel Gaspar Jacob. We knew each other well. I stayed in Liège, but, of course, in another flat and in another quarter of town. I grew a beard, typically French, and dressed differently from before. All that time, no one recognized me.

The aim of the group was—and we carried this out—to aid Jewish families in hiding. We got new passports for them and "Aryan" documents. We placed the old people in local old-age homes. And the orphans we put in orphanages. The Gentile townspeople helped us 90 percent of the times we asked them to. We were financed mostly by individuals—Jews and non-Jews—who gave us larger sums, and we also got money from robberies, expropriations, and ambushes. We

THE AIM OF THE GROUP WAS
- AND WE CARRIED THIS
OUT - TO AID JEWISH FAMILIES
IN HIDING.

stormed the post office a few times and got away with huge sums. Altogether, we confiscated and collected millions and millions of francs. We overran the office that issued food-ration cards for the people. In no case did anyone ever dare put up resistance. Once, we liberated sixty Russian POW's from a German camp. This was an amazing operation. I was part of it. Some of us dressed up as German officers. The prisoners were called out of a coal mine. Our disguised "Germans" presented authorization documents to the mines administration which called for the release of the Russian prisoners into our custody. They were handed over to us in an instant. And here they were being led through the town as free men. We hid them in a safe place. We got them a change of clothes and food for as long as the war lasted.

We rescued Allied parachutists who were shot down and prevented their falling into German hands. I participated in the rescue of four American fliers. It was hard for me to make myself understood. They spoke no French and none of us knew English. We watched the German fighter planes attack the American bombers. In the end, the American planes were shot down. The four young "boyes" hid in the middle of the field, scared to death. If they were found, they'd be shot for sure. A couple of minutes too late, and the Germans would have seen them and captured them. We were able to hide them out. We brought them clothes and food. They couldn't stop thanking us. I have the names of those four boys somewhere in my archives. After being in America for three and a half years, I still haven't gotten around to looking them up. It's very hard for someone like me to live in this country.

In January 1943, the Germans found out there were forty Jewish children in the children's home. The Germans used special methods against these Jewish orphans. Instead of grabbing them up or attacking them and kidnapping them as they usually did, they first sent round an announcement to the home's administration on this matter. We contacted the most respected and famous personalities—Gentiles—and urged them to protest. Word finally reached the old Queen and she made known her opposition to the Germans. The decree was called off. This children's home was located in Wiesenberg. My present wife was one of the directors there. She had informed me immediately when the German death notice arrived.

Germans caught me many times. But I was never suspected of being a Jew—all they tried to prove was that I was a member of the Underground. They surrounded me in the streets at gunpoint, frisked me for weapons or documents from the Underground. Never found any. The civilian secret police searched my flat many times. Interrogated me—who was I and what did I do? I knew every time they were whistling in the dark, that they didn't have any proof against

WE STORMED THE POST OFFICE A FEW TIMES AND GOT AWAY WITH HUGE SUMS. ALTOGETHER, WE CONFISCATED AND COLLECTED MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF FRANCS. WE OVERRAN THE OFFICE THAT ISSUED FOOD-RATION CARDS FOR THE PEOPLE. IN NO CASE DID ANYONE EVER DARE PUT UP RESISTANCE. ONCE, WE LIBERATED SIXTY RUSSIAN POW'S FROM A GERMAN CAMP. THIS WAS AN AMAZING OPERATION. I WAS PART OF IT. SOME OF US DRESSED UP AS GERMAN OFFICERS. THE PRISONERS WERE CALLED OUT OF A COAL MINE. OUR DISGUISED "GERMANS" PRESENTED AUTHORIZATION DOCUMENTS TO THE MINES ADMINISTRATION WHICH CALLED FOR THE RELEASE OF THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS INTO OUR CUSTODY.

me—all they had were suspicions. It lasted about an hour each time, and they always left my flat in ruins.

At the end of January 1943, the Germans put their plan against the French Jews into operation. They worked at lightning speed. After they issued the decree that all French Jews must liquidate their businesses, the final deportation of the French Jews began. Very few of them went into hiding. Practically all of them were led off to Oświęcim. The French Jews were completely overwhelmed and never considered hiding from the Germans for an instant.² According to reports we received from Oświęcim, the Polish Jews there had greater endurance than the French Jews from Belgium. By percent, more Polish Jews survived Oświęcim.

The group I belonged to in the Underground wasn't soft when it came to killing collaborationists who couldn't outdo themselves exposing Jews and handing them over to the Germans. Anyone betraying the Jews was paid 1,000 *francs* by the Germans.

In October 1944, the Americans occupied Belgium. The Germans retreated. There was dancing in the streets. Jews who had hidden for so long came out of their holes. But two months later, in December, the Germans started their counteroffensive on Belgium. Everyone fell into a panic. The despair was beyond words. For many reasons, it was now impossible to return to those hideouts, but hysteria was the main factor. It was heart-wrenching to see the Jews wandering the streets, crying and wringing their hands. There were even isolated instances of suicide. To our great fortune, this didn't last long. The American army delivered the death blow to Germany. The Germans were now completely annihilated. The Germans were no more. The Belgians celebrated in ecstasy. Captured Germans were paraded through the streets. Throngs of Jews drove them from behind as to a funeral.

THE GROUP I BELONGED TO
IN THE UNDERGROUND WAS
NOT SOFT WHEN IT CAME TO
KILLING COLLABORATION-
ISTS WHO COUDN'T OUTDO
THEMSELVES EXPOSING JEWS
AND HANDING THEM OVER TO
THE GERMANS.

Eyewitness Testimony 54. The Jewish Doctors of the Yugoslav Partisans

A.B. Born in Karlovac, Yugoslavia. Survived together with his family in the ranks of the Yugoslav partisans. Recorded in German by Kurt Weigel in Vienna in 1955. The witness tells of the attacks against Yugoslavian Jews, who were herded into labor camps. Exceptions were made for Jewish doctors and pharmacists (his father was a doctor), and he describes their escape to the partisans and the part they played in the battles against the Nazi Occupation Forces. He then continues.

In September 1944, our whole family, all that was left—my parents, my brother, and I—escaped and joined the partisans. With us was a renegade German corporal whose wife—she was Greek—urged him to get away together with us. The corporal was my father's patient and through him, we made contact with the partisans. My father immediately took over direction of the field hospital, and my brother and I were sent to Jajce, where there was a large military camp. I underwent an officers training course there, working first as a radio-telegraph operator, then heading a communications post.

The partisans worked closely with the Americans and English. During all of my activity with the partisans, hundreds of Germans were taken prisoner and done away with. As an officer, I wasn't obliged to participate in these executions. I doubt, though, that I could kill an unarmed man.

There were few Jews in the partisan ranks since it was almost impossible for the Jews locked up inside the camps to escape. But since the doctors and pharmacists hadn't been interned inside the camps directly, they were able, after a while, to make their way to the partisans. This was why almost the entire medical corps of the Yugoslav partisans was made up of Jews. Distinctions weren't made openly between Jews and non-Jews for the most part, and Tito's attitude to the Jews was officially favorable. . . .

[The witness recounts an episode involving American fliers who'd parachuted from their burning airplanes into the area of the partisan airstrip, "Sanski Mast," and how he and his group rescued them.—K.W.]

I took part in many campaigns and was decorated. Toward the end of the war, fierce battles raged everywhere, and the Germans suffered enormous losses. Many were taken prisoner. Those who were known arch-criminals were executed summarily. The others were held hostage and later exchanged because we usually got back ten partisans for one of them. The whole time I was with the partisans, I never heard from my parents and brother. I became extremely anxious about them because I'd seen what the Germans did with captured partisans. My brother's father-in-law was hanged in the year 1943 while imprisoned as a hostage.

On May 1, 1945, I became ill with spotted typhus and was sent to the hospital at Daurka Luka. It turned out that the director of the hospital was my father! This was the greatest moment of my life, seeing my father, who I didn't know was dead or alive. I stayed in the hospital for one and a half months and then went back to the front at Bosnia. The battles against the remnants of the "Ustasha"¹ dragged on till the beginning of 1946.

In December 1945, I was demobilized and returned to Banja Luka where I found my brother once again.

*THIS WAS WHY ALMOST THE
ENTIRE MEDICAL CORPS OF
THE YUGOSLAV PARTISANS
WAS MADE UP OF JEWS.*

Eyewitness Testimony 55. Children in the Forest

Y.L. Born in Bielica, Lida County, Poland, in 1933. Recorded by A. Yerushalmi in Tel Aviv, 1947. The young witness, who was nine to eleven years old during the events described, tells of the suffering of the Jews of Bielica. He was present during both the massacre of his hometown and the slaughter of the Jews of Zhetl (Zdzieciół). He goes on.

After that, a second massacre took place. I was separated from my parents, my brothers and sisters. I saw them no more. . . . My mother and two younger brothers and a smaller sister fell into the hands of the police. My father and another brother hid somewhere else. My grandfather and me lay in the cellar of our house. Suddenly, my grandfather went crazy and started screaming. One of the women in the cellar wanted to smother him. There was a big tumult. A Christian woman heard us and ran to tell the police. We knew we were doomed and broke out and scattered in different directions. I ran into the outhouse, crouched down into the waste, and stayed there all day. In the evening someone came up to the door and tried to pull it open. I held the door shut tight and didn't let him in. He was a Jew. . . . The Germans ran up, spun him around, and shot him right in front of the outhouse.

Late at night, we came out. There was me, nine years old, Yankiv Baron, nine years old, Sureh, his youngest sister, eleven years old, and a grown girl who broke away from us later. We ran past the guards and got on the road, heading toward the forest. Along the way, near Lipiczanska Puszcza,¹ I left the group for a while and a gendarme caught me. He sat me on the bars of his bike and drove me into the village where the police were. I begged the policeman the whole way to let me go, but it did no good. Then I yanked at the handlebars and the gendarme fell off and smashed his head. I ran back out of the village into the cornfields, then I found the road and joined up with the boy and his young sister again. Along the way, we were stopped by a *shaygitsl* who threatened he'd turn us in. He demanded [inaudible]. . . . I wanted to strangle him and throw him into the ditch, but the little girl gave up her shoes without complaining.

I went into a village where I found another boy. The two of us walked on to Dworzec.² As we came near the *besoylim*, we saw Germans digging up graves there. They were saying something about looking for gold. I went inside the ghetto. I was given food there. They put me into the orphanage. I stayed there three months. I found my twelve-year-old brother in Dworzec. During all this time, my

*I BEGGED THE POLICEMAN
THE WHOLE WAY TO LET ME
GO, BUT IT DID NO GOOD.
THEN I YANKED AT THE
HANDLEBARS AND THE GEN-
DARME FELL OFF AND SMA-
SHED HIS HEAD.*

father had been in the woods. He heard my brother and me were alive. He sent over a man who took us back to him.

The forest we were in was at Lipiczanska Puszcza. We stayed together as a family group. There were large partisan units all around us and they didn't bother us. There were fifty people in our families unit, including five children. We would get food from peasants we knew. A teacher, Lazar Meir, used to take care of the children. He was also able to buy guns for the group. One time, he left for the Lida Ghetto and came back with five Jews.

In the winter of 1943, fifteen other Jews and two children came to us. After that, still more and more people joined us. In the summer of 1943, the White Poles³ of the AKa attacked us. They captured a Jewish partisan of the Orliansk Brigade, Duvid-Hershl Meykl,⁴ a man of about fifty-five, and they murdered him.

For the time being, we had to cross into the Letaiskoje Boloto Forest⁵ from the Lipiczanska Puszcza. But the Germans came after us and attacked us here, too. They captured Basye Kraynovitch and her brother-in-law and shot them down with machine guns. From that time on, we didn't roam freely through the woods anymore, but sent scouts ahead.

Once, Kolodko, the village chieftain of Zaczepice, informed on us. We found out about it. We went to him, supposedly on a "courtesy call," and shot him dead. We avenged ourselves like this against five peasants who informed on us.

We were able to get a machine gun. Jewish partisans joined us and took up positions here. They were Elyuhi Bumel,⁶ Yitskhik Kovenski,⁷ and others.

In the summer of 1944, the forests were put under siege by 32,000 Germans and Ukrainians. Partisan units pulled back. We hid out in deep bunkers. The starvation during that time was horrible. We used to get a few beans a day to eat. This went on for fourteen days. There was room for five people in our bunker—fourteen people lay down there during the siege. As a camouflage, we dragged two dead horses over to cover the entrance. When the Germans moved through with their hounds, the dogs bolted back from the stench. But we suffered terribly from those worm-eaten carcasses. The worms crawled all over us and we choked on the stink of death. We fainted from the putrid air.

Another time, we heard cavalry riding past followed by infantry. We thought they were Germans. We crawled out and started to run. My father was the only one to stay behind in the bunker. The "Germans" got him out and wanted to know who he was and what he was doing here. He told them he was part of a partisan family unit. All they did was yell at him for keeping a fire lit, then they left. They were partisans like us.

ONCE, KOLODKO, THE VIL-
LAGE CHIEFTAIN OF ZACZE-
PICE, INFORMED ON US. WE
FOUND OUT ABOUT IT. WE
WENT TO HIM, SUPPOSEDLY
ON A "COURTESY CALL,"
AND SHOT HIM DEAD. WE
AVENGED OURSELVES LIKE
THIS AGAINST FIVE PEAS-
ANTS WHO INFORMED ON US.



Later, we moved to another part of the forest. We were led there by a member of our group, Yankl Molczadzki, who knew the whole region well. We waded through a swamp up to our necks. Some of us drowned. Molczadzki got us on a sand bank surrounded by water. We dug a bunker there. Afterwards, we made contact with Davidov's group which was made up only of Jews. They had a wireless over which they passed on information to the Russian command post. One time, a long German convoy was passing through our part of the woods. Davidov's radio operator gave their positions to headquarters and the Russian planes smashed every single vehicle and wiped out the whole transport.

Davidov's group had corn, and we got some to grind up with knives, and baked bread down in the bunkers the withdrawing partisans left behind.

Once, the Ukrainians went right past us. We hid in the bulrushes and they lost our tracks.

One time, while we were lying in the bunker, the air circulation was cut off so we had to lift up the top a bit. In an instant, two Ukrainians ran up and looked in under the lid. One of them even reached down and grabbed up a package belonging to a woman inside, but they didn't see all the people stretched out and packed so tight against each other down in the bunker because it was so dark. One of them even said: "Akh, shame I don't have a grenade on me, or a mine—I could have blown up this bunker!"

The children would wander around outside the bunker. Once, two boys—Yosif and Srulik, aged seven and eight—and two little girls, aged four and five, fell into the hands of the Ukrainians. They shot the little girls dead right away and took the boys in to the village gendarmes. The boys pleaded with the police to let them go. At that moment, grown-ups from our group passed by, and the boys started shouting: "See?! There go the adults!" The Ukrainians let go of the children and chased the grown-ups. The children got away and ran down into the bunker. Malke Shmulovitch^s fell into the Ukrainians' hands. They led her into the village, cut out strips of her flesh and poured salt into her wounds. She betrayed no one, though, and died heroically.

This is the way we suffered for such a long time. We always had knives ready at our sides, to take our own lives if we fell into the hands of the Ukrainians.

One day, Captain "Severny" Avreym Shereshevski came to see us to tell us the good news that the Red Army was near. I was the first one he met. I ran to tell the glad news to my people. I searched for them all day and finally found them. When I told them the joyous news they simply came back to life.

WE MADE CONTACT WITH
DAVIDOV'S GROUP WHICH
WAS MADE UP ONLY OF JEWS
THEY HAD A WIRELESS OVER
WHICH THEY PASSED ON IN-
FORMATION TO THE RUSSIAN
COMMAND POST. ONE TIME,
A LONG GERMAN CONVOY WAS
PASSING THROUGH OUR PART
OF THE WOODS. DAVIDOV'S
RADIO OPERATOR GAVE
THEIR POSITIONS TO HEAD-
QUARTERS AND THE RUSSIAN
PLANES SMASHED EVERY
SINGLE VEHICLE AND WIPED
OUT THE WHOLE TRANSPORT.

THEY LED HER INTO THE
VILLAGE, CUT OUT STRIPS
OF HER FLESH AND POURED
SALT INTO HER WOUNDS.
SHE BETRAYED NO ONE,
THOUGH, AND DIED HEROI-
CALLY.



Bread is given by peasants to Partisans on a clandestine rendezvous. Credit for this picture is given to the war photographer MIKHAIL TRAKHMAN.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE BOOK:

FOR THOSE I LOVED

Martin Gray
with Max Gallo

A Soviet officer at nineteen, Martin was decorated with the most prestigious orders of the Red Army: the Order of the Red Star, the Patriotic War Order, and the Alexander Nevski Order.



I crossed fields and forests, plunged into the snow, slept in barns. Like a fox I stole eggs and chickens; I followed the railway tracks, sold what I'd stolen to the signalmen at the crossings, since they didn't care particularly for the peasants. I stole bacon and bread and peasants chased me as far as the forest, ready to slaughter me like a pig. I lived on plunder and hope. Sometimes I'd work a few hours or a few days for peasants. Or I'd knock on doors, all innocence, muttering the ritual formula, "*Niech bedzie Pochwalony, Jesus-Christus, Bless you Lord.*"

And they'd reply, "*Na wieki, wiekow, Amen.*"

Then I'd sell them sacks of jute, precious in those days of scarcity, which I'd just stolen from the steps of their barn.

I met beasts with men's faces, and others who gave me bread and hospitality for the night, who risked their lives to shelter me from the snow and rain. Thanks to them I kept hoping. They talked to me about the partisans of the A.K., whom I already knew about, as well as of Jews who were somewhere in the great forest of ancient trees, so tall you couldn't even see their tops, in the vast forest which the Germans never entered and which stretched forever, south of Bialystok. I walked in the direction of that forest: the Puszcza Bialowieska. If Jews were fighting there, and if my father was alive, he'd be among them. I passed through the town of Lapy, and reached Bialystok: Jews were still living in the ghetto, blind, deaf, convinced, like those in Warsaw and Zambrow, that they were of use to the Germans, that they had a different status. I preached as at Zambrow. Sometimes young men listened to me when I said that we had to fight, to join the ma-



ETA WROBEL

was a Partisan in the vicinity of Lublin-Lukow and participated in many Battles against the Germans. Resides in the USA.

quis. Several knew the area where the Jewish partisans were hiding, but they didn't want to leave Bialystok. They weren't prepared for a sudden break in their lives; they weren't prepared to recognize that their choices had narrowed: to guerrilla warfare, or death in Treblinka with all the others.

Then I left Bialystok and headed for the Puszcza Bialowieska, finally reaching the tall trees that screened the sky. I walked on, stumbling into snow-covered potholes, whistling and singing Jewish songs, living on potatoes. Then one day I saw them advancing through the trees. I sang at the top of my voice in order to be recognized. There were a dozen of them, two or three with revolvers, living in huts made of branches, begging food from the peasants, hiding more often than they fought. We talked all night: *they* believed me. They stared at me, riveted, across the flames of the fire, and I could see the horror in their faces. I had to describe Treblinka over and over again. Then, as I finished, one of them, Isaac, a thin young man with a heavy black beard said, "Did you know that they fought in Warsaw, Mietek?"

Fought, in my city? I went over to Isaac, grabbed him by the shoulders and plied him with questions.

"They fought in the ghetto?"

Some peasants, returning from Warsaw, had told them about an uprising, a battle with the SS. That was all they knew. My father was *there*, I felt he was, I was sure of it, now. There, in our city. I couldn't sleep; I was nagged by the cold and above all by the urge to leave for Warsaw. Isaac wanted me to stay but how can you stop a river flowing to the sea? We embraced several times. In those few hours we'd become brothers and I was afraid for them. I knew they wouldn't be able to survive long like that, with no organization, no food, no arms. But they'd fight with their bare hands, I knew that, too. Goodbye, brothers. Our lives were full of goodbyes.

I left the great forest. One Sunday, with everyone at Mass, I entered a village, searched the houses, stole some food, and found, in one of those wooden boxes where peasants hid their money beneath their clothes, a Polish passport in the name of Lewandowsky, and a few banknotes. I ran with those possessions, without remorse. I was at war. I needed that money and passport to



BEN ZION LABINOWICZ
was in a group of 40 Partisans
in the vicinity of Kobrin,
Byelorussia. All of them fell
in Battle.

get to Warsaw. I took the night train at Hajnowka, climbing to the roof of a car, clinging, despite the ice, to the searingly cold metal. Once again I was in Bialystok, it must have been the end of January. They in the ghetto were afraid now. There was talk of the Warsaw uprising. Fear of reprisals here. A sense of the German grip tightening. I begged a little money, slept in cellars, altered the photograph and date of birth in the passport, and preached again, but I had only one overriding aim: not to get caught in the trap of the Bialystok ghetto, to reach Warsaw and to fight there. If my father was alive, he must know that I would return to Mila Street to avenge our people.

I left Bialystok just as the Germans were beginning the first "transfer" to the East. Bialystok's turn had come.

I took the train to Warsaw. The Germans got into my car at Lapy, checking suitcases and papers. Near me was a big leather bag. They opened it: full of bacon. I disowned it. But the other passengers disowned it too, and the Germans chose to take me to the *Kommandantur*. The soldier walked along beside me, unconcerned, untroubled; what was a little black marketeer? In a deserted street I gave him a kick in the belly, then another, leaving him bent double, hit him again, then tore away. At the end of the street I ran into a Polish couple, who must have witnessed my assault.

What makes you trust people?

"This way," called the man.

I followed them back to their place; we talked over tiny glasses of vodka. I talked first. I'd been right to trust them: the young woman wept hearing me describe Treblinka. The man shook his head, resting his fists on the table.

"To go to Warsaw," he said simply, "there's the frontier of the Bug. On one side occupied territory, on the other the general government of Poland. And nearby, Treblinka. Checkposts everywhere. Better head south, towards Bielsk Podlaski, then towards Siedlce. You can slip through that way."

The young woman wiped her eyes.

"We know all about the trains," she said with a smile, "we're couriers for the *Armia Krajowa*."

We drank on.

*IN A DESERTED STREET I
GAVE HIM A KICK IN THE
BELLY, THEN ANOTHER,
LEAVING HIM BENT DOUBLE,
HIT HIM AGAIN, THEN TORE
AWAY.*

"You can help us a lot," said the man.

I wanted to get to Warsaw, soon, at any cost, but they advised caution. Their area was being closely watched. I stayed three days in their apartment, then we left for Brzesc. There I saw real fighters, I learned what it was to be an officer responsible for the lives of a group of men, who has to make decisions on his own. I learned that war was tough. The young woman shyly confided to me.

"Don't let on you're a Jew. It's our secret, between us. The A.K. men hate Jews as much as Germans. But we need them to fight the Germans."

They fought well against the butchers. I met Captain Paczkowski, known as Wania; and Mieczyslaw, known as Bocian. They gave me my first weapon, a heavy Colt. At last, at last I was to fight. I still wanted to leave for Warsaw, but I also wanted to learn how to make war, to fight better alongside my people.

Captain Wania and I walked along frozen rivers, crawled through forests, put explosives on railway tracks and sawed through telegraph poles. Then we were captured. Once again I escaped, jumping off the truck taking us to the prison in Pinsk. I had to hole up in Brzesc, switch hiding places, hang around and postpone my return to Warsaw so as to take part in the liberation of Captain Wania organized by Jan Ponury.

Jan had come from Warsaw. He was a born leader, one of those men who wear their nobility and their courage in their faces. I told Jan I was a Jew. I described Treblinka. He listened to me with clenched fists, too. He'd parachuted in with Wania, sent from London by the Polish government-in-exile: he had not realized the scope of the exterminations. He, too, advised me to conceal my origins. I realized that I couldn't stay in the Armia Krajowa: I wanted to move out into the open, for my people, with my people. Wania's liberation was my last operation with the A.K. We planned the attack on the prison in Pinsk with Jan. For the first time I ceased to be a fugitive and became a hunter, an observer, a fighter, noting the movements of guards; knowing that on a given signal we were going to shoot the sentries I was watching.



MORDECHAI CHAJMAN
was a commander in the "Bulayev" Brigade in the Minsk-Bobroisk vicinity. Fought many battles. Decorated with the Medal "War for the Fatherland" settled in Israel after the war. Passed away in 1960.

We drove up in front of the prison. One of us, dressed in SS uniform, gave the order to open the gates. We leaped out, slit the throats of the soldiers on guard, and opened the other door. Jan Ponury gave us our commands by whistle. We spoke no Polish, giving the impression that we were Soviet partisans, to avoid reprisals. We smashed the doors of cells and the prisoners rushed along the galleries towards our trucks. We were giving them back their lives. What a joy to triumph, to let our battle cry ring out, to begin the age of revenge at last!

We freed Wania, tortured, wounded, but alive. From the Armia Krajowa I learned how to handle arms and something of war. Now, I'd paid my debt. I could leave.

I drank with Jan Ponury, to our friendship, to our struggle. He was a soldier building his army with whatever men he could find; so what if there were anti-Semites among them! After the war he'd have to build another Poland. We drank. I was from the Warsaw ghetto. I'd left Rivka, my mother and my brothers in Treblinka, Sonia in Zambrow, so many others in the yellow sand. If my father lived, he'd be in Warsaw where our people had already fought. My place was there. With my people.

"Go on, Mietek, go on. You're right. You must never hide your colors, what you are."

We embraced.

Two days later I was in Warsaw.

WE DROVE UP IN FRONT OF THE PRISON. ONE OF US, DRESSED IN SS UNIFORM, GAVE THE ORDER TO OPEN THE GATES. WE LEAPED OUT, SLIT THE THROATS OF THE SOLDIERS ON GUARD, AND OPENED THE OTHER DOOR.



A group of Jewish Soldiers of the Polish Anderson Army in Barri, Italy in 1944.

Our Lives Had the Resistance of Stone

MY city, my streets, my past: there were the East Station, Praga, the market where I had sold gloves, streets I had run down. And the Vistula, Poniatowski bridge, the quays, Laidak the cat. And Zofia, squeezing her hand: it was all centuries ago, another life. A streetcar went by. I wandered slowly; everything was going along normally. Was it possible, during the centuries that had passed, everyday men and women had quietly begun another day: work, meals, children, love?

Everything became gray and blurred. I was in a sad, embittered mood. I felt the injustice, selfishness, indifference and ignorance around me. The streets of Warsaw, the passersby, the waters of the Vistula and the stones in the bridge; the whole city proclaimed my loneliness. What were *we* to those strollers, those playing children? Nothing! We didn't exist, my mother, my brothers, Rivka, Sonia, Zofia; and you, too, orator from Zambrow, dead in the snow. And you, dentist with skillful hands at the bottom of your grave; and you, my brothers covered in yellow sand. This indifference, this self-absorption were killing you for a second time, burying you deeper than at Treblinka. In New York or even farther away, who could know? Who? Or care.

I crossed the Vistula and roamed the city, almost like old times. Before approaching the ghetto I wanted to get the feel of life in Warsaw. I wandered all the way down Długa Street to the white-fronted Gogolewski cake shop, then to the café where the gang used to meet. I went in: there was another Yadia, similar to the



JULIAN EIZENMAN-KANIEWSKI was a Partisan commander in Radom. He was apprehended by the Germans and imprisoned. His comrades freed him from prison, by beating up the police guard and killed some Gendarme men. Later on he took revenge in full measure. On his account can be added many achievements: Blowing up locomotives with German Army men, destroying Post offices and Factories, who worked for the war machine. He survived.

one I'd known, full breasts and a ready laugh, broad hips; men who looked like Pila the Saw, Brigitki the Card and Zamek the Wise were catching her by the waist. I drank a glass of vodka, listening to the laughter, the bursts of conversation: around the tables they were talking about "cats" and "Bedouins" who had gone to ground on the Aryan side and whom they were going to hold for ransom. Laughter. Other *Schmaltzowniki*, those who were growing fat on our blood, had taken over from Dziobak the Pox, Mietek the Giant, Rudy the Red, Ptaszek the Bird. Selfishness, indifference and cowardice: the butchers still had allies, the dark side of man which can transform him into a beast.

I left, crossed Krasinski Gardens, and went down Swientojerska Street, then Nalewki, slipping back into my hoodlum's swagger to mislead the gangs on the lookout for Bedouins and to deceive the Blues, Ukrainians and Germans still at the foot of the wall.

But their very presence excited me: it proved that the ghetto was still alive, that my father could be there too. We *had* to come back, to proclaim our survival and ignite a beacon in the heart of Warsaw so that *they* would know we were living; so that the world would learn that we were being slaughtered. Fight and fight again: I was more than ever convinced that this was our only way to survive, to save our people, those covered in yellow sand, in oblivion, forever. Our only way to bring them back to life again.

I went back to Praga and knocked on Mokotow the Tomb's door. I trusted him. Nobody. I waited, hiding in a cellar, knocked again. It was his sister, Marie. She looked at me. Not recognizing me, I felt she was racking her brains, hoping my name was about to float up from the depths.

"Mietek, I'm Mietek the Snip."

She gasped, then put out her hand and gently stroked my face.

"Mietek, Mietek, you're so thin."

She stared at me, reading from my features, my skin, the centuries through which I'd traveled.

"You're alive."

She made me sit down, gave me food, then, as she walked around me, stroked my hair, my face and my shoulders.



YAKOV PEKER

was with the "Zorin" brigade.

Distinguished himself in
actions against the enemy.

Just before liberation fell in
Battle.



In the picture are a group of fighters that belonged to the Second Battalion of the Lithuanian Division, that fought on various fronts from 1943-44.

Later they were chosen to attend a Special Sabotage Detachment in the region of Balachna, near the city Gorki, where they were trained for Sabotage missions and participated in actions in the hinterland of the enemy.

Here are the names of some of the Jewish Fighters: First row, from right to left: Garber; Grossman (resides probably in Canada); Port; Swirski.

The second row, from left: The girl Katasonof. The third row, from right: The 3rd among the girls is Chaya Lifshitz, who works in Yad Vashem, in Jerusalem.

She was on the staff of the Original Black Book in the Soviet Union, after the war and was one of the editors of the new edition of the Black Book that was published in Yiddish in Israel in 1984.

Next is Nechama Brzezinski, resides in the USA.; Chania; and Yankiel Lewitz, who was an instructor in the Partisan school. He resides in Vilna. The fourth row, from left: Standing is a Jewish fighter, who resides in Israel.

Chaya Lifshitz loaned me the picture from her private album.



Geheim!

AML. Nr.

Nr. 2402/428

Minsk, am 31. Juli 1942

Der Generalkommissar
für Weissruthenien

Herrn

Reichskommissar für das Ostland

Gauleiter Hinrich Lohse

Abtlg. Sanleiter/G. 507/429

(Bei Beantwortung unbedingt anzugeben!)

Der Reichskommissar für das Ostland
Tgb. Nr. 1122/429

Geheime Reichssache!

Signa

Reichskommissar
Ostland
7. VIII. 42
Hauptabt

Betreff: Partisanenbekämpfung und Judenaktion
im Generalbezirk Weissruthenien.

Bei allen Zusammenstößen mit Partisanen in Weissruthenien hat es sich herausgestellt, daß das Judentum sowohl im ehemals polnischen wie auch im ehemals sowjetischen Teil des Generalbezirks zusammen mit der polnischen Widerstandsbewegung im Osten und den Bolschewiken Moskau im Osten Hauptträger der Partisanenbewegung ist.

Translation: "In all clashes with partisans in White Russia it turned out that both in the former Polish and in the former Soviet parts of the General District, Jews, together with the Polish resistance movement in the West and the Red Army men in the East are the main carriers of the partisan movement."

A small part of an official secret letter from General Commissar Wilhelm Kube, who was later assassinated by a Jewish Partisan.



THE UPRISING OF THE WARSAW GHETTO (APRIL 19 TO MAY 8, 1943)

● Bunkers

← Attacks by the insurgents

⇐ Advance routes of the German troops

18 Mila Street: Mordekai Anielewicz's command bunker

23 Mila Street: Martin Gray's home

"Tell me all about it, Mietek."

I shook my head. I hadn't the strength to face my dead, here, with her.

"More than you can ever know or imagine. All murdered. All my people. Tell me about you."

Mokotow was working as a truck driver and had joined the Armia Ludowa, the partisans' popular army. Maria began searching through piles of linen in a cupboard. She brought out a small, badly printed newspaper: *Głos Warszawy*, organ of the P.P.R., the Polish workers' party.

"I handle distribution, Mietek."

I didn't hear Mokotow return. I felt his heavy hands on my shoulders.

"I knew you'd be here one day, Mietek."

We embraced. We hadn't seen each other for months but Mokotow, once the scourge of the Bedouins, was now a militant worker. He sat down in front of me and we took a good look at each other.

"Have you come far, Mietek?"

"Far."

He poured me a glass of vodka.

"But not for nothing. Your people are fighting now. They've become lions."

My father was there, I was sure, sure. Yes, we were alive, yes, men would triumph over the beasts, just as Mokotow the Tomb's darker half had been cast aside.

"It started in January. They attacked the Germans with boiling water, boiling oil, stones and bottles, and weapons, too. There are so few."

I was drinking but the warmth I felt wasn't alcohol. At last, at last our battle cry was ringing out.

"It happened near your place in Mila Street, in your area, Mietek. The Germans ran, stopped the deportations. There's been shooting every day."

I got up.

"I'm sure my father's there."

Saying it out loud for the first time made me doubly convinced.

YOUR PEOPLE ARE FIGHTING
NOW. THEY'VE BECOME
LIONS.

"I'm going there, Mokotow, now."

He advised caution. The streets were full of blackmailers, denouncers. They hounded anyone who looked suspicious, robbed and killed. When a Jewish family managed to find rooms on the Aryan side, for twenty or thirty thousand zlotys, gang after gang held them for ransom.

"Jackals! Vampires! They give addresses to each other and share profits. Then, when they've squeezed the orange, they denounce them and collect a reward. That's it, Mietek."

He dismissed them with a wave of his hand.

"And the others, Pila the Saw, Dziobak . . ."

"A band of jackals."

Marie came up to me and caught me by the shoulder.

"Stay here, Mietek. You can fight with Mokotow, join the Armia Ludowa, if you like."

But Mokotow already had his cap on.

"When you've come from where you have, Mietek, it must be hard to wait."

I kissed Marie, drank a final glass of vodka. Mokotow and I took the street to the ghetto.

"Every evening some of the *Placowkarze* come back down Leszno Street. You can try them."

Several times, in the old days, I'd slipped in among the Jews returning home from working outside the ghetto in the daytime: the guards didn't check very closely. Who'd be crazy enough to return to a prison if he didn't have to?

Mokotow and I went along Leszno Street, formerly one of the main streets of the ghetto, now one of its frontiers. The buildings in Grzybowska Street, Krochmalna and Ogrodowa were empty; their inhabitants had filled the cattle cars at the *Umschlagplatz*, then the graves at Treblinka.

A column of Jewish laborers, escorted by German soldiers, was moving down Zelazna Street. I noted the hollow cheeks, bowed backs and ragged clothes of the *Placowkarze*. I embraced Mokotow.

"Good luck, Mietek."

The column halted in front of the entrance to the ghetto. A



ZWI POSESORSKI

was a member in the pre-war "Zukunft." He was a heroic Partisan. Thanks to his activities rescued many Jews. He obtained quantities of weapons. Fell in Battle in Polesia, Ukraine.

few Poles were there, idlers, thugs, Bedouin hunters. I rushed forward and my people closed around me, stooped, looking at the ground; a meek slave. The column set off again through the gate. I was home, back in the ghetto.

It was empty, deserted, anemic, languishing but still alive.

The column of laborers was joined by workers from Toebebens and Schultz, then at Nowolipki Street everyone dispersed. The streets emptied, everyone vanished into the dusk, without a sound, into the silence of a deserted town. I ran. I recognized the cobbles, the doors. I was journeying through my past as if it were a stage from which the actors had disappeared. At the corner of Dzielna Street, lay a group of young men in wait. They accosted the workers, handing them leaflets which some refused but others stuffed into their pockets. They gave me one. Even before I could speak to them they scattered. I went into a courtyard and read the text. It was wholesome bread; clear water; a transfusion of blood:

Zydowska Organizacja Bojowa
Jewish Fighting Organization

Jews! The German bandits will not leave you in peace long. Gather around the standards of resistance. Take shelter, hide your women and children, and join, with whatever means you have, the fight against the Nazi butchers. The Jewish Fighting Organization counts on your wholehearted support, moral as well as material. WARSAW GHETTO, 3 MARCH 1943. MAJOR, J.F.O.

JEWS! THE GERMAN BANDITS
WILL NOT LEAVE YOU IN
PEACE LONG. GATHER A
ROUND THE STANDARDS OF
RESISTANCE. TAKE SHELTER,
HIDE YOUR WOMEN AND CHILD-
REN, AND JOIN, WITH
WHATEVER MEANS YOU HAVE,
THE FIGHT AGAINST THE
NAZI BUTCHERS.

I kissed the crumpled paper and ran through the streets: I went to meet them, I went to meet *him*. The only place he could be was among the fighters. Like me, my father who had set me his example, who, from the very start, when we used to walk through Krasinski Gardens, had known what the Germans had in store for us. That text was his voice, mine too, which had been pleading in Zambrow and in Bialystok for weeks to no avail.

The streets seemed empty; but the farther I went the more my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and the better I could see heavily laden figures, stooping under sacks and boards, running from one street to the next. I went back down Zamenhofa. I soon reached the corner of Gesia: every foot was familiar, the front of

every house was still the same, here the columns had formed up for the *Umschlagplatz*. Mother, brothers, Rivka, Pola and you too, Pavel, Pavel of the night before you abdicated, here was the heart of my life, here I'd killed, these were my rooftops, here I held you against me, Rivka, here was the heart of my already distant life, here Dr. Celmajster's daughter screamed out, and here on these rooftops David put his arms around my shoulders and said, "They took your father yesterday. There was nothing we could do." Here was the heart of my cruel life. I stopped at the corner of Mila and Zamenhofa, I looked at the window as if my mother might have been there, stretching her arms towards me, her frail arms, hope and fear, her hand giving a small, shy wave. I could see her eyes dim with sorrow and anguish. I'd never forgive them for my mother. Never. I walked down Mila, entering it as if it were a dark cave. I climbed the stairs of No. 23.

I stopped, sat down, shadows flitted past, grazed me. In the courtyard, a sound of hammering; I could hear tools clinking on the ground, sawing noises. I went down again into the yard; over by Kupiecka Street a group of men was digging and paving. They'd formed a chain and were passing sacks, buckets and planks.

"Don't just watch, give us a hand."

The man was holding a heavy piece of timber and pointing to the other end. I took it and worked with the group till dawn: the idea was to build two bunkers facing Kupiecka Street, communicating, by means of a number of tunnels, with the courtyards in Mila Street. I worked and worked, unaware of time, forgetting where I'd come from; as did all the others, working like me, frenziedly, as if the Germans were arriving that morning, as if the fates of all our people depended on that bunker. It was true, the fates of our people did depend on the bunker and all the others being built in every street of the ghetto, islets of resistance and survival, a ghetto beneath the ghetto.

Dawn came, soft, pale blue. Two figures crossed the yard in our direction. They were moving slowly. The men stopped working and gathered around them. I put down my saw and joined the group. One of the two men spoke.

"These bunkers, comrades, are like our heart, our life. It's not



GEDALIA MENCHES

worked for the SS as a tailor in the township Stoibtz. He was a member of the Underground and participated in their activities. After the Germans discovered that he was connected with the underground he was sentenced by the Germans and hanged. His father who at that time was imprisoned with his son, hearing of his death committed suicide.

He hanged himself.

just for us, but for the world, they must know. With these bunkers, it's up to us to hold on, hold on for a week, so our voice can be heard, down the centuries."

I knew the urgent, metallic quality of that voice. I went up closer. Behind the speaker I saw a gray-haired man, his head drooping as if with tiredness, a tall man with his hands behind his back. I went even closer, jostling a girl out of the way: she swore at me, he turned around. He was alive.

We were like one person, arms entwined, chest to chest: his beard against my cheeks, like old times in Senatorska Street. I drank his salty tears and mine flowed onto his hands as they clasped my face. Where were we? Why the war, the ghetto, Treblinka, why man's folly, the savagery of the beasts with men's faces, why, Father, Father, Father, why those graves, those dead children, when there is such joy in feeling your hands, in finding your body alive. Father, why this world, why such turmoil?

We wept in each other's arms, in silent communion, and my cousin, Julek Feld, who'd come with my father, Julek Feld, the P.P.R. delegate, stopped talking.

The circle around us had grown and everyone was crying, for us, for their own lost families; everyone was crying for joy and sorrow. Then they left us. We stayed in the middle of the yard, holding each other by the shoulder. Before leaving, our comrades shook my father and me by the hand, as if to convince themselves that everything was possible; that maybe one day in a ghetto courtyard, or maybe after the war, they, too, would find one of their people.

They left us. Still holding each other by the shoulder, we went upstairs to the place where we'd hidden our defenseless loved ones. The apartment had been ransacked, the fake cupboard stood there gaping, smashed in the room that had been their hideout: my brothers' books and a knitted shawl which my mother used to throw over her shoulders were still in one corner. We were holding each other by the shoulder and hadn't exchanged a single word. The others spoke for us, Julek Feld had explained. I wanted to talk and talk, but the words wouldn't come. I had so many things deep inside me, torments, questions,



ZWI KAPLINSKI

was a reservist in the Polish Army. He was a heroic Commander in the Brigade of "Borba" and others. Operated in the Lipitziany forest. Destroyed railroads and German farms. Belonged to "Shomer Hatzair." Killed in action.

so many unshared fears and horrors I'd never dared to go too far into because I was afraid they'd drag me down with them. I wanted to talk about them, say that it was unfair that her shawl, that cupboard, those books were still there, whereas my mother and my brothers weren't; that life was meaningless, that the world didn't deserve meaning because dead things survived and those you loved all died. We were holding each other by the shoulder, not daring to speak of all those days in Treblinka that I wanted to talk about, all those questions I wanted to ask.

"Father, Father."

"Go on, Martin, go on. You mustn't be afraid to cry."

I sobbed against him and he against me. I wept until the sentences came freely. Then I told him everything. By then we'd stopped crying, we were sitting on the floor, facing each other, legs crossed.

"That's right, Martin," he'd say from time to time.

When I paused, he respected my silence for a while and then said, "We must keep going, Martin."

"What about you, Father?"

He'd managed to get selected at the *Umschlagplatz* for a labor camp.

"Thanks to your advice, Martin."

He'd escaped from it and returned to Warsaw.

"You weren't here anymore. No one was. But, Martin, I knew you wouldn't give up. I knew. I had faith."

All day we stayed there talking, exchanging words and looks, sharing experiences. Then night fell and once again came the sound of hammers, spades and saws.

"Now, Martin, the time has come to fight. You must take your place."

Father got up and stuck out his hand, giving me a sharp tug as he used to in Senatorska Street when I pretended I wouldn't get up or sit down to table. He kept hold of my hand.

"Martin, you must fight, because it's our duty. We must fight to the last. Most of us will perish. You must try to live. Live, Martin, live for all of us."

We embraced. Someone was sawing in the yard. We'd had a

"MARTIN, YOU MUST FIGHT,
BECAUSE IT'S OUR DUTY.
WE MUST FIGHT TO THE
LAST. MOST OF US WILL
PERISH. YOU MUST TRY TO
LIVE. LIVE, MARTIN, LIVE
FOR ALL OF US."

whole day to ourselves, almost an eternity in those troubled times. We couldn't ask for more.

That night, I described Treblinka to the members of the Jewish Fighting Organization. The ghetto knew by then that it was an extermination camp, because others like myself had escaped from it; but I was the first to return from the lower camp. I told them about the excavator and the graves in the yellow sand, about Ivan and Idioten. Then I asked to join the Organization.

Now came days of feverish activity. We needed money, arms and men; we had to silence the cowards, win over the faint-hearted, punish the traitors. Even then, in spite of the evacuations, in spite of what was known about Treblinka, in spite of the *Umschlagplatz*, in spite of the January fighting, some people, those who had obtained a "number" from the Germans, the right to live, went on hoping that they could hold out until the end of the war by obeying the butchers.

I saw workers from Toeibbens and Schultz volunteer for "transfer." One March night I stuck up some posters: the Organization explained that we had to sabotage such "transfers" in order to cheat death. The next day the Germans pasted them over. Toeibbens and the corpulent Schultz organized meetings for their workers. "We need your work," said Toeibbens and Schultz from high up on their balcony. "But since you can't stay in Warsaw itself, we've selected other areas for our workshops, Trawniki and Poniatow. You'll get work and bread there." Schultz and Toeibbens gave their word of honor.

We had to challenge such speeches; but sometimes, going into shops, I heard the last few respectable shopkeepers whom the Germans had tolerated talk about us as "hotheads" and "young puppies" who "invited trouble and persecution."

But it was no time for respecting opinions: I'd come from Treblinka, Zambrow and Bialystok, I knew what moderation was worth. So I formed a group to raise contributions for the Organization. Sometimes, all we had to do was ask, sometimes we had to produce a weapon, sometimes leave with a hostage. We took Wielikowski, son of one of the three members of the Judenrat, and got a million zlotys. We commandeered food from the shopkeep-



BARUCH ZIMUNSKI

Distinguished himself in various actions against the enemies. Settled in Israel after the war. Passed away in 1963.

ers. We killed German looters, soldiers who'd infiltrated the ghetto. We sentenced to death and executed traitors, such as Jacob Hirszfeld, who was manager of Hallmann's workshop.

We were fighting for a world of men, and we knew that our victory would be merely to *fight*, not defeat the enemy: because we were an island, a tomb, a ghetto surrounded by indifference and hatred, encircled by the enemy; and we had no arms. It was there, in the J.F.O., that I met the men I'd hoped existed: Mordekai Anielewicz, Michel Rosenfeld, Julek Feld, Ber Brando and Aron Bryskin, and so many others who thought like me that keeping faith with the dead of Treblinka meant struggle and revenge. But we had no arms.

So once again I took the road to Aryan Warsaw, but today our grain was revolvers and grenades, rifles and bullets. I waded through the filthy water of the sewers. At first I had an Aryan Polish guide, then after a few trips I got to know this new geography. I'd known the lay of the streets, the streetcar routes and the wall, then the rooftops. Now I was exploring the twilight world of underground canals, unmarked intersections, identical criss-crossing passages which perhaps led to some endless maze, even to madness. The sewers became my streets, my new freedom.

I joined Mokotow the Tomb: he was waiting for me at an agreed exit, keeping an eye on the approaches, warning me if a policeman or Bedouin hunter was in the vicinity. As soon as he raised the manhole cover, I climbed the iron ladder and we went down narrow alleys of Stare Miasto, the old town. There, in a different house every time, I met men of the Armia Ludowa, partisans from the Witold group, and obtained arms. Then I made contact with the more secret groups in the Armia Krajowa. Sometimes Mokotow the Tomb would contrive to buy a weapon for me and we'd celebrate by drinking vodka in his Praga apartment. I'd leave under cover of night and Mokotow would always insist on accompanying me, keeping watch as I raised the manhole cover and vanished into the familiar canals.

I went out again into the ghetto, into the silence broken by the clanging of tools, because everyone was getting ready to go to ground, to hide beneath the earth, protected by concrete walls. I

*WE KILLED GERMAN LOOTERS
SOLDIERS WHO'D INFILTRATED
THE GHETTO. WE SENTENCED
TO DEATH AND EXECUTED
TRAITORS, SUCH AS
JACOB HIRSZFELD, WHO WAS
MANAGER OF HALLMANN'S
WORKSHOP.*

didn't like those caves, those priest's holes: some had water, electricity, telephones, even separate toilets; but to me they were sealed tombs. When the battle came, I'd make for the streets, the rooftops and the sewers, not those deep bunkers.

Sometimes as I returned, crossing streets, dashing from one building to the next, stealing into attics, I actually brought weapons — sometimes just a single revolver — to 32 Swientojerska Street. This was the Organization's military headquarters, with two rooms and a kitchen into which were crammed a dozen permanently armed fighters. A few yards away, in the same block, were the "brush factories," which turned out all sorts of objects for the Germans. I'd make my way to the military headquarters by attic and rooftop, girls would serve me a meal, then I'd set off happily for Mila Street. I'd switch from the streets to the rooftops. We were going to fight, fight at last, spurred on by the fresh air of spring. I hadn't survived in vain.

I used to meet my father at Mila Street. The command bunker was almost opposite 23 Mila, at No. 18. My father would wait for me, or I for him. After a long talk, we'd sleep side by side on mattresses. We had stopped mentioning Mother and my brothers. They were all around us, in us, alive through our struggle. Father talked to me as if he wanted me to pass on everything he had thought and learned. In spite of war and death, he talked of a society in which men would be rid of such evils as poverty and injustice, of a world in which man's only concern would be his relationships with others and with himself, freed from the curse of self-interest. He talked about all that our people had given to mankind, and about how they had paid in suffering in order to survive, in spite of everything.

"It's life that's sacred, Martin. We have to kill today, but remember life, Martin, life. You must give life. It's difficult being a father, but when you decide, choose to be a man. Survive, Martin. I'd like you to have children later on, when it's over, when we men have won. And then give them your whole self. They're sacred."

I would listen to his voice, firm and gentle. Sometimes he'd talk about his childhood, how he'd started his factory, met my mother. Then he'd break off.



ISER KOCH

was a member of "Hashomer Hatzair." Operated in the Naliboki forest. Derailed 5 trains among other achievements. Fell in Battle.

"Go to sleep, Martin, maybe I'll tell you more tomorrow."

Tomorrow would soon be there and I'd leave by way of the rooftops and sewers, waiting for the evening and more such conversations. If he didn't come, I couldn't get to sleep. One night he came later than usual, towards dawn.

"Julek Feld is dead."

He'd been shot by an SS patrol during a raid. I didn't know Julek very well but I liked his lean, intelligent face, his eager, ringing voice.

"He always sought the good. He believed in ideas. Julek was a man."

Father told me about my grandmother, Julek's aunt, a stubborn old lady who sent long letters, in the days when people wrote to us, asking for photos of her grandson.

"You'll have to go over there to New York one day, and bring her a bit of life. She was fond of you. The only time she saw you, you were just starting to walk. You were clenching your little fists."

I was listening, drinking in those words, his voice. That night, when he told me about my cousin's death, Father said, "Julek always stuck it out. A man always sticks it out, Martin."

He was near the window. The moon was lighting up the room and I could see the tears running freely down his cheeks.

"I wonder why I'm saying that to you. You've already stuck it out, Martin. Several times. You're a man, a real man, and have been for a long time."

Thank you, Father, for those words.

That was all the time we had for talking.

On Saturday, April 18, the Organization proclaimed a state of emergency. I dashed about the streets with the others, sticking up posters and handing out leaflets with our slogan:

"Death with honor! Men to arms, women and children to the shelters!"

This was the test. I was with my people, armed, we were about to start making *them* pay, and their debt was huge. I tramped the ghetto until late into the night, wanting to be everywhere, going from one bunker to another, carrying bottles filled with gasoline and messages from the brush-factory sector in Swientojerska and



ELIMELECH MACHTEJ
was a Partisan with his brother Israel in the forest of Kapula, Byelorussia. His brother fell in Battle. Elimelech survived and settled in Israel. Fought with the "Haganah" for the Independence of Israel in 1948. Passed away the same year.

Walowa streets to the workshop sector in Leszno and Nowolipie streets. I went from courtyards to attics, from streets to rooftops, from level to level: every cobble, every step, every chimney had a meaning for my eyes, my hands. I was at home here, the heart of my life was here, I was invincible here.

I met my father in the building on the corner of Mila and Zamenhofa.

"The Blues have encircled the ghetto," he said. "Tomorrow will be the day. You must get some rest, Martin. Who knows when we'll be able to sleep again."

I lay down and slept peacefully, without nightmares, until my father grabbed me by the hand.

"They're here!"

It was a clear, limpid night. Nearby, over by the wall, possibly in the brush-factory sector, I heard some grenades bursting, a few shots. Then silence. I went to a window. There they were, advancing cautiously, single file, along the fronts of the houses. They came down Zamenhofa; behind them, in the distance, I could make out some vehicles, possibly tanks. Then I was ordered to the Kupiecka and Nalewki bunkers to tell them to wait for the signal to fire. I leaped from roof to roof, a revolver stuck in my belt. I crept into attics, dived down stairs. In those days of battle, the ground, the steps, the rooftops, propelled me higher, faster.

From time to time isolated bursts of fire, a grenade exploding; probably the Germans machine-gunning a window or mopping up a cellar as they went.

At 6 A.M., under a clear sky, the SS reached the Mila-Zamenhofa intersection; we finally received the order, the liberating order: "Attack!"

Explosions! I carried gasoline bombs, then went upstairs again loaded with explosives manufactured in the ghetto and saw a soldier take a gasoline bottle on his helmet, catch fire and roll over in a sheet of flame; others were fleeing.

Someone shouted, "They're running away, they're getting out!"

I climbed to the rooftops, went to the corner of Kupiecka and Zamenhofa and leaned over; the streets were deserted; they'd fled, those iron butchers, Zamenhofa was ours. Elsewhere, from the

AT 6 A.M., UNDER A CLEAR SKY, THE SS REACHED THE MILA-ZAMENHOFA INTERSECTION; WE FINALLY RECEIVED THE ORDER, THE LIBERATING ORDER: "ATTACK!"

brush-factory sector near Nalewki and Gesia, the sound of grenades, then silence. They must have been routed there, too. I came down again. We all embraced and shouted for joy. Then we ran down the street with others, looking for arms. Three bodies were stretched there, within a few yards. One was lying on his back, his face burned, groaning, horribly mutilated. I finished him off. Elsewhere I helped comrades drag the dead into a yard and strip them of their uniforms, helmets to boots. I had a complete SS uniform. Then we waited, resting. They were sure to come back. They'd probably win but for us victory was their retreat, our fight, the duration of our resistance. No longer were we animals being driven to the slaughterhouse, rushing towards it with our heads down.

"There they are!"

They returned cautiously, spraying the fronts of the houses with machine-gun fire, dodging from doorway to doorway. Then we heard staccato exhausts, and the clatter of caterpillar tracks on the cobblestones. I ran to my observation post on the rooftops. At the corner of Gesia and Zamenhofa, I saw the gray silhouettes of tanks. Two of them entered Zamenhofa, firing at the buildings.

It was about midday, April 19. I remember the sky, the sun, the lightness of the air, the throb of the engines, the grinding sound of the tracks. I was reminded of the panting of the excavator back there in the lower camp. Here, in the ghetto, we were about to destroy some of those death engines. The tanks moved forward, went past our positions at 29 and 50 Zamenhofa and reached the Mila Street intersection. At 28 Mila I was waiting with my father, a gasoline bomb in each hand. Infantrymen were following two tanks. I saw a soldier crouching, frightened and wary. Your turn, butcher! I threw my bombs: fire, explosions, the tanks were enveloped in flames. They turned back swathed in black smoke, and the infantry took to its heels. I saw a frenzied soldier running along the road before he slumped, clutching his belly. Beyond Zamenhofa our fighters were taking the Germans in the rear: they were on the run. I dashed into the street and collected arms and helmets. I dragged a soldier into the courtyard, another fighter stripped him. Those uniforms could prove invaluable.



SERG. MICHAIL SCHKOLNIK
fought many Battles on various
fronts. Was badly wounded. Was
decorated with many Medals.
Resides in the USA.

able. If one day we had to run away, run away to survive and fight elsewhere, those uniforms could save our lives.

The day passed: I felt at peace. I was fighting. In the evening, I went, first by rooftops then by the streets to the "workshop" sector, to the Schultz factory, at 76 Leszno Street. They hadn't been attacked, but had seen the Germans pass and make for our sector. Schultz, the director, was indignant, appalled; he kept saying, "The Jews are behaving monstrously." Schultz, fat Schultz, you were in for a few more surprises.

I dashed from attic to attic, avoiding the streets whenever I could. I wanted to see, know. Nalewki Street was enveloped in black smoke: our men had set fire to the big German shop, *Werkfassung*, at No. 33. I couldn't get close, the Germans were still there, blocking Gesia, firing on sight. The rest of the ghetto was calm. I went back to Mila by way of the rooftops. In one room a man was sitting talking, his head down, his hands in his lap, to a silent audience: he'd seen the Germans set fire to 6 Gesia, which was serving as a hospital for the ghetto, he'd seen them dash out the brains of newborn babies against the walls, rip open the bellies of pregnant women, and throw casualties into the flames. He'd seen them.

In spite of that I slept. Tomorrow would be tougher. I woke at dawn: the weather was fine. It was Tuesday, April 20, the first day of Passover. Father was there, near me, waving good morning; so what if we didn't speak, we were side by side: so what if we were separated, we both knew that nothing would divide us. I went into the brush-factory sector, calm the previous day. Toebebens had even asked the workers to return to work. I went into the attics. About three in the afternoon, the Germans arrived, entered the courtyard and there was an enormous explosion. The fighters from the Organization had placed a mine in the yard of the building. It shattered the German patrol. Bodies were flung into the air: survivors fled. Then they returned, single file, hugging the walls and firing toward my attic. I hurled gasoline bombs. Noise and smoke enveloped us. I went onto the roof and lay down; in the yard I could see the director of the brush factory accompanied by two officers who were asking us to surrender, after which we'd



MICHAEL KOPEŁOWICZ
graduated from Hebrew Teachers
Seminary in Vilna. He together
with his wife joined the Par-
tisans in the vicinity of Mir.
They participated in various
Battles. Both were killed by
Russian Partisans.



"Suddenly, behind me, a cheerful voice. Greetings, comrade!" I'd joined the partisans." Martin Gray is in the center foreground. Standing against a tree, second from the left, is Mieczylaw Moczar, now a general, who played a prominent part in Polish political life, especially after 1956. After the partisans, Martin Gray joined the Red Army.

leave, without further ado, for the camps of Poniatow and Trawniki. We had a quarter of an hour to consider it. Shots replied from all directions. Surrender? We, who'd seen mothers flung into graves, brothers' heads blown to bits, fathers shot? Surrender! Trust the butchers!

They returned in force. They shelled the ghetto from Krasinski Gardens: from the streets they were firing with heavy machine guns; at our buildings with tanks. I withdrew, leaping from roof to roof. On the stairs, I heard a group of Germans approaching. I threw my last bomb and fled. Sudden heat, shrieks and thick eddies of smoke whirling around me; it was like being smothered with hot cloths.

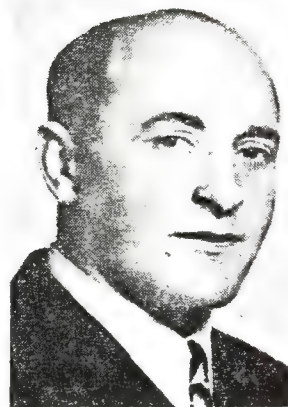
This was a time of flames, one day much like the next. The Germans set fire to the brush-factory sector. The tarmac melted. On two or three occasions flames surrounded me. I touched my hair to find it singed: the soles of shoes caught fire on the scorching ground and glass melted. The houses caught fire, flames spreading from district to district.

Men and women, fleeing the flames, threw themselves from windows to their deaths. From the roof I saw a frenzied woman, her hair streaming, in the blast of that inferno, holding her child over the street, ready to throw it. I shouted, "I'll take it to safety over the roofs. I'll take it!" But how could she hear me? She'd already let go and with a piercing scream jumped after it.

I ran through the flames, between crumbling walls and over rubble, while planes with the black crosses which I'd seen in that far-distant September of 1939 at the time of my birth, hovered over the ghetto and dropped incendiary bombs. They sometimes lay unexploded in the middle of the street, black and frightening — some tried to dismantle them for their explosives.

Then people went down into the bunkers, burying themselves under the ruins. I kept on the move, preferring death in the smoke under the sky, to suffocation beneath a slab of concrete. I wrapped rags around my feet to stop my shoes catching fire and to muffle my footsteps in the rubble when I went from bunker to bunker, dodging German patrols.

The days went by under a blue sky often concealed by smoke. I



BORIS FISHMAN

was a Partisan in the "Ponamarenko" detachment in the vicinity of Minsk. He distinguished himself in action.

Fell in Battle.

was hungry, thirsty; but water mains had burst, so I drank from dark pools in which there could have been men's bodies. Sometimes, behind a fragment of wall, I would come across a sobbing woman, her arms in the air, kneeling by a corpse, one of her family whom she was mourning; to her the only dead person in a city that once had at least half a million inhabitants and of which nothing remained but corpses, ruins and a few buried survivors.

This was a time of heroism. I saw a young woman douse herself with gasoline, set fire to herself and fling herself on a tank; I saw men surrender to the Germans, their arms in the air, and then charge at them and snatch weapons from them.

We used every form of warfare to keep going. Hidden in the ruins, I would call to a German in the guttural tones of one of them, then we would cut his throat in the night. Some of us put on the SS uniforms we'd taken the first day. I remember looking at myself in a fragment of mirror: me, Mietek, in that helmet and those boots, those butchers' insignia! We marched through the streets to a barricade manned by a dozen soldiers; we went calmly up to them and opened fire. Three of them ran off so we gave chase and shot them in a courtyard. But they killed four of our men. We came back loaded with arms. I decided to rule out that sort of fighting: if we wanted to be effective it meant that we would leave no witnesses. We had to walk in the middle of the road so that our men would realize we weren't real SS men, yet we still risked being shot by one of our own. I didn't want to die in SS uniform.

I began again to run through the sea of flames which was now the ghetto, firing at Germans when I could, carrying ammunition from bunker to bunker, covering the two bunkers in Kupiecka Street from the upper floors. I saw General Stroop's soldiers force women and children out of a bunker, make them lie down on the ground amidst the rubble and shoot them. I saw more women jumping from blazing buildings, and others fling themselves at soldiers and get shot.

Yet sometimes a column of prisoners formed, women and children with arms raised in surrender, allowing themselves to be taken off to the cattle cars. Men, too, yesterday fighters; today ex-



BENJAMIN FELDMAN
was a member of "Mizrachi."
Joined the Partisans in Radzi-
vil forest, Byelorussia.
Fought many battles in the
ranks of commander Fiodorov
Chernichovski. Mobilized to
the Red Army. Fell in Battle
near Kovel.

hausted, broken, like overstretched springs. Watching their columns, swathed in the thick black smoke of the fires, I swore to fight on, to survive even if we were defeated here, until Berlin one day became a furnace too, a field of ruins. We had to make up our minds to go right into the butchers' lair and return blow for blow. Dying, clutching our weapons, wasn't enough. We had to win, crush them beneath our heels.

The smoke was so dense you could hardly tell day from night: the flames lit up areas already illuminated by their searchlights. On April 27, I went down into the sewers. The Germans were only beginning to realize that arms and men of the Armia Ludowa and the Armia Krajowa, were passing through them. Women, children and old men, and fighters too, whom I was taking to the Aryan zone, waited hours there in the muddy water for the trucks that would drive them to the forest just outside Warsaw. The old men, the wounded, walked along, stooping, and sometimes some of them refused to go on, rejecting life, burying their heads in the slime and vomiting. I dragged them out, pulled them up, and carried them to the iron ladders. Then I went back again, this time leading underground fighters carrying munitions, who were astonished by my knowledge of the maze of sewers. We surfaced in the ghetto, amidst the smoke and ruins, and I led the Polish fighters to Parysowski Square, a devastated area. The German tanks moved in, firing their machine guns, and we hid behind bits of wall, covered in rubble and plaster. I managed to get to Mila Street, was spotted by the Germans when I dashed from one building to another, and found my father. He embraced me.

"You're alive, Mietek, alive."

He hugged me.

"You're not to die. Not to die."

Days went by: the Germans systematically infiltrated the ruins of the ghetto, shooting, blowing up the bunkers, firing gas into the sewers, explosives into what was little more than a furnace anyway. Picking my way through the flames, wandering in search of shelter among the ruins, I'd come across women and children, men hoping in vain for arms. Sometimes I'd take them along my routes, skirting fires, and crossing sections of roof still intact.



DR. ISRAEL ROZENZWEIG
was a Partisan Commander in
the Lipitrian Forest, Byeloru-
ssia. After the war lived in
Israel. Passed away in 1954.

More often I'd leave them after a few words of advice: what could I do for them? I had to fight.

On May 1, I joined some comrades in one of the bunkers, the one at 74 Leszno Street. They were gathered under the low ceiling, one of them talking in the heavy and, to me, almost unbreathable air. He was celebrating the First of May.

"Our struggle," he said, "will undoubtedly have great historic significance, not only for the Jewish people but also for resistance movements which are fighting Hitler throughout Europe."

Among those men, who were about to die covered with soot and with only a few weapons, I felt convinced of our victory. We decided to attack the Germans in broad daylight, to celebrate the day. I dashed from ruin to ruin through the smoke, crawling across rubble, avoiding the German positions. The ghetto was a field of gray stones, blackened walls and crumbling buildings. My father wasn't at Mila Street, he'd gone to the brush-factory sector. I left, I wanted to be near him. Everywhere the fire was raging, to the dull pounding of the German guns; there had never been so many explosions. The streets were obscured, flames were leaping from windows. As I ran, I saw a man, bare-chested, arms raised, throw himself from a fourth-floor window without a murmur. I made my way through the ruins to the brush-factory area; I passed the building at 6 Walowa Street and reached the Swientojerska Street area. There was firing over towards Franciszkanska Street: I knew that the bunker at No. 30 had also decided on an attack for the First of May.

Then came a series of bursts of fire. I buried my head in the plaster; I heard orders in German. Then I saw a dozen men who had emerged, covered with dust, arms up, walking towards the SS.

I saw Father, head up, hands raised to the level of his forehead. He was walking forward with the rest. I saw him. I was waiting for a miracle. I would have liked to bury my head in the plaster again, not to see. But I had to stare death in the face, so that I could speak out later on, for his sake, for all those I loved.

They gave a shout. I yelled at the same time. They flung themselves on the SS; two or three fell, their steel- and leather-encased shapes rolling in the dust. There were bursts of fire. More bursts,



MOSHE KAMINER

was a member of "Poalei Zion."

Fought in the defense of Warsaw. Joined the Partisans "Markov" brigade. Participated in various actions against the enemies. After liberation enlisted in the Red Army, and was among those that entered Berlin. Married to a former Partisan Mina Grinberg, from "Kalinin" brigade. Passed away in Israel.

shouted orders, soldiers retreating and throwing grenades among the bodies, kicking up clouds of white smoke. Then silence: explosions in the distance. Father lay among the ghetto stones, a stone of the ghetto. Goodbye, Father. Goodbye to your thick gray beard against my cheek, your firm and gentle voice; goodbye to your hands on my shoulders, goodbye to your talk, goodbye. You'll never see that just society; or man rid of his afflictions. Goodbye to you who made me a man. Goodbye, Father.

I remained motionless, myself a stone, staring into the grayness, broken only by a few black lumps. Then I crawled backwards, sliding into holes. I found a bunker split open, like a cracked nut, inside it rats were swarming over corpses. I crawled, not so much because I had to, but to press myself to the earth, my earth, which had taken my people. I was alone. Mother, Father, my brothers, Julek Feld, around me stretched a desert not unlike the ghetto, but I swore in those ruins, my face against those burning stones, that every morning, as long as I lived, my people, all my people, my family and all those in Treblinka and Zambrow and Bialystok, my people, all of you, those here, every morning, as long as I had strength to think, I'd bring you back to life again for my sake, with the dawn, every morning, so that you'd be a part of me, sharing my life. I swore it among the ruins.

I went back to the bunker in Mila Street. I sang with the others the song of the ghetto, *Es brennt*, then I slipped off again into the ruins. Now, the whole ghetto was on fire. A building at 7 Mila was apparently the only one still intact. Groups kept arriving there; fighters, women and children. There was a shortage of food, water and ammunition; some considered escaping through the sewers but the Germans had discovered the main network: they were firing in gas and sealing the exits with cement, attaching grenades that went off at a mere touch.

I could feel the tomb being sealed. For more than two weeks we'd kept it open, almost with our bare hands; for two weeks we'd been crying out to the world that a people was being slaughtered here. To no avail. There had been a few attacks by partisans on the outskirts of the ghetto, a few brave men had come to die with us; but there were idle spectators too, standing around



MOSHE REZNIK
was a Partisan in the
"Kalinin" Brigade. Passed away
in Israel in 1960.

outside the ghetto wall, staring at the fire, counting the shots fired by the German batteries and watching our bodies plunge into the flames.

Now the tomb was sealed: it was only a question of hours.

I fought on, around the bunkers in Kupiecka Street, meeting comrades who'd managed to escape from the bunker in Smocza. The Germans were using tear gas, fire, grenades. No one surrendered. Some killed themselves: others let themselves be killed where they stood. Ammunition was in short supply everywhere: at the Leszno Street bunker, there were only a few bottles of sulphuric acid left. Should I die with the rest or try and fight on elsewhere? In Leszno Street they were ready to leave the ghetto, to try and reach the forest and fight from there; but they didn't have time. The Germans massacred them. From a balcony in Zamenhofa I threw my last two grenades at a patrol; then I managed to make my way through cellars and yards to the bunker at 18 Mila. It was suffocating. More than a hundred fighters were there. I didn't want to die here, I wanted the sky above the ghetto. I wanted to see the man who killed me.

I went out, dashed across the street, and was back home at 23 Mila Street. As I climbed the wreckage of the stairs to the upper floors, I heard the vehicles, orders and shouts. There they were, surrounding the 18 Mila Street bunker I'd just left; dozens of SS men in armored cars. Over their loudspeaker they gave orders to come out and surrender. Maybe my comrades would try a counterattack! Silence. Then explosions, gas fumes, followed by a deeper silence; then sharp, isolated detonations. They were killing themselves. I lay down in the rubble listening to the butchers voices, the stench of tear gas in my nostrils.

Goodbye, Mordekai Anielewicz, goodbye, my comrades, goodbye, men among men.

So I lay there until night, half buried in the plaster, concrete and stones. My mind was a blank, I was a part of the ghetto, neither dead nor alive. At night I began to crawl: I passed figures which resembled men, with torn clothes, covered with mud, looking for a candle, shelter, food. They were no longer even survivors. I crept towards Muranowski Square, at the end of Mila.



DR. ZELIG LEWINBOK

was a surgeon in various Partisan hospitals in Byelorussia. He was awarded the "Red Star" medal. Lived in Israel. Passed away in 1956.

There, near the square, you could reach the sewers through a cellar tunnel.

I picked my way through the rubble, working myself forward to the cellar on my elbows, and found the exit leading to the sewer. I was alone in the narrow duct stinking of gas and dirty water. I walked doubled over in the light of a candle. I skirted the grenades dangling from wires near the entrances: Go on, Mitek, go on. You've known worse: Pawiak, Treblinka, the graves. Go on, now you know that men will triumph because, at last, a battle cry has rung out in the too-long silent ghetto.

I walked. I was unfamiliar with the route, having only used it once or twice because it was made up of minor sewers, today the only ones open. I was walking under Przebieg Street. When I came to the first exit without any grenades, I reached for the iron ladder. Water and excrement were running down my legs, I was worn out, sweating. I was thirsty, almost sick with hunger. I cleaned myself as best I could, then pushed with the back of my neck against the iron manhole cover. Outside, night; explosions, shots; lights a few hundred yards off. I had to gamble. I climbed out and lay flat on my belly in the road. Around me, and over in their sheds, were stationary streetcars: I was in a depot, hidden from view. I replaced the manhole cover. Down there they were still fighting, but I wanted to survive and win, and down there now meant the end. The struggle had to go on elsewhere. Death hadn't claimed me; I'd done nothing to avoid it, but I didn't want to meet it halfway.

I looked at the glow above the ghetto, listened to the firing. Goodbye, Father. Goodbye, fallen comrades. Farewell, ghetto.

I climbed over the wall of the depot. Aryan Warsaw was calm. A blackout was in effect, but I knew the city, so the night was my ally. I stayed hidden from patrols, skirted suspicious groups, and hid in a cellar entrance. Then I crossed the Vistula, to the Praga area. From across the street, I scanned Mokotow the Tomb's apartment. All was silent, deserted. I ran up the stairs and gave a tap, just one. The door opened instantly. I stumbled against Mokotow.

"I've been expecting you every night," he said.



SHALOM PIOLUN

was one of the leaders of the Partisan activities in Zhetl, Byelorussia. He smuggled weapons and participated in many actions against the enemy, apprehended by the Gestapo and killed.

I clasped his hands.
 "They didn't get me, Mokotow, because I still want to fight, avenge my people. All my people."
 "I know. You're stubborn, Mietek."
 I clung on to his hands. A live man's a fine thing, a good thing.

Generals Speak

(As published in our Underground Press)

ODEZWA GEN. ŻELIGOWSKIEGO DO NARODU POLSKIEGO

Znany na terenie Wileńszczyzny, przebywający obecnie w Londynie gen. Żeligowski wystąpił z odezwą do narodu polskiego, w której wzywa Polaków do współpracy ze Związkiem Radzieckim i przystąpienia do bloku zjednoczonych narodów słowiańskich, gen. Żeligowski wskazuje bezsensowność izolacji narodu polskiego od Państw Zjednoczonych co jest korzystnym tylko dla naszego wspólnego wroga, hitlerowskich Niemiec.

• • • • •
Wspólnota Zjednoczonych Narodów
gwarancją zwycięstwa nad hitleryzmem.

PROCLAMATION BY GEN. ZELIGOWSKI TO THE POLISH NATION

Well known in Vilna territories and now in London, Gen. Zeligowski came out with an appeal to the Polish Nation in which he called the Poles to collaborate with the Soviets and form a bloc of the Slavic nations. Gen. Zeligowski explained Poland's non-realistic policy of isolation from the United Nations that brings only profit to the enemy, Nazi Germany. *Togetherness of the United Nations is a guarantee for victory over Hitlerism.*

ODEZWA GEN. EISENHOWERA

Dowódca sprzymierzonych wojsk inwazyjnych, gen. Eisenhower w dniu ich lądowania, wydał odezwę do swych żołnierzy. W odezwie gen. Eisenhower jest przygotowany do przyjęcia wojsk inwazyjnych. Walka będzie ciężką i trudną, lecz trud nasz przyniesie zwycięstwo narodów sprzymierzonych i zagładę hitleryzmu.

PROCLAMATION BY GEN. EISENHOWER

Commander of the United States Army, Gen. Eisenhower, on the day of their landing, issued a Proclamation to his soldiers.

In this proclamation Gen. Eisenhower pointed out that the mad enemy is prepared to meet the invasion armies. The battle will be a hard and a difficult one, but the Allies will be victorious and Hitlerism will be destroyed.

From the book: *A Secret Press in Nazi Europe.*



CORP. HENRY WRABEL
 was in the Polish Army at the outbreak of the war and participated in many Battles against the Germans, in the Piaski-Garwolin sections and Praga near Warsaw. Was twice wounded and twice decorated for bravery. Resides in the USA.

Sobibor

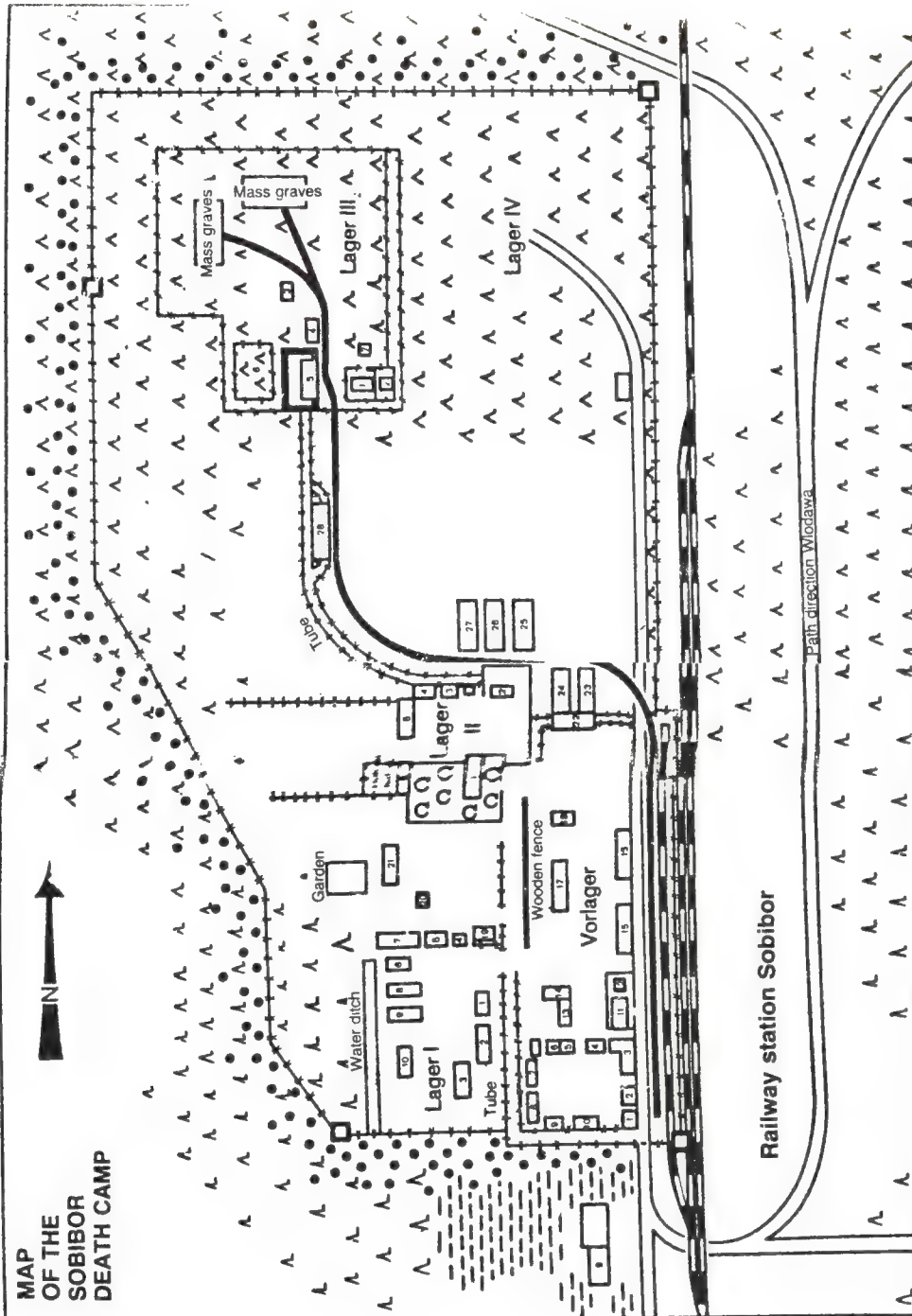
The map shows the Silesian Voivodeship in Poland. Key locations include:

- Towns and Cities:** Włodawa, Węgrówka, Sosnowia, Białystok, Lublin, Węgrówka, Włodawa, Sosnowia, Białystok, Lublin, Węgrówka, Włodawa, Sosnowia, Białystok, Lublin.
- Rivers:** Vistula (Wisła), Bug, and others.
- Geographical Features:** Jezioro Łukie, Jezioro Uściwierz, Jezioro Wytyckie.
- Infrastructure:** Major roads and railways are shown.
- Other Labels:** "SOBIBOR" with a skull and crossbones symbol, "Dual gauge 4'8 1/2" and 5'0"

MIRIAM NOVITCH a member of the Ghetto Fighters' Kibbutz in Israel, devoted years of her life to gathering historical material about Sobibor. She was present at the trials of the murderers, and has visited twice the site of the death factory.

Based on a draft by SS man Erich Bauer who testified as witness at the Nuremberg trial of 1964

MAP OF THE SOBIBOR DEATH CAMP



- Swamps
- Minefield
- Watchtower
- Barbed wire
- Evergreen forest
- Deciduous forest
- Railroad
- Narrow gauge with dump car

VORLAGER: 1. Guard, 2. Dentist and arrest bunker for the Ukrainians, 3. SS kitchen, 4. Garage, 5. Old stables and barber, 6. SS bathroom, 7. SS laundry, 8. Living quarters of the camp leadership, 9. Office of Wagner, Gomerski, etc., 10. SS clothing store, 11. Former post office, 12. Armory, 13. thru 18. Ukrainian barracks, 19. Bakery, 20. SS dining room, 21. Jewish shoe storage, 22. Transitory barrack, 23. and 24. Jewish luggage storage, 25. Sorting barrack, 26. and 27. Clothing storage, 28. Haircutting of Jewish women
LAGER I: 1. Tailor Shop, 2. Cobblers and saddlers shop, 3. Carpenter and smithery
4. Cobblers for Ukrainians, 5. Tool storage, 6. Kitchen, 7. Barrack for Jewish women
8. & 9. Barracks for Jewish men, 10. Painting shop.

LAGER II: 1. Office and SS bedrooms. Storage of valuables, 2. Provisions brought deportees, 3. Stable, 4. Storage of silverware, 5. Stable and cowshed, 6. Pigsty and chicken coop.
LAGER III: 1. Jewish barrack, 2. Kitchen, dentist, 3. SS blockhouse, 4. Machine 5. Gas chamber, 6. Fenced enclosure, 7. Watchtower with reflectors.
LAGER IV: Has not been completed. Was supposed to store and repair captured Russian weapons.

THE REVOLT

TESTIMONY OF MOSHE BAHIR

Incidents of Resistance

About a month after Himmler's visit, Reichleitner's replacement, *Untersturmführer* Niemann arrived at the camp. He began by increasing the pace of destruction. The gas chambers and crematoria operated at all hours of the day. The death factory worked at full steam.

At the beginning of 1943, Leib Feldhendler, son of the rabbi of the small town of Zolkiewka, arrived in camp with a transport of Jews from Izbica. When Leib realized what was happening he began to devise a plan for an organized revolt. Inasmuch as the matter appeared unrealistic, this young Jew, who was a handsome, well-mannered fellow, began by preparing the hearts of the oppressed and downtrodden prisoners of Sobibor by encouraging them and calling them to a struggle for revenge against the murderers of multitudes of the Jewish people. For him, it was decided that their fate should be to fall in battle, while in open opposition, so long as they were not taken to the gas chambers to die by suffocation and burning. His words had great influence, as if a fresh breeze of insurgence and rebellion were blowing through the camp.

Even before this there had been several incidents of resistance. One day, at the end of 1942, a transport of women were brought to the camp. They stood naked, many of them with babies in their arms, before going into the "bathhouse." Suddenly, all of them, together, attacked the guards and began to beat the German and Ukrainian officers with the babies' milk bottles and with their fingernails; they struck and scratched until blood flowed. The assaulted men grew increasingly furious and a salvo of shots was sprayed at the women. Most of them were murdered before they managed to get them into the gas chambers.

Once there was an old Jew who was brought in a transport of thousands, and who did not allow them to drag him forcibly so they threw him into the freight car. By chance, camp commander Franz Reichleitner was present. The Jew declared that he did not believe the lies that had been told to the arrivals about a "hospital, light work and good living conditions." By his own effort he got out of the car, bent down and in his trembling hands scooped up two fistfuls of sand, turned to Karl Frantzl, the S.S. man, and said, "You see how I'm scattering this sand slowly, grain by grain, and it's carried away by the breeze? That's what will happen to you; this whole great Reich of yours will vanish like flying dust and passing smoke!" The old man went along with the whole convoy, reciting "Hear, O Israel," and when he said the



Moshe Bahir

SUDDENLY, ALL OF THEM, TOGETHER, ATTACKED THE GUARDS AND BEGAN TO BEAT THE GERMAN AND UKRAINIAN OFFICERS WITH THE BABIES' MILK BOTTLES AND WITH THEIR FINGERNAILS: THEY STRUCK AND SCRATCHED UNTIL BLOOD FLOWED.

"THIS WHOLE GREAT REICH OF YOURS WILL VANISH LIKE FLYING DUST AND PASSING SMOKE!" THE OLD MAN WENT ALONG WITH THE WHOLE CONVOY, RECITING "HEAR O ISRAEL."

words, "the Lord is one," he again turned to Frantzl and slapped him with all his might. The German was about to attack him, but Reichleitner, who was standing by, enjoying the whole performance, said to Frantzl, "I'll settle the account with him. You go on with your job." The camp commander took the old man aside and killed him on the spot, in front of his family and all the people in the convoy.

Among the professionals chosen for various jobs in camp was a Jew about forty, a man from Hrubieszow, an excellent climber who, with his assistant, built the casino and the lodging-houses for the German officers — to the satisfaction of Wagner.

One night in October, 1942, the climber and his assistant, under the cover of pouring rain and thick darkness, crawled towards the barbed wire fences, broke through the fence and fled to the forest. These were the first two to escape from Sobibor since it had been erected.

The next day the climber's entire work group was taken out to be executed. For some reason the camp administration behaved with surprising self-restraint and did not increase their murderous activities. We had all expected a stronger response.

From the Ukrainians we learned that the two escapees were caught after several days and put to death.

One spring day in 1943 the Waldkommando group, about thirty men, went out to its work. Before noon two men, Joseph Kof from Zamosc and Shlomo Podchlebnik from Kalisz, turned to one of the Ukrainian guards and requested permission to go to a nearby well to bring back water for their thirsty comrades. In order to remove all suspicion from his mind they asked him to escort them. When they came to the well, the two of them attacked their guard and killed him. They took his gun and ammunition and escaped from the camp.

When the three were late returning to their group, the remaining guards began to worry about the fate of their companion. They concentrated the Jews of the group under heavy guard, until it should become clear what had happened to the missing men. The Jews, who understood what had occurred and what awaited them, began fleeing in all directions. The Ukrainians opened fire at them. Most of those fleeing were killed and only a solitary few succeeded in escaping. The bodies of those who were killed were brought back to camp, together with the

UNDER THE COVER OF POURING RAIN AND THICK DARKNESS, CRAWLED TOWARDS THE BARBED WIRE FENCES, BROKE THROUGH THE FENCE AND FLED TO THE FOREST. THESE WERE THE FIRST TWO TO ESCAPE FROM SOBIBOR SINCE IT HAD BEEN ERECTED.

WHEN THEY CAME TO THE WELL, THE TWO OF THEM ATTACKED THEIR GUARD AND KILLED HIM. THEY TOOK HIS GUN AND AMMUNITION AND ESCAPED FROM THE CAMP.

body of the Ukrainian guard. Eleven members of the group were captured alive.

By order of the Germans, the Ukrainians surrounded our camp and concentrated us in a crowded place, with their weapons pointed at us. We were sure that our end was near. We stood, empty-handed, facing our heavily armed guards, yet even so there were some among us who thought of forcible revolt, even given the situation. A young Jewish woman from Holland who was with us passed between the rows and encouraged us to "do what you can to resist." We meant to split up into groups and assault our murderers. We knew that it would be a hopeless battle — but we would fall with honor. I heard the young woman's words and a thrill passed through my body. It was the first time since I had come to the camp that I had heard a battle cry like that from the lips of a prisoner.

The Germans, it seemed, sensed the tension which ran through our ranks. They decided to prevent a head-on confrontation and one of them turned to us with a flowery speech, emphasizing the seriousness of what had occurred, and led all of us to Camp No. 2, where the Jews who had tried to escape were being held. We were summoned to witness their punishment, so that we should hear and be afraid. We arranged ourselves in a semicircle. Before our eyes, the eleven men from the "forest-group" were brought out to be executed. The order to fire was given by Gomerski, the commander of the Waldkommando. All the victims fell with the first salvo. One of them got up on his feet and they fired again. Even this shot didn't kill him. A third salvo of shots put an end to his life.

We went back to our huts. The mood in camp was tense. Various rumors flew through the air. We felt that our end was rapidly approaching.

One day in the month of May, 1943, we were ordered to remain in our huts. We were not taken to work, and this aroused dark forebodings in us. In the afternoon, the Bahnhofkommando was summoned to its usual work at the train station. When the men got to the train a dreadful vision appeared before them. This train had brought the last of the Jews from the Belzec death camp who had been engaged in burning the bodies of those killed in the gas chambers. These Jews, who had lived in the shadow of death for a long time and had gotten used to their situation, aroused

A YOUNG JEWISH WOMAN FROM HOLLAND WHO WAS WITH US PASSED BETWEEN THE ROWS AND ENCOURAGED US TO "DO WHAT YOU CAN TO RESIST."

fear in the Germans that they were liable to revolt and cause complications for their murderers, and, therefore, the murderers had preferred to eliminate them with their own hands, without the help of the prisoners of Sobibor camp. As was their practice, this time, too, they behaved deceitfully. When the train arrived at Sobibor they did not open all the cars at once, but only one car, from which they removed the passengers, brought them to the Lazaret and shot them dead. And they did as much with the rest of the railroad cars.

The Bahnhofskommando workers were ordered to clean the cars, and inside them found scores of Jews who had poisoned themselves on the way. Their bodies were still warm. In the cars were letters and scraps of paper on which the Jews stated that they had been promised that they were being taken to a new work-place. Some of them revealed to us in their letters that, if it became clear that the Germans had lied, their minds were made up to revolt against their guards. One of the letters, apparently written during the last moments, said:

The Germans tell us that they are now taking the Jews of Sobibor out to be killed, but we know that they are slaying our comrades now. The third car has already been opened, and immediately thereafter we heard the echos of shots. Whoever finds this letter is requested to warn his comrades. Place no trust in the Germans' lies and smooth tongues. They will trick you just as they tricked us. Rise up and avenge our blood, too. Do to the Germans what we meant to do, but did not succeed in doing, for at the last moment the Germans divided our forces. That is the reason for our failure.

A Jew who has stayed more than a year in the death camp of Belzec, has worked at burning bodies, and has seen with his own eyes hundreds of thousands of his brother Jews burned, writes this letter to you. We were brought here, they told us, to replace you and work in your place. But these are the last minutes of our lives. Revenge!

These letters from the Jews of Belzec aroused agitation in the camp. We felt that our end, too, was drawing near. Men began to think aloud about revolt and resistance. Feldhendler's sermons

THEY WILL TRICK YOU JUST AS
THEY TRICKED US. RISE UP AND
AVENGE OUR BLOOD, TOO.

were absorbed by many, but, in fact, nobody knew what had to be done and how to organize and carry out a revolt. It was much discussed, but no steps were taken.

To our great distress, it swiftly became clear that someone had taken care to let several Germans know about the affair. One day, Moshe Goberman and ten of his friends, among the leaders of those speaking about the revolt, and who had intended to begin making actual preparations to carry it out, were taken out and killed. This action of the Germans caused despair and discouragement among us. We no longer knew whom to trust in this inferno. The words and whispers ceased.

To all appearances the spirits had been calmed, transports continued to come, the mass destruction went on. But many of us sensed that, below the surface, something was happening. The idea of revolt had captured hearts and even created souls. Perhaps plans were now being prepared for its practical realization?



Simon Rosenthal

The Great Revolt

During the summer months of 1943, transports of Jewish prisoners of war from the Russian army began arriving at Sobibor. Their fate was like that of all those who arrived at the camp. At the end of the summer, the Germans chose fifty men from one of the transports to work at Camp No. 5, where underground storehouses had been built. Among these prisoners was an officer, a Russian Jew, named Alexander (Sasha) Pechersky. Everyone who came in contact with him was fascinated by his personality, his strong character, his devotion to his Jewish brethren and his profound hatred for the German destroyers of his people.

Upon coming to the camp he understood immediately what was going on and decided that it was necessary to do the impossible and to save the camp prisoners as long as they were alive.

The idea of revolt was ripe and Sasha began to carry it out. He, himself, found his way to the suitable and trustworthy men and, with great secrecy, he passed his plan on to them.

At this time there were about six hundred Jewish workers in camp, engaged in various tasks. Zero hour had been set for the

14th day of October, at 4:00 P.M. About thirty men had been let in on the secret plans, among them the directors of the workshops. These men invited in the camp officers, minutes apart from one another, to be measured for shoes and suits, to get boots, and so forth. All of this was planned for the last half-hour of work, beginning at 3:30. When the first officer appeared at the workshop, two of the prisoners met him; one struck him on the head with an axe and the other stabbed him with a knife. The rest hurried to remove the body and clean up the bloodstains, for another officer had been invited to this workshop. Everything was done rapidly and with great precision. At the same time, the telephone lines were cut so that they could not easily be repaired. Another group cut the electric wires that ran through three of the barbed wire fences around the camp.

Several minutes before the appointed hour, Judah the barber, as was his daily task, sounded the bugle call which announced the end of the workday in camp. The men began to arrange themselves on the roll call ground, just as they did every day. There was no evidence of any kind in camp. The Ukrainians, too, arranged themselves in another place and waited for the German officer who, for some reason, was late in coming. Only a few men knew that he was no longer among the living. Two Jews in Ukrainian uniforms and another Jew disguised as a German officer set off towards the main gate to get the keys, but they were not there. They got only one key to the small gate nearby. At that moment, ten Jews burst the doors of the munitions warehouse and managed to grab several guns.

Suddenly, a Ukrainian, looking for his commander, appeared at the gate; he was shot and fell to the ground. The Jews began to swarm towards the gate and some of them broke off and ran to the barbed wire fences so as to break through and escape that way. The Ukrainians realized what was happening, but were confused because nobody was there to order them to fire. Nineteen of the twenty-one officers who were in camp that day were destroyed, headed by the commander of Sobibor camp, *Untersturmführer* Niemann. One of the officers survived because he was out of camp that day. Another sensed that something was amiss; he refrained from coming to the workshop where he had been invited and managed to hide himself. When the signal for attack was given, he came out of his hiding place and ordered the Ukrainians

WHEN THE FIRST OFFICER APPEARED AT THE WORKSHOP, TWO OF THE PRISONERS MET HIM: ONE STRUCK HIM ON THE HEAD WITH AN AXE AND THE OTHER STABBED HIM WITH A KNIFE.

AT THAT MOMENT, TEN JEWS BURST THE DOORS OF THE MUNITION WAREHOUSE AND MANAGED TO GRAB SEVERAL GUNS.

NINETEEN OF THE TWENTY-ONE OFFICERS WHO WERE IN CAMP THAT DAY WERE DESTROYED.



Leon Feldhendler (standing, right). Seated, from right to left: Yehuda Lerner, Esther Rab, Shlomo and Zelda Metz-Kelberman

to open fire towards the gate. The bodies of the first to fall blocked passage through the small gate, and many of those running to the locked main gate were killed by the Ukrainians' heavy fire.

In spite of these obstacles, some 400 men succeeded in escaping from the camp; about 150 fell there, and about 50, sick and weak, did not try at all to escape.

The End of the Matter

Of the 400 men who escaped, only forty survived, most of whom now live in Israel. During their escape, not a few men stepped on mines which had been hidden alongside the barbed wire fences. A great many were murdered in the forests by Poles; some fell in fighting along with the partisans whom they had joined in the forests.

Leib Feldhandler, who saw his dream of revolt realized, survived, married, and set up a home, but fate was cruel to him. About six months after the liberation he was murdered by Poles in Lublin.

And I — suffered agonizing hardships until the liberation. On the day of the liberation I enlisted in the Polish army and when the war ended I set out on my "escape" and went up to the Holy Land.

Until my last day, the horrors of my time at Sobibor will be with me, as will be the memory of the daring revolt in that camp.

(These memoirs of M. Bahir, which were written in about 1950, were issued by "The Museum of Fighters and Partisans" in Tel Aviv in 1970.)

FROM IZBICA TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF TOMASZ BLATT



Tomasz Blatt

The Revolt

The participants in the revolt were divided into three groups: first, the commanders, Alexander Pechersky and Leon Feldhendler; second, five prisoners, whose duty would be to execute some Nazis; the third group included thirty people in charge of secondary tasks. I belonged to the last group.

From 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we had to liquidate most of the SS and take over the arsenal. Then we would carry the arms seized from the Nazis to the carpenters' barracks. At 5 P.M. we were to go to camp No. 1. From there, the general uprising would begin. We were to walk to the entrance gate, and those who spoke Russian would force the Ukrainian guard to join us. In fact, we didn't fear them much, as they were armed only when on duty.

A few men were charged to throw stones at the minefield surrounding the camp, in order to make our escape less dangerous. We also relied on the fact that, in the late afternoon, the SS remained in the mess, and some absences in camp wouldn't awake suspicion.

(At that moment, Blatt's voice changed and he seemed to relive the moment of the uprising.)

The day of the revolt was fixed for October 14. At 4:00 P.M. I waited anxiously at camp for the men to come and kill the Nazis. I heard whispering, "They are coming." Here stood Kali-Mali (his real name was Chubayev), a Soviet prisoner, an engineer aged thirty-five, accompanied by the Kapo Benyo who was our accomplice. They entered the clothing depot. Some minutes earlier, a young prisoner, Phibs, invited the chief of the depot to collect a leather coat that he had ordered. Wolf entered the workshop, and was given a coat, while two prisoners helped him to put it on. At that moment, Kali-Mali killed him with an axe. Prisoners helped with their knives.

WOLF ENTERED THE WORKSHOP, AND WAS GIVEN A COAT, WHILE TWO PRISONERS HELPED HIM TO PUT IT ON. AT THAT MOMENT, KALI-MALI KILLED HIM WITH AN AXE. PRISONERS HELPED WITH THEIR KNIVES.

Two other SS were liquidated in the same barrack. Drescher went from one group to another to keep us informed. We learned that Niemann, the second-in-command, Greischutz, the leader of the Ukrainian guard, and Klat, were all dead.

Soon the kapos assembled the workers on their way to camp No. 1. Many of the prisoners were still unaware of the events. I ran to the blacksmith's barrack where Shlomo Szmajzner of Pulawy was expecting me. He had a rifle and knew how to use it. He informed me that a *Volksdeutsch* had been killed with an axe near the Ukrainians' camp. We joined the Kapo Benyo and, while the Ukrainians were still quiet, a hurrah was heard from the prisoners. A guard arrived on his bicycle and he was immediately thrown on the ground and knocked down. A prisoner cut his holster and took his revolver. While we were walking towards the main gate, the German cook shot at us, and Shlomo killed him. One of us cut the barbed wire. Many of us didn't wait; they jumped and hit the mines. I was caught in the wires and fell into the ditch. I managed to take off my coat, got out of the ditch and started running. I fell several times, but was not hurt. In the forest, I met Samuel Weitzen of Chodorow, and Freddy Kostman of Cracow. We walked together for hours, tortured with hunger.

WHILE WE WERE WALKING TOWARDS THE MAIN GATE, THE GERMAN COOK SHOT AT US, AND SHLOMO KILLED HIM.

WE LEARNED THAT NIEMAN, THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND, GREISCHUTZ, THE LEADER OF THE UKRAINIAN GUARD, AND KLAT, WERE ALL DEAD.

In the Forest

In the forest we met many fugitives, and we told each other the success of the Revolt. We were only sorry that SS Frenzl had escaped.

In order not to be recaptured by the Germans, we split into small groups. Our group had only one rifle. I stayed with Weitzen and Freddy Kostman. We reached a house where we saw a comfortable big room occupied by a cat. We asked for some bread from the landlady, who gave us a few slices and a jug of milk, saying, "Do you come from the camp where people are burned? They are looking for you. Run, our village is only five kilometers from there."

We were forced to leave and, in order to attract less attention, we took the road leading to Chelm. I knew the region well and we arrived in Krasnystaw, a heavily populated Jewish village. Alas, all the Jews had already been deported to Sobibor.



The railroad station in the village.

In the evening I knocked at the door of a peasant who knew my family and begged him to hide us for a short time, offering him a reward. He put us in his stable and we slept on the straw. Once a day, he brought us a thick soup and bread. We were very hungry, and one day we wanted to leave. He answered, "They will know I have hidden you, and it is a great risk." Indeed, Poles were shot for hiding Jews. We remained in our dark hiding place; we knew it was day when the cock crowed, and when we heard the peasant's steps we knew that night had come.

One day, we heard voices. My companion climbed on a plank and saw a rifle. We heard shots, and I felt a pain in my leg; then a voice said: "Tomorrow we shall bury the Jews." Weitzen was also slightly hurt and Kostman was killed. The attackers left; perhaps they didn't want to use more bullets, maybe they were drunk. We said farewell to our poor companion, kissed him and stepped outside. We ran all night and at dawn we hid in the kiln of an abandoned brick factory. We lived there a long time, going out only at night to search for food.

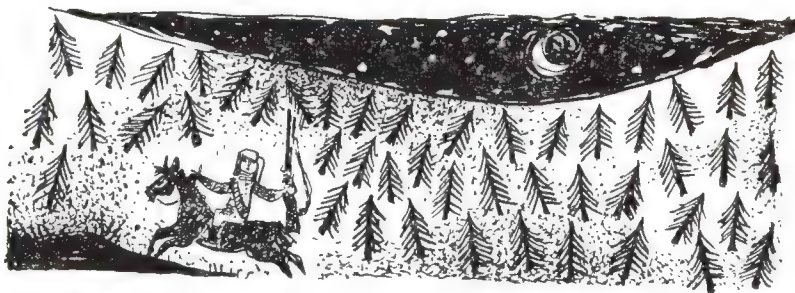
(Thomas Blatt continued to relate his arrival at Sobibor and his stay in the camp until the preparations for the uprising.)



Kurt Thomas



Joseph Dunietz



FROM OPOLE TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF STANISLAW SZMAJZNER



Stanislaw Szmajzner

Like Wounded Birds

I remember one particularly dreadful event; it was the arrival of a convoy from Majdanek. I don't know how many prisoners were there; skinny, clothed in striped pajamas, they were led brutally to camp No. 2. The gas chambers were out of action that day, and the wretched people spent the night in the open, lying on the ground, awaiting death. Their voices were not human, but resembled the wailing of injured animals; it was awful to listen to them. What is more, the SS didn't sleep either. They got up in the middle of the night to beat up their victims with sticks and whips. After their execution, their screams still seemed to float in the air, like the cry of wounded birds.

October 14 is an important day in the history of the Holocaust: 600 unarmed prisoners grabbed arms and overcame 40 SS men and 200 Ukrainians.

In the preparations for the uprising, my job was stealing weapons. As I was in charge of repairing the stoves of the Ukrainian barracks, I stole many rifles and hid them safely. These rifles enabled us to kill more than twenty soldiers. I took a rifle into the forest.

Our life and struggle in the Polish forest is a different story; we needed loads of imagination and courage to survive.

AS I WAS IN CHARGE OF REPAIRING THE STOVES OF THE UKRAINIAN BARRACKS, I STOLE MANY RIFLES AND HID THEM SAFELY.



M. Goldfarb



Joseph Zukerman

FROM LUBLIN TO SOBIBOR
TESTIMONY OF HELLA FELLENBAUM-WEISS



Hella Fellenbaum-Weiss

The Things I Saw

On another day, prisoners arrived from Belzec and were shot immediately. In their pockets we found notes in Yiddish: "We are told we are on our way to work. It is a lie. Avenge us." Later, when I joined the partisans after my escape and was fighting in Poland, in Germany and in Czechoslovakia, I remembered these words. They gave me courage to survive.

Uprising and Escape

We all knew that something was going to happen, but I took no part in the organization of the revolt, or in the execution of its plan. I believe the plan was extremely well conceived, and the leaders had great courage. Many SS were killed, and if only a few of us survived, it was not the fault of the plan but of the general conditions in occupied Poland at that time.



Hangings on Leszno Street in Warsaw.

In the Forest

Surviving in the forest was not easy. While running all night, I met two other prisoners; we went on running, not knowing where. Deep in the forest, we found an abandoned hut; inside was a sack of potatoes, a real treasure for us. At night we lit a fire to bake them, and we slept in the attic. However, we couldn't remain in that house for long. One morning we heard German voices; the hut was being searched and we expected to be caught, but the Germans left. As we thought that they would come back, we escaped in the cold and the rain.

Sometimes we approached villages to steal potatoes or old sacks in order to cover ourselves. One night we saw three lights in the forest; we approached, and heard these words: "*Halt, stehen bleiben*" (Stop!). Three men came near, and we noticed that their "guns" were only shovels! They laughed; apparently, they had mistaken us for robbers. So, to frighten us, they pretended to be Germans. They were, themselves, escaped Russian prisoners. They were a godsend to us. They were clever, knowing no fear. Using their shovels as guns, they regularly managed to steal enough food for all of us. One day, they brought us a pig.

We were looking for partisans, and eventually found them. I joined the regiment of Prokopyuk. During later battles, I won a medal for courage, a Red Star medal and five commendations: the first, on October 18, 1944; the second, November 2, after the battles of Michalowce and Tymen; one on January 20, 1945, when Persow and Kosice were captured; and, lastly, for the capture of Morawska-Ostrava on May 8, 1945.

In Czechoslovakia, I met a young Jew in General Swoboda's army. We married and left for Israel. We have three daughters.



Meir Ziss

WE WERE LOOKING FOR PARTISANS, AND EVENTUALLY FOUND THEM. I JOINED THE REGIMENT OF PROKOPIYUK. DURING LATER BATTLES, I WON A MEDAL FOR COURAGE, A RED STAR MEDAL AND FIVE COMMENDATIONS.

FROM WARSAW TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF ABRAHAM MARGULIES



*Abraham
Margulies*

The Revolt

At first, it was fixed for October 13, but was postponed for a day, because of an unexpected visit of friends of the SS.

Fifteen prisoners were to attack the barracks of the Ukrainian guards, fifteen others were to assault the munitions depot. We were 700 prisoners in Sobibor, including eighty women, and some children.

On October 14, I was sent, along with Biskubicz, to do some work at the gate. I saw Niemann on his horse, leaving for the tailors' workshop. There, he was to be killed with an axe. SS Beckmann was sitting at his desk when the rebels entered; he tried to defend himself with a paper-knife, but was stabbed.

Our plan for invading the Ukrainian barracks did not materialize. Bauer, the leader of camp No. 3, arrived earlier than expected; he sat in a lorry full of drinks, and Frenzel called four prisoners to help him to unload them. Suddenly, a group of inmates appeared at the camp entrance where the ground was not mined. The Ukrainians started shooting; Frenzel was standing with his machine gun. I ran towards the barbed wire and, with the help of Helka Weiss, managed to cut it with pliers. I saw Sasha passing me, a revolver in his hand. I heard mines exploding, and saw a Russian prisoner covering our escape with his gun.

At last, we were in the forest, free . . . At dawn, hidden in the wood, I heard Frenzel's voice; he was talking to a peasant, "We shall have them all! A division with tanks is after them; there is a reward of 400 zlotys per head." The peasants saw us, but did not betray us . . .

SS BECKMANN WAS SITTING AT HIS DESK WHEN THE REBELS ENTERED; HE TRIED TO DEFEND HIMSELF WITH A PAPER-KNIFE, BUT WAS STABBED.

¹At his trial in Berlin in 1950, together with SS man Bauer, Kliehr was acquitted because of the testimony in his favor given by survivors Esther Raab and Lerner.



FROM HOLLAND TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF ILANA SAFRAN,
ALIAS URSULA STERN-BUCHHEIM

Life with the Partisans

There were many types of resistance movement: Poles and Ukrainians were fighting all the time. One day, we heard Yiddish; it came from the group known as "Michal," which included Sobibor escapees.

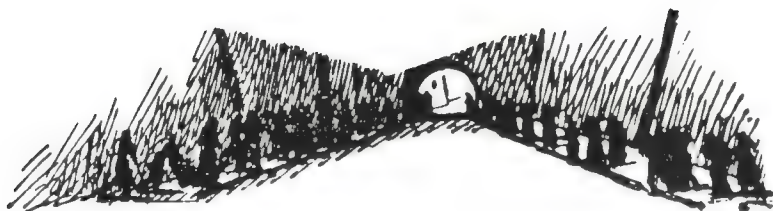
Our life was exhausting; we walked fifty to sixty kilometers a days, but we were free . . . Once we were attacked by Poles who took our arms. "You have taken the weapons that the Allies have parachuted to us," they said.

Our main activity consisted of sabotaging trains. We also sheltered women and children and fed them. At last, we met Russian partisans — a real army of 2,000; but they refused to accept us all. They were only interested in the young ones, and promised to give the girls military training. As we wanted to be together, it was very hard. We fought against the Germans and, just before the Liberation, Katty Gokkes lost her life.

After the Liberation, we travelled to Wlodawa, and I met Selma Wijnberg and her fiancé, Haim Engel. We returned to Sobibor, but all traces of the camp had disappeared. The next stops were Lublin, Chernovitz, Odessa and, finally, Holland. I wanted to escape Europe. Now I live and work in Ashdod, in Israel!



Ilana Safran



IN THE SHADOW OF SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF MICHAEL KNOPFMACHER

On the way, I met Shlomo Lemberger, nicknamed Shlomo Doctor, because he always carried medicines and bandages. He said, "Stay with me; we are going to Sobibor, but we shall try to escape. Don't move now, they kill on the spot." Shlomo and I got near a window and removed the bars. He jumped first and I followed him. We wanted to reach the forest and hide, and then to return to Adampole. In the distance we saw a group of Nazis walking along the tracks. I later learned that others had tried to escape, but that only a few survived. We lost our way in the forest and, instead of reaching Adampole, we arrived at Orchow station, the point of departure for Sobibor. We retraced our steps and walked a long time before reaching Adampole. My family thought I was dead. We bought some revolvers from peasants, went to the forest where we found the partisans of Lichtenszein, and joined them. In August, 1943, we reached the Bug River. Poles betrayed us to the Nazis. There was a struggle, the SS ran away, and we crossed the river. We joined the Molotov brigade and were happy because food was plentiful. Peasants feared us and fed us. My cousin, Moshe Zelikowitz, escaped the massacre of Adampole, which took place on September 13, 1943. He reported that Nazis from Wlodawa had shot my mother and her six children in the courtyard of the house. My father was stabbed in the stable.

Our partisans fought great battles. Later I joined the Red Army, and was involved in battles on German soil. In 1947, I left for Israel.



Jacob Biskubicz

OUR PARTISANS FOUGHT GREAT BATTLES. LATER JOINED THE RED ARMY, AND WAS INVOLVED IN BATTLES ON GERMAN SOIL. IN 1947, I LEFT FOR ISRAEL.

FROM IZBICA TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF SIMHA BIALOWITZ

Plans of Action

We were obsessed with the idea of avenging our dead and killing the SS. Hersh, a young prisoner from Zamosc, suggested poison. He told me: "Try to find three bottles with 200 grams of morphine." I got the morphine and gave it to him, but Wagner found one of the bottles. Four men and one girl were arrested. Wagner showed me the bottle, and I said, "I have never seen it before, our bottles are labeled." The SS officer in charge of the pharmacy confirmed my words. I was lucky, but Hersh and the five others were executed.

I soon learned that the prisoners who worked in the forest were preparing a mass escape. Two men who left with a guard to fetch water and bread, killed him with an axe. When a second guard arrived, the prisoners escaped.

Only the Polish Jews who knew the area and the language could survive after their escape. Ten Dutch prisoners who belonged to the outdoor workers remained behind. Podchlebnik, who killed the guard, and Kopf managed to escape. Later, I learned that Kopf was murdered after the Liberation.

All the other fugitives were recaptured and taken back to camp. Frenzel made a speech about our ignominious behavior, and ten members of the group were executed to avenge the murdered guard.



Simha Bialowitz

TWO MEN WHO LEFT WITH A GUARD TO FETCH WATER AND BREAD, KILLED HIM WITH AN AXE. WHEN A SECOND GUARD ARRIVED, THE PRISONERS ESCAPED.

The Revolt

The committee preparing the revolt consisted of several groups: mine was to find money and valuable objects. My brother and I had a password to enable us to find each other in case we got lost after the escape. During the revolt, I ran from the depot to the barbed wire; I injured my hand, and I still bear the scars. I succeeded in reaching the forest where I found my brother. We ran together, looking for other prisoners. We wandered a long time, hiding in fields.

The day after the escape, we were glad to watch the procession of cars carrying the coffins of the murdered Nazis of Sobibor. Alas, very few of us survived the uprising of Sobibor.

FROM WARSAW TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF BER FREIBERG

Dutch Resistance

There was an officer among the Dutch Jews and a Ukrainian guard promised to help him organize a mass escape. But the guard betrayed the plot. Although the officer took the responsibility on himself, the SS executed the whole group in camp No. 3. In order to save bullets, the victims were decapitated.

The Longest Day

In September, 1943, a group of Soviet prisoners arrived. Polish Jews knew the camps and SS habits; the Russians knew how to use arms.

Sasha Pechersky and Leon Feldhendler prepared the escape plan. October 14 was the longest day in my life. Five minutes before the fixed hour, a young prisoner asked SS Wolf to enter the clothing depot, "We found nice clothes; and what shall we do with them?" he asked. Wolf went out to see, and was killed with an axe. SS Beckmann was stabbed in his office.

We took their weapons and attacked the arsenal. What a joy to possess arms! I ran towards the gate which was not mined. A volley of bullets greeted me and forced me to retreat. I jumped over the barbed wire, and reached the forest. Free at last! But more than half of our 600 rebels died fighting or were recaptured in the forest.



Itzhak Lichtman and Ber Freiberg

I RAN TOWARDS THE GATE WHICH WAS NOT MINED. A VOLLEY OF BULLETS GREETED ME AND FORCED ME TO RETREAT. I JUMPED OVER THE BARBED WIRE, AND REACHED THE FOREST. FREE AT LAST!

Eda and Itzhak Lichtman



FROM MIELEC TO SOBIBOR
TESTIMONY OF EDA LICHTMAN

The Heroism of the Young Prisoners

Berek Lichtman, who came to Sobibor with his whole family, was the only survivor. Though he was only fifteen, he was always quiet and serene. He first worked in the laundry, then in the kitchen, and finally in the shoemakers' barracks. During the revolt, when SS Falaster was killed, Berek kept his calm, helped to hide the body and clean the traces of blood. He fell during the revolt, while shooting at the guards to cover the prisoners' escape.

DURING THE REVOLT, WHEN SS FALASTER WAS KILLED, BEREK KEPT HIS CALM, HELPED TO HIDE THE BODY AND CLEAN THE TRACES OF BLOOD.

FROM ZOLKIEWKA TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF ITZHAK LICHTMAN

The Convoy of Pechersky

A convoy arrived from the Soviet Union. As the Dutch prisoners had all been executed, workers were needed for camp No. 4. After a selection, eighty people remained alive, among them lieutenant Sasha Pechersky and Fiedia, nicknamed Katiush. They used to sing loudly when working, they became our friends and, together, we worked up a plan of escape and revenge.

Some prisoners showed great courage in preparing the revolt; for instance, Szmajzner managed to steal eight rifles.

The first Nazi to be liquidated was Falaster, in the shoe-makers' workshop. He was killed with an axe and then Shaul took his gun. We wrapped the body in a blanket and hid it.

I escaped by passing the main gate with a group of prisoners, and we reached the forest.

SOME PRISONERS SHOWED GREAT COURAGE IN PREPARING THE REVOLT; FOR INSTANCE, SZMAJZNER MANAGED TO STEAL EIGHT RIFLES.

The Forest

Our aim was to join the partisans. A young peasant showed us the way to the Parczew forest, thirty-five kilometers from Sobibor. We met some Jewish fugitives and a few partisans. Life in the underground was not easy. We succeeded in buying some rifles, but we used them to frighten peasants and force them to give us food. We were always assailed by Ukrainian and Polish bandits. Because of them, not many prisoners saw the end of the war.



FROM WLODAWA TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF AIZIK ROTTENBERG



Aizik Rottenberg

The Revolt

Like all prisoners, I dreamt of freedom, and knew well, as a Yiddish proverb says, that I was "between fire and water." Escape from Sobibor — but where? I remembered that when we arrived at the camp we had walked in rows, following a guard armed with a machine gun. Behind was a second machine gun and, all the way, guards with rifles.

On October 14, the revolt took place. I ran to the forest with my companions, and met a naked fugitive. "Come with me," I said, and gave him my coat. We looked for partisans, but didn't find any; then we were arrested by *Schupos* who didn't wish to kill us right away. They took us to Adampole, and a German called Zelinger, tied us up with chains in a stable; for weeks, he treated us like dogs. However, we managed to break the chains and escaped to the forest of Parczew. We met a group of Polish partisans who didn't want to accept us. Later we found Jewish partisans, the Yehiel group who were part of Chyl Grynspar's unit. They accepted us, and we took part in several battles.

Finally, I left for Israel where I raised a family. I am still a bricklayer.

LATER WE FOUND JEWISH PARTISANS, THE YEHIEL GROUP WHO WERE PART OF CHYL GRYNSPAN'S UNIT. THEY ACCEPTED US, AND WE TOOK PART IN SEVERAL BATTLES.



FROM STAW TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF ZELDA METZ



Zelda Metz-Kelberman

The Revolt

Russian prisoners and Leon Feldhendler organized a massive escape; I didn't know the details of the plan. Niemann and Getzinger were killed in the workshop and the same fate awaited Klat, Beckmann and Steubel. Three SS men escaped: Frenzel, Bauer and Richter. At 5:00 P.M. I was in the yard near Sasha. The barbed wire was already cut; Ukrainians were shooting at us and killed many. Others perished on the minefields, but quite a large number escaped and joined the partisans. Many were murdered by Polish fascists. I hid with peasants and obtained false documents proving that I was an "Aryan." I went to Lvov and resumed a normal life until the end of the war, as if Sobibor never existed.

(Published in *Dokumenty Zbrodni i Meczestwa*, [Documents on Crime and Martyrdom], Cracow, 1945. The witness now lives in the U.S.A.)

UKRAINIANS WERE SHOOTING AT US AND KILLED MANY. OTHERS PERISHED ON THE MINEFIELDS, BUT QUITE A LARGE NUMBER ESCAPED AND JOINED THE PARTISANS.

FROM KOLO TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF YEHEZKIEL MENCHE

My Memories

Weiss also forced us to do the following: we had to find a certain quantity of earth worms, and if one of us was unable to please him, he got twenty-five lashes with a whip. We knew our fate, but couldn't make a decision on how to escape. However, in October, 1943, we drew up a coherent plan: the mission was to be undertaken by forty men, divided into two groups, and the revolt was fixed for October 14, the first day of the Sukkoth holiday. The group to which I belonged was to liquidate the sixteen SS officers and take their weapons. The second group had to take weapons and uniforms and attack the munition stores. Once the task was achieved, both groups were to join and call all prisoners to revolt and run. Lerner and I were charged with the execution of Greischutz and Klat, while they were trying on new clothes. We got our hatchets on October 13, and everything happened as predicted. Then we went to the camp entrance. The German guards felt that something unusual was taking place, and they started shooting. We weren't armed sufficiently to fight a full battle, so we started running over the barbed wire and ditches. Many of us fell. Out of 600 prisoners I believe that only 100 reached the Parczew forest, on the way from Lublin to Zamosc.

We had many enemies to fight beside the Germans: Ukrainians and Polish fascists. In 1945, only thirty survivors remained. I would like to mention the names of two heroes: Sasha of Minsk, and Feldhendler, who was killed after the Liberation by Polish fascists.

(Testimony gathered by Ilya Ehrenburg, January 10, 1945 at Chelm. Appeared in *Merder fun Felker*, Moscow, 1945.)

OCTOBER, 1943, WE DREW UP A COHERENT PLAN: THE MISSION WAS TO BE UNDERTAKEN BY FORTY MEN, DIVIDED INTO TWO GROUPS, AND THE REVOLT WAS FIXED FOR OCTOBER 14, THE FIRST DAY OF THE SUKKOTH HOLIDAY.

FROM HRUBIESZOW TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF JACOB BISKUBICZ

My Escape

I was running with a prisoner, David, when we met *Scharführer* Bauer and a truck filled with bottles. A Ukrainian approached him and said, "*Ein Deutsch kaputt!*" Bauer began shooting and killed David. I ran towards camp no. 4 and hid. At night I cut the barbed wires with my knife. For weeks I wandered in the forest, and met a group of partisans. I fought until the Liberation.

Jacob Biskubicz was born on March 17, 1926 at Hrubieszow; now living in Israel.

FOR WEEKS I WANDERED IN THE FOREST, AND MET A GROUP OF PARTISANS. I FOUGHT UNTIL THE LIBERATION.

FROM ZOLKIEWKA TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF MOSHE HOCHMAN

In Sobibor

A tall SS officer was waiting and shouting, "Those willing to work, come forward." Eighty men were selected and taken to camp, after being forced to spend twenty-four hours on the ground, guarded by Ukrainians. We were thinking of running away, but how? Even a bird couldn't fly away from here. The camp was surrounded by three rows of barbed wire, and guarded by 200 Ukrainians and SS. A young prisoner thought of starting a fire, with the hope of cutting the wire while the SS were putting the fire out. I was working in the tailors' barracks; the Liberation committee gave us the task of executing Niemann while he was going to the workshop to try on new clothes. The plan worked and, when Niemann was putting on a suit, he was killed with an axe by a Russian prisoner. We wrapped his body in a blanket and hid it.

THE LIBERATION COMMITTEE GAVE US THE TASK OF EXECUTING NIEMANN WHILE HE WAS GOING TO THE WORKSHOP TO TRY ON NEW CLOTHES.

FROM SUCHE-LIPIE TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF HAIM LEJST

On October 14, the revolt erupted. The idea of silent liquidation of the SS and a general escape, realized by Sasha Pechersky, was originally conceived of by a prisoner named Ksil from Krasny-staw, nicknamed Ksil-Kowal (Ksil the blacksmith). He had been killed shortly before October 14, but I don't know why.

Nobody will ever describe our suffering and the courage needed to rebel, with no weapons against armed guards.

During the preparation of the revolt, I acted as liaison agent between camps No. 1 and 2; my job as gardener enabled me to walk from place to place.

My escape and the miseries I suffered later in the forest are like those of all survivors.



Haim Lejst

FROM CHELM TO SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF HAIM TREGER

The Escape

One morning, after a night spent near a tree, I saw a peasant with a shovel in his hand; I pretended to take a revolver out of my pocket. He screamed and ran away. Another day, a group of Poles began to tease me, a little Jew alone in the forest. I answered back, crying that I was Polish, and asked to be taken to the partisans' headquarters. The ruse paid off, and I was led to officers who accepted me and directed me to their unit. I fought with all my strength, always remembering the martyrs of Sobibor.¹

¹Haim Treger returned to Chelm after the war. He married a survivor of Auschwitz and left for Israel where a child was born to them. Treger died in 1969, and his widow gave me this testimony.



Haim Treger (right) with his family.

I FOUGHT WITH ALL MY STRENGTH,
ALWAYS REMEMBERING THE MARTYRS
OF SOBIBOR.

THE UPRISING OF SOBIBOR

TESTIMONY OF YEHUDA LERNER



Yehuda Lerner

Sobibor

A strong friendship developed between old and new prisoners. Sasha Pechersky prepared details of the uprising; my role was to behead SS Greischutz who commanded the garrison.

Just before October 14, I was sent to camp No. 1 as a carpenter. I was given a well sharpened hatchet by Szmajzner, and I longed to use it. October 14 was a great day. Greischutz entered the tailors' barracks to try a new uniform; I was waiting behind the door. Two blows of the hatchet and my enemy was dead. We took his gun and waited for the signal of the general revolt and our escape. Unfortunately, Frenzel didn't turn up. I had hoped to kill him, too!

At 5:00 P.M., we heard, "Hurrah! hurrah! long live freedom!" I ran, meeting prisoners on the way; I took a rifle and followed them. I can't remember how I jumped over the barbed wire fence and the minefield, but I found myself in the forest. I fell asleep, and woke up at night; I started to run again, as I was still near the camp. I met three other fugitives, among them Boris from Sheroka. We remained in the forest for three or four weeks; at night, we approached villages and asked for bread. Sometimes it was given willingly, more often under threats.

Near the village of Luty, we met another group of fugitives, among them Goldfarb and two Caucasian prisoners of war. We joined Ukrainian partisans. I went out with Goldfarb to fetch some food, and when we came back we found that the two Caucasians and the Jews had been murdered. We ran and met a brigade of Jewish partisans, the Yehiel. We fought together and then joined the Polish army.

When the war ended our detachment numbered one hundred fighters. Later, I left for Israel and founded a family; today I am an officer in the Israeli police.

WE FOUGHT TOGETHER AND THEN
JOINED THE POLISH ARMY.



Leaders of the guerilla army in Greece. Maj.-Gen. Stefanos Sarafis, Lt.-Gen. Ronald Scobie and Maj.-Gen. Napoleon Zervas.



Negotiation between the Armistice and the Italian Pinerolo Division.

Members of the Allied Military Mission. From left to right: Allen senior Interpreter, Kostas Despotopoulos, Maj. Wines, U.S. Army, Col. Woodhouse, Sarafis, Col. Petroulakis, Chief-of-Staff.



"The Jewish minority in Bulgaria gave devoted champion partizans — men and women who, side by side with their Bulgarian brothers, set out on the hard partizans' road for sacred struggle against German enslavers and their Bulgarian agents".

TODOR ZHIVKOV



Soviet mission in Greece and ELAS men in a relaxed mood.

CHAPTER III

**Western Europe
Middle East
Far East**

EDITOR'S NOTES

Bulgarian President Todor Zhivkov, a partisan leader during the war praised the Jewish participation in the Bulgarian freedom fight against the Germans, (page 268).

Like in the first volume, the stories written by I. Kaufman, about the American Jews involved in W.W.II is of great historical value, since they were written during the war, and shortly after, (page 269). He tells of American soldiers and officers, who fought on various fronts against the common enemy.

A picture on page 288, shows how the Americans were mistreated by the Germans and kept them on a starvation diet.

"The Silence" (page 321), Harry's Story. It is about a man named Harry in Hungary. It could as well be somewhere else. They ran, they hid, they fought and they took revenge against the enemy.

On page 335, is singled out a box with the quotation of a Rabbi, an inmate in Auschwitz, where he agitated others not to sell their lives cheap, but to fight back with whatever means they had and not to be killed like sheep at the slaughter. If we only had more Rabbis, who would call for resistance, it is possible that a much greater percentage of Jews would have survived.

Page 337, describes a highway in France where a Jewish fighter calls out to the Germans in a perfect Yiddish: "Put down your weapons."

Page 343, describes American Jewish servicemen at a cemetery in Italy. Graves of fallen Jewish soldiers are all over Europe.

"Night Soldiers" is about the Jewish Resistance in France (page 345).

Description on page 348, tells that Jews were fighting all over.

Page 351 describes Jewish soldiers, and how proud the townspeople were of their men serving in various formations in the French Army and in the anti-Nazi Resistance.

Page 355 describes a Jewish Chinese General; how bravely he fought against the Japanese Army.



Germans are executing Partisans.

American Jews in World War II

By I. Kaufman

CHAPLAINS ARE FIGHTERS

THE JEWISH CHAPLAINS in World War II—orthodox American rabbis in uniform, and Conservative and Reform—handled no firearms, but they were up there with the GIs and the sailors, on every fighting front and in every armed service. They went to sea with the Navy and flew with the Air Corps and moved up on land with the moving fronts.

Often they held religious services that were recurrently interrupted by the boom of the enemy's big guns and the crackle of snipers' rifles—under a tent or in the shelter of a bomb-wrecked stone wall. Often those who prayed and chanted with them were grimy, dirty-faced men dragging rifles—men who came to the services out of the foxholes and the firing lines, and who returned to fight again when the services ended.

To the Jewish fighters of World War II, many of them boys perhaps for the first time away from home, the chaplains brought comfort when wounded, advice and help to meet individual problems, and always the growing conviction that the good



RABBI MEYER MILLER
served in the US Army during
the duration of the war in
Europe. He was discharged as a
Air Force Major. Photo was
taken while still a 1st Lt.
Resides in the USA.

fighter for America and American democracy was by virtue of that circumstance also the good Jew.

There were 311 Jewish chaplains in the Army and Navy of the U. S. during World War II and of these more than three-quarters—236—saw service overseas. They lived with the men in training at home and in the training camps and rest camps and battle areas on the other side. They served on all the continents and in all the lands around the globe to which the war brought men in the uniforms of the U. S.

On one side of the world, the chaplains went, along with the fighting men, to lonely outposts in Alaska and the Southwest Pacific, to India and China and Korea and the Philippines, to Okinawa and Iwo Jima and Japan. And half way around the globe, they went with the American fighting men to England and North Africa and into Italy and France and the Low Countries and then into Nazi Germany.

Those Jewish chaplains who got into Germany simultaneously with our liberating soldiers performed, in addition to everything else, a tremendous and heroic service which only they could carry out, for which only they at that precise turning-point in Europe's history were suited and prepared. That was the job of caring for the pitiful survivors of Hitler's war, in the critical hour of their liberation.

Already in the approaches to Germany, in the lands the Nazis had overrun—North Africa and Italy, France and Belgium and Holland—as the American armies moved in, the doors of the political prisons and concentration camps had swung open and the still-surviving victims of the Nazi Weltanschauung came pouring out. All were in a bad way, but the liberated Jews were



SERG. RABBI ALVIN J. JACOBSON was a Radio Operator Mechanic and Control Tower Operator in 1942. Received Air Medal—Battle of the Bulge and several Battle Stars European Theatre. Disabled Veteran. Resides in the USA.

in the worst plight of all. Though free now, they had no homes and no place in the community or in any community to return to. They needed—immediately—food, clothing, medical aid, a place to sleep. The chaplains, aided by other officers and by enlisted men, managed by various devices to provide a minimum of these, helped them over the transition period until official arrangements were made for their care.

Worst of all were the liberated Jews in Germany itself—often skeletons of human beings, only a day or two removed from the Hitler annihilation chambers. To them the chaplains brought not only the physical things but a revival of the spirit all but extinguished by Nazi terror. They needed assurance—and reassurance—that, though Jews, they were still accepted as human beings.

The chaplains in the uniform of the American Army officer appeared among them as sole representatives of world Jewry and, applying heroic measures, acted simultaneously as physicians, social workers, statesmen... The records show—letters and reports from the field to the National Jewish Welfare Board abundantly show—that they did a magnificent job.

The Jewish chaplains in World War II, Army or Navy, were no sheltered men of the cloth who stayed at a safe distance from the fighting. They went where the fighters went, regardless of danger, and they suffered the same consequences. Eight Jewish chaplains in all lost their lives while in the service of the U. S. A. These were:

Chaplain Alexander Goode of Brooklyn, lost on the torpedoed Army transport *Dorchester*, in the Atlantic. June 15, 1943.



LT. COL. CHARLES R. SANDLER served in the European Theater of Operations in Rhineland, Ardennes, Central Europe. Was wounded in Combat in Germany. Worked in the Executive Office of the Task Force that liberated Mathausen Concentration Camp. Decorated with the Silver Star, Bronze Star, Purple Heart. Resides in the USA.

Chaplain Irving Tepper of Chicago, killed by bomb splinters in France. August 13, 1944.

Chaplain Louis Werfel of New York, known as "The Flying Rabbi," killed in an air crash in Algeria. February 24, 1944.

Chaplain Henry Goody of Philadelphia, killed in an automobile accident in Washington. October 19, 1943.

Chaplain Samuel D. Hurwitz of Fort Wayne, Indiana, died while on active duty with troops in Texas. December 9, 1943.

Chaplain Herman L. Rosen of Brooklyn, died by drowning. June 8, 1943.

Chaplain Frank Goldenberg of Utica, New York, killed in a jeep accident outside Vienna, Austria. May 22, 1945.

Chaplain Nachman S. Arnoff of Chicago, killed in an Army truck accident at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, while on the way to be discharged after 18 months service overseas. May 9, 1946.

The story of Chaplain Goode is an incident out of the Battle of the Atlantic against Hitler's prowling submarines, which went on from the beginning of the war to the very end. It is a brief, illuminating story not of Jewish chaplains alone but those of all faiths...

War on the high seas seems, somehow, more sinister and more menacing than fighting by land. Death strikes suddenly in the dark, often just before dawn, a terror that comes without warning and gives no chance to strike back. It came that way to the Army transport Dorchester, somewhere in the North Atlantic. One moment she was riding the waves while men slept or stood watch. The next, she was ripped apart and sinking. The ominous order sounded, "Abandon ship!"



SERG. JERRY DANENBERG saw action with the Air Force in the Pacific. Received Decorations: Good Conduct Medal, Philippines Liberation Ribbon, American Campaign Medal, Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal, w/2 Bronze Stars, and W.W.II Victory Medal. Resides in the USA.

There was the rush to lifeboat stations. There was the confusion among men shocked out of sleep by the shudder of the stricken ship, racing for safety along decks blocked off by fires blazing fore and aft... You make the life boat and have a chance to survive. Or you leap into the cold sea with lifebelt, gloves and the rest, and you have the slimmer chance of being picked up by life boat or raft... Men hurrying against time, stumbling up blocked gangways and over tilting decks, sometimes discover that they have been caught without lifebelts, for which it is now too late to go back. Their chance to survive is next to nil.

On the Dorchester, at least four men who were thus trapped nevertheless got their full chance. One after another was seen by a chaplain who called to him, gave him his own lifebelt, said casually, it was all right, he (the chaplain) had another. And to men accustomed to getting help from their chaplain when in trouble, this seemed a natural thing.

Lieutenant Junior Grade John J. Mahoney, for instance, later told of his own experience. When the abandon ship order came, he snatched his Parka and life preserver, worked his way to the promenade deck. Then he discovered he had left his gloves behind. Swearing at himself for stupid forgetfulness, he started back to his cabin—a dangerous trip, from which a man might not have time to return.

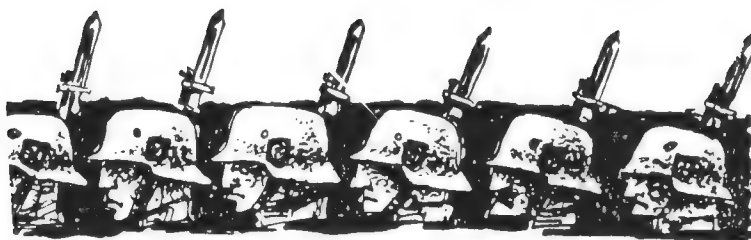
Jewish Chaplain Alexander Goode saw his difficulty and called after him.

"You can have these," the chaplain said, pulling off his own gloves. "I have another pair."

Later the lieutenant learned that Chaplain Goode did not



S/SERG. ABE SWIRS MILLER
saw action in the Pacific from
1942-45. Resides in the USA.



have "another pair," and that he had already given his only life belt to an enlisted man. In the same way, Chaplain John P. Washington, Catholic priest, and Chaplains Clark V. Poling and George L. Fox, Protestant ministers, had handed their life belts to men who had none.

Against the gray, cold morning sky, as the *Dorchester* went down, the men in the boats saw the four chaplains—Protestant, Catholic, Jew—arm in arm and in prayer, as the wounded ship plunged to her death. Differing in creeds, they were one in the creed which overleaps all differences, that greater love hath no man than to give up his life for his brother.

Mahoney spent eight hours, before he was rescued, in a crowded life boat awash with freezing-cold water. Without the chaplain's gloves, he said, "my fingers would have frozen stiff, I would never have made it. As it was, only two of us survived out of 40 who were on the boat. I owe my life to those gloves."

Just before he boarded the *Dorchester*, Rabbi Goode had written in a letter to his wife:

"We are fighting for the new age of brotherhood, the age of brotherhood that will usher in at the same time the world democracy we all want. The age when men will admire the freedom and responsibility of the common man in American democracy. Our methods will be imitated and improved upon. Our spirit of tolerance will spread. Systems of coinage, vocabularies, trade products, scientific discoveries, inventions useful in commerce, new tools of useful living, will find a worldwide distribution and use.

"Justice and righteousness as dreamed of by the prophet who gave the world the democratic spirit will cover the earth as a

Later the lieutenant learned that Chaplain Goode did not have "another pair," and that he had already given his only life belt to an enlisted man. In the same way, Chaplain John P. Washington, Catholic priest, and Chaplains Clark V. Poling and George L. Fox, Protestant ministers, had handed their life belts to men who had none.

torrent. Men the world over will have enough to eat, clothes to wear, opportunity for improvement through education, and full employment. Tyranny will no longer be possible in a united world because, before it can gain power, the forces of justice speeded through space by airplane, will have overwhelmed it. Protests against injustice will be heard in every capital of the world the moment it occurs and redress granted at once.

"What has seemed like civilization up to this point is but a crude effort compared to the era that lies just before us. The new world will be the goal of the cavalcade of democracy through the ages. Toward this new world the cavalcade of democracy marches on, heralding the century of humanity."

Near the French town of Vire, while war was still raging in France, a Nazi bomber sliced through the air overhead and a Nazi fragmentation bomb exploded over the roadside. Chaplain Irving Tepper of Chicago was on that road, bringing aid to wounded men trapped in a house nearby. Before he could dive out of danger 22 shrapnel splinters bit into his body.

They carried him to a field hospital. They gave him first aid and all the other aid that the Army's doctors and nurses could furnish. They watched him, despite his many wounds, wage a terrible, determined fight for life. But the wounds were too many and too grave. He died two days later, on August 13th, 1944. He was 31.

He was the first Jewish chaplain killed in France—and it had been in his power to avoid such a fate. The men who knew him, men of the 9th Infantry Division which he had long served, called him Chaplain Courageous. He was a GI's chaplain.



SIDNEY SVEDROFSKY
saw action in Europe and was
wounded. Was decorated with
Purple Heart, Victory Medal
and others. Resides in the USA.



He was in the first wave to go down the cargo nets at Mahdia Plage, Morocco, on November 8, 1942. He marched with the foot soldiers through Tunisia. He walked with them through Sicily. He went to England with the 9th division, and as invasion time drew near, they offered him a headquarters post, in the safe areas.

He said, no. He said his place was with his battalion—and when the battalion moved to the front, his place was there. On D-Day that started the liberation of France, he was among the first to step on a Normandy beach. He was constantly with his men in action until he died.

They interred his remains under a Star of David in the 17th Corps U. S. Military Cemetery at Chasney, France. When the division got into Germany, the first Jewish religious service was held inside the anti-Semitic Reich—a memorial service for Chaplain Tepper.

Said Chaplain W. J. MacLeod, Tepper's room-mate during their pre-D-Day waiting in England: "He was a great morale builder . . . He was the real thing!"

Chaplain Werfel was on duty with the 12th Army Air Force Service Command in North Africa when he met his death. He had become "the flying rabbi" because only by air could he keep in touch with his soldier-congregation, scattered over the far-flung North African wastes from Casablanca to Egypt . . . He was setting out, by plane, to preside at a Hanukah service in the Spring of 1943, when he was warned that ceilings were low and it might be dangerous flying. He decided to take the risk . . . In a heavy fog, his plane crashed in the Algerian mountains . . .



SERG. HARRY H. MOGAN saw action in Europe 1943-46. In May 1945, one day before VE Day-found remnants of Jewish women, survivors of a death march, they were from Poland, Austria and Germany, original 5000, only 120 of them survived. He helped them to restore their health. Received the Bronze Star and others. Resides in the USA.



Chaplain (Captain) Arnoff was 46 at the time of his death. A graduate of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, he was rabbi of Congregation Bnai Israel, in Chicago, when he entered the service. He was stationed at the San Francisco Port of Embarkation and then, in December, 1944, was sent to Italy. He was there a year and a half, devoting his last few months, in the Spring of 1946, to the work of rehabilitation of displaced persons. Before he left for home, the Jewish community of Leghorn gave him a community tribute . . . He was on his way to a processing center for discharge at Kilmer when a truck accident occurred in which he was killed.

Like Chaplain Arnoff, Chaplain Goldenberg was killed, at 27, after the shooting war had ended. He met his death in a jeep collision near Vienna on May 22, 1946. On leave from Temple Beth El, Utica, he was on duty with the 42nd (Rainbow) Division in Austria.

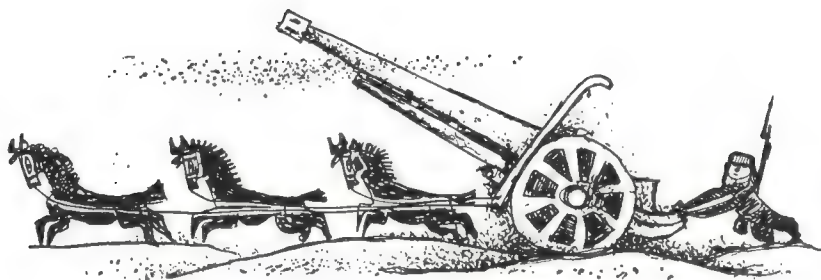


IRVING HALPERN

saw action with the Third Army in Europe. Suffered frozen and badly infected feet. Wounded in action in the Battle of the Bulge. Received decorations: Purple Heart, Bronze Star, 4 Battle Stars and others. Resides in the USA.

Out of Nuernberg, when the rampant Nazis were on the march, came the Nuernberg "laws" — phony race-superiority formulas by which the Hitler gang planned not only to bind the Jews but to enslave a world. And into Nuernberg in the Spring of 1945—the date was April 21st—came U. S. occupation troops, and a band playing the American national anthem, and the Stars and Stripes raised high over Adolf Hitler Platz, the square on which the Nazis used to hold their indecent Nazi ceremonies.

And there came also an American jeep decorated with a big blue-and-white Mogen David, Star of David, symbol of Judaism and Jews. Seated behind its wheel, an American rabbi in Army



uniform, Chaplain David M. Eichhorn, drove across the city, across the square and then into the Zeppelin Stadium. In this huge arena the Nazi Party Congresses used to be held, and there, ten vicious years before, 250,000 Nazis roared their sadistic approval of the "laws" that outlawed everything Jewish and wrote the death warrant for 6,000,000 of Europe's Jews.

The arriving jeep brought, besides the chaplain, a Jewish chaplain's assistant, and, in a second jeep, five Palestinian Jewish soldiers of the 45th Infantry Division, men who had shared in the fighting before Nuernberg.

Slowly the two-jeep procession wound around the perimeter of the huge stadium. It halted before the speaker's rostrum, from which Hitler in person had many a time screamed his hatred of the "degenerate democracies" and of all Jews. Over the rostrum still stood the towering swastika, glittering in gold-leaf, symbol of evil.

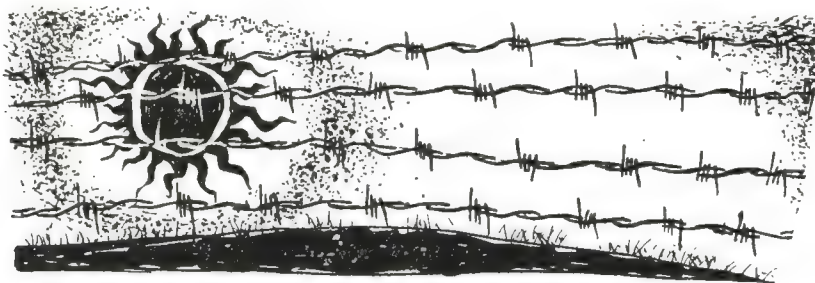
The soldiers came out of their vehicles. They formed a guard of honor around the Holy Ark. They carried it up the steps to the speaker's platform. There, reverently, the Ark was opened, the Torah was taken out. Led by the chaplain, a dozen men offered up prayers and sang songs of thanksgiving to God in an ancient tongue.

Now others arrived, men of the 3d Division which, with the 45th, had beaten down and taken Nuernberg. There was a major general, Wade H. Haislip, of the 15th Corps, which conquered Nuernberg. He said:

"We stand today amid the ruins of a city which gave its name to the infamous laws that violated every concept of human decency. Here Hitler reigned and strutted, and here he shouted



CORP. MORRIS GLOW
saw action in England, North Africa, Italy, France, Belgium Holland and Germany from 1939-1945. He received the French, German and Italy Stars.
Resides in Canada.



at the multitude who used to gather in propaganda-filled stupefaction. In this city Fascism flourished. We have conquered Nuernberg and we have destroyed it just as thoroughly as we shall destroy Fascism and every evil thing connected with it."

As he spoke, soldiers placed demolition charges at the base of the gold-leaf swastika, and when he finished they touched off the charges and blew the thing into a thousand splinters...

Chaplain Eichhorn drove back through wicked Nuernberg, through Adolf Hitler Platz. The sights and the sounds and the tales of bitter tragedy from Nazi prison camps throughout liberated Europe were fresh in his mind. He remembered that this had been, in pre-Nazi days, a beautiful mid-European town, its streets and houses redolent of history. That was before the Nazis and before the war against the Nazis. But that day Chaplain Eichhorn wrote of Nuernberg:

"I have never seen a more completely satisfying heap of ruins."

There were 13 men in a slit trench on Saipan, and the Japanese were not far away. The Jap mortars came lobbing over, exploding with a deep BOOOOOM that shook the earth. The machine guns rattled their irregular shriek of death. The fighter-bombers flew low, strafing as they went, and in a lull the snipers' bullets crackled in the air. Then again the Jap mortars roared and exploded.

The thirteen men in a hole-in-the-ground crouched lower to escape flying death. Said one of them after a while: "Chaplain, what about a prayer?"

Out of 12 of the 13 some, by religion, were Protestant and some were Catholic and only Chaplain Milton Rosenbaum of



1ST LT. MARVIN WEINBERG
saw war in Europe. Contact
with the enemy on Siegfried
Line. Received 3 Campaign
Medals, awarded Bronze Star
for action during Battle of
the Bulge and the Silver Star.
Resides in the USA.



T/SERG. ELI CHAZANOVITZ served in the U.S. Army and was in the European Operations from 1942-45. He was awarded: American Service Medal, European-African, Middle Eastern Service Medal and others. On the picture is Eli (stretched out hand) with another combatant standing on a German shot down plane. Below with Bazooka. His widow resides in the USA.

Cleveland, Ohio, was Jewish. But as they now turned to him—Well, thought the chaplain, it is time for prayer. Amid the pounding of the guns, he recited, and they intoned after him: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil . . ."

The chaplain's voice rose and fell and rose and came to a halt. The guns broke out angrily again, like a long rattle of approaching thunder. The men, though of diverse creeds, faced their fate together, stronger now for what they had heard.

They say that in the foxholes there was no discrimination by man against men because of creed or race or color.

Army Chaplain Eliezer A. Levi, born in Canada, received his rabbinical education in New York and had been 15 years an American when war broke out. He enlisted in 1942 and was the first Jewish Army chaplain assigned to the South Pacific. For more than a year he roamed over that far-flung theater. Then he spent ten months in the jungle battle-ground of New Guinea.

His first night at Port Moresby he spent in a jail—a privilege, the jail being one of the few buildings which still had four walls and a roof. Thereafter he traveled all over the vast jungle island, talking to Jewish soldiers, writing letters to their families, holding services.

"Primitive conditions," he wrote then, "increase the spirit of friendliness and tolerance. There are no bigots in foxholes. In this atmosphere personal problems are increased and accentu-



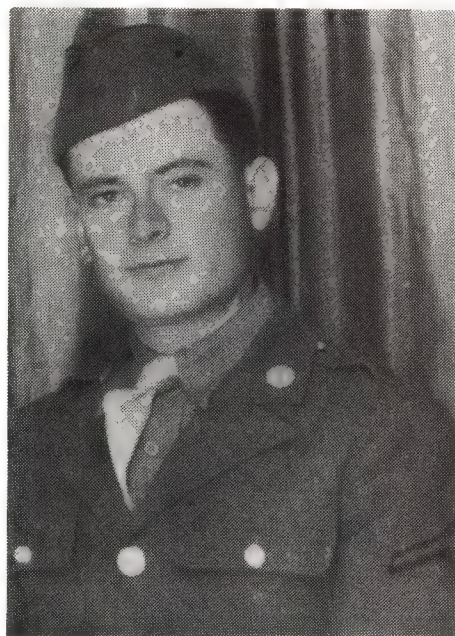
ated. The boys spend long nights in slit trenches worrying—about the folks at home.

"The boy who should be complaining of his wound worried only about how his family would take it on learning he had been hurt. They are a curious lot, these fighting men of ours, whose minds and hearts have never stopped thinking along civilian lines. One night I lay in a foxhole while Jap planes swarmed overhead, and farther down the line I could hear a sergeant reciting Shelley!"

The kunai grass—tough, tall, rough edged—that cuts your hand when you grasp it—grows everywhere in New Guinea, higher than a man's head. As you walk through it, it blocks from sight what is ahead and on either side. Visiting a jungle outpost, Chaplain Levi was thus walking along a road flanked on either side by kunai grass hedges that seemed like unending forests of tall grass.

At last he reached the American lines and the first soldier on post. "Did you just come up that road?" the soldier asked, and broke into loud and almost-impertinent laughter. "Chaplain," he explained, "that whole area through which you just came is alive with Jap patrols. It's a miracle you got through!"

There was a Passover service, in the Spring of 1944, in the jungle, or at least at Port Moresby, entirely surrounded by jungle. The Red Cross building became the Passover synagogue. Men of all faiths volunteered for work to make it a success. They worked as cooks, as decorators, in many other ways. A general contributed paper cups for the Passover wine. Volunteers carried Wiley cookers on foot through the jungle from a distant army



JACOB LIPMAN
saw Combat in Italy, France,
Middle East. Is the bearer of
four Bronze Stars among others.
Resides in the USA.

LT. SOL WEBER
volunteered into the U.S. Army
and saw war with the Parachute
Infantry Regiment in England,
Algiers, Tunisia and other
places. Received the Bronze
Star, plus seven other Medals.
Resides in the USA.



camp to Port Moresby.

There were matzoth and wine and prayer books supplied by the National Jewish Welfare Board and brought from half way around the world. Preparations were made for 350 soldiers—600 showed up. The equatorial rains came pouring down without a letup throughout the service, but the overflow crowd stood outdoors, through the deluge, and not a man left.

Said Chaplain Levi:

"There is nothing glamorous or entertaining about the things that happen on New Guinea while they're happening. I kept no special notes of what was going on, and now I find I can scarcely remember these events at all.

"I only remember courageous men surpassing themselves in the interests of mankind, that every inch of ground on New Guinea has been a battleground. And that every man who fought there is a hero."

Herewith are excerpts from a letter which Marine Chaplain Roland B. Gittelsohn of Rockville Center, New York, wrote from still flaming Iwo Jima, back in March, 1945:

"The worst hell was the first two days. By the time we landed the front lines were far up enough so that we had no trouble at all. We are living at 14 Gut-Ache Lane. The street was so named by me on discovering that digging a foxhole big enough for two is a little strenuous on the belly muscles. I started this letter this afternoon while visiting wounded . . . I can look down on the ground where we made our landings and see more ships of more different kinds than you would ever believe possible . . .

"I spent most of the day visiting one of the hospital ships off-



ARTHUR EIGER

saw action in Europe. He was awarded with Medals: The European; African; Middle Eastern; Good Conduct; Bronze Star; World War II Victory; Purple Heart and American. Resides in the USA.

shore. Besides doing what I went for, I met several Jewish boys from the crew who had not seen a Jewish chaplain before, and I promised to write their folks when I got a chance.

"Yesterday I spent the whole afternoon at the division cemetery. It is gruesome business. I have seen and smelled human bodies the way they should never be seen or smelled. It is impossible to believe how even a softy like me could build up so carefully a wall of detachment under these circumstances...

"There was a group of 12 Christian boys to be buried yesterday afternoon, and Chaplain Guthreal invited me to participate in the service along with himself and two Protestant Chaplains. I read a Psalm for the scriptural portion of the service. Later in the afternoon I had two Jewish burials, two of the first in our cemetery...

"I could write reams on how wonderful most of our kids are in combat. I haven't heard one whimper yet, no matter how badly hurt the boy is. I have a kid whose hand I held while the doctor was digging hunks of shrapnel from a hole in the back of his knee big enough for two fists, and I felt his hand trembling in mine but he wouldn't admit it hurt.

"I have seen another tell the medics to take care of every one else, saying there was nothing wrong with him but a scratch, and then discovering an hour later that he had a bullet clear through his leg. The only time those kids break down is when they tell you about buddies who were killed beside them. Their behavior is encouraging and wonderful and terribly, terribly pathetic...

"Last night I held what was probably the first Jewish service ever held on Iwo Jima... Eighteen men gathered for a most impressive service just before dark. We stood high up on a cliff

overlooking the beaches on which our landings were made 12 days ago, with the setting sun at our backs.

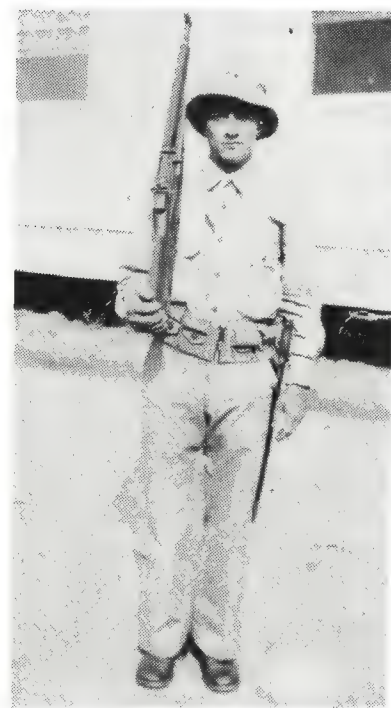
"This morning at 10 we held a Sabbath morning service, on the other side of the line, for artillery and a few Army boys. We weren't more than a few hundred yards from a battery of 150 mm. howitzers, and our prayers were punctuated by their concussion and blast."

It was Chaplain Gittelsohn who delivered the famous eulogy at Iwo Jima cemetery, one of the fine pieces of literature to come out of the war.

Private Joe Cohen was in the third bus that drew up before the entrance to Halloran General Hospital in Staten Island. Joe Cohen wasn't his name, but it will do. There were other Joe Cohens in the bus, of different names, religions, national origins. Some leaned on crutches, preparing to get out. Some clung to their seats, conserving every ounce of strength to the last minute. They were hollow-eyed, hollow-cheeked men, some with fresh bandages over old wounds. Private Joe Cohen's face was fearfully burned.

A chaplain in uniform, Aaron Blumenthal of Houston, Texas, climbed in as the bus came to a stop. He talked to the men. He welcomed them "back to the United States and to the hospital." A band played military marches and Chaplain Blumenthal said he knew they had been through much suffering, as prisoners in Germany, but now that was behind them.

Now they were back in their own country, among relatives and friends, "and if there's anything any of us can do for you, we shall consider it a high privilege to be helpful." He said that



FRED GOLUB

saw action overseas from 1941-45. Fought in D-Day, French Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Sicily, England, Belgium and Germany. Received Purple Heart, and Bronze Star. Resides in the USA.

many relatives waited for them here in the hospital and they would be able to see them soon.

In the tense silence that followed, crowding in with a sort of physical weight you could feel, Joe Cohen said—as if to himself —“Gee, that’s bad.”

In the receiving ward later the chaplain made a point of shaking hands with the boy of the flaming red face, repeating individually the welcome he had already given to the returning “repatriates.” The boy interrupted him impulsively.

“Look, chaplain,” he said, “how can I find out whether my folks are here. And if they are, do I have to see them?”

“You don’t have to,” said the chaplain. “But—why not?”

The boy shrugged thin shoulders and said, “Look at me.” Then he said, “It’s all right. The way I feel about it, I’m lucky to be alive. I’m not worrying about myself. But I don’t know. How’s the family going to take—this? How would, well, anybody take it? They told us about plastic surgery and later on, I guess, I’ll be all right. But now—”

Gently the chaplain told him the miracle of plastic surgery was not performed in hours or days. It would take many months, and could he keep his family away that long? The boy—he seemed so young when you didn’t look directly into his malformed face—said it wasn’t only the family. He didn’t explain that. He said would the chaplain speak to his dad—before?

In a hospital corridor the elder Cohen asked, “Did you see my boy, chaplain? How bad is he?”

How do you answer a question like that? the chaplain asked himself. What words do you use? What intonation of voice? How do you go about telling the truth he must know, but without



LT. RUTH E. KORNBLUM
served in World War II on a
Troop Ship from the New
Orleans Port of Embarkation.
She passed away in 1961.

that shock to a seared mind that must go with the truth? Suddenly, the chaplain decided to hold back nothing.

"Your son," he said, "is very badly burned. Very. Otherwise the Nazis would not have permitted him to return. His face—"

He continued, describing brutal details.

The father, his own face in his hands, moaned only "God—God—God!"

"All that," said the chaplain, "doesn't worry him. He knows about plastic surgery. He knows he'll be restored, almost to normal. He says, 'Thank God I'm alive,' but he doesn't know about you and his mother. He doesn't know how you two will take it."

"Can I see him?" asked the father. He promised, "I'll be all right." The boy's mother—she'd be all right too. But there was a girl.

"If she breaks down, if she takes it wrong—that's what's worrying my boy—it will break his heart."

Father and son met that evening in the merciful shadows outside the hospital. "Thank God you're home, Sonny!" said father to son. As they threw their arms about each other, the chaplain quietly closed a door and walked away. What more was said between them nobody else heard.

Private Cohen was pleased about the meeting with his father. "The old man's a great guy," he said. "I knew he could take it."

He knew, he said, that Mother would be all right too. He had spoken to her by telephone. He had also spoken to the girl, told her she must not try to see him—ordered her to stay home until he was ready to pay her a call. He was obviously uneasy about that. She hadn't promised, despite all his arguments, to stay home and wait.



AARON STEINBERG

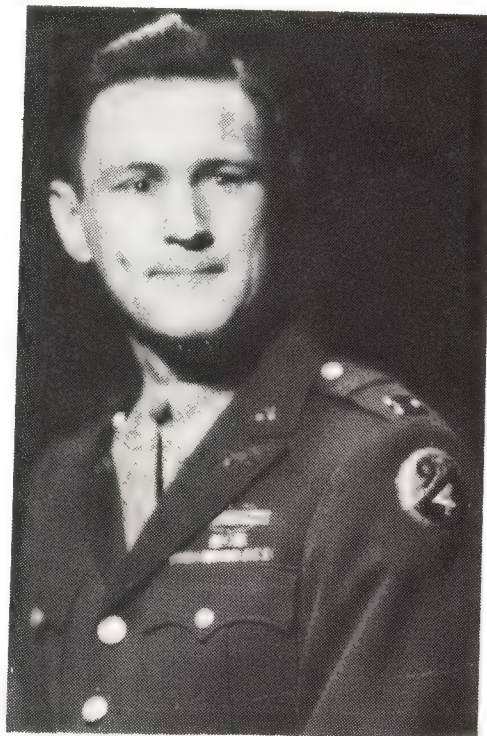
served in Europe and North Africa. Fought in Italy, Salerno, Anzio Beach Head, Southern France and Germany for 3 years. Wounded in Germany. Received Infantry Combat Badge (Italy), Purple Heart (Germany), and 5 Battle Stars. Resides in the USA.

There was a special ceremony in the hospital auditorium next morning when, in the presence of 400 men, they presented awards to 11 of the repatriates, awards for outstanding heroism before they were made prisoners.

One after another an officer on the platform called out the names and read the citations. Sitting up in a front row, Joe Cohen glanced nervously now and then, over his shoulder. But there was too much of a crowd. Whether his parents—or the girl—were there he couldn't see. The colonel's voice droned on. At last he called "Private Joe Cohen." Joe Cohen took his place beside the others, at a strict attention. The voice on the platform read on. "For extraordinary heroism in action against the enemy..." "Above and beyond the line of duty..." "With complete disregard of his own safety..." "Distinguished himself through his display of personal courage, dauntlessness and devotion to duty..." "Reflects great credit on himself and the Armed Forces..." The award: the Distinguished Service Cross.

The chaplain watched him as the medal was pinned to Joe Cohen's jacket and he returned the salute. More names were called and more awards given. Standing at rigid attention, Joe Cohen wondered—he couldn't drive the thought from his mind—how he looked in his fresh uniform from the rear of the auditorium.

The ceremonies ended. Chaplain Blumenthal came up to shake hands with the boy, to tell him "We're all proud of you." But Private Cohen hardly heard him. His eyes roved restlessly, searching, trying to pierce the auditorium full of soldiers and others, most of them now on their feet.



CAPT. HIMES M. SLIM
entered the U.S. Army in 1942-46. Fought in France and Germany. Received the Combat Infantry Badge, and the Bronze Star, as well as a Unit Citation. Resides in the USA.

"Did you see my dad?" he asked.

At that moment a group of three broke through the crowd, and young Cohen saw them: father, mother and the girl. For a fleeting moment the chaplain noted that she was slim and smiling with head held high, and in holiday dress, as if for a proud occasion. An instant later, Joe Cohen had broken away from him and was racing down the aisle, while the girl was making her way swiftly, between the rows of chairs, toward him.

They met in the middle of the auditorium. Four hundred pairs of eyes were on them but they didn't care. The girl held him very close, never flinched as she looked into his poor, mutilated face and said over and over again: "Joe! Joe! Joe! You're the most beautiful man in the world!"

The chaplain turned to leave before some one remarked about his moist eyes.

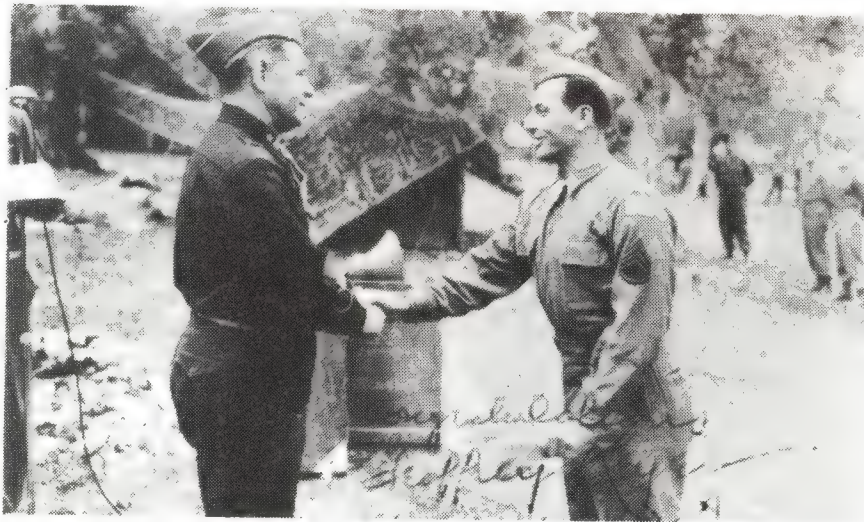


SAUL SHAPIRO
served in the Air Force from
1940-44, and saw war in Europe
Resides in the USA.



Prisoners-of-war fared little better at Nazi hands than other concentration camp inmates. English PWs from Stalag II-B show their malnutrition plainly.

T/SERG. ISIDORE KAMINSKY served with the US Army, in England, Italy and North Africa from 1941-45. He was awarded with the Medals: American Defense, European, African, Middle Eastern and the Bronze Star. On the picture, Kaminsky is gratulated by an American General and receiving one of his Medals. Resides in the USA.



THE FIGHTING MEDICS

THERE IS HARDLY a soldier (or sailor or Marine) returning to civilian living who does not have his favorite story of the medics—the doctors in uniform and also the medical aides and technicians who worked under the doctors' direction. You gather from the GI and the ex-GI stories that others may have fallen short in this or that respect, but never the doctors.

These medical officers of the Army and Navy, volunteers who gave up established practices at home or young doctors fresh out of the medical schools and hospitals, brought with them their professional dedication to the business of healing the sick, restoring the injured and the wounded.

In wartime they simply carried forward their peacetime tradition on a larger scale and at a heightened tempo—often under imminent danger to life and limb from battle raging around them.

Medical men of all races and faiths fought with equal devotion to keep the suffering and deaths of war to the lowest possible



minimum, though it happened that the number of Jewish doctors in the service was larger both in proportion to the Jewish population and to the total number of Jewish doctors than was true for the country as a whole.

The U. S. doctors in uniform did a tremendous job, unequalled in all history. They cut down deaths from battle wounds to $3\frac{1}{2}$ percent, as against six percent in World War I. By preventive devices they fought malaria in all the tropical hell-holes of the world to a standstill. They conquered typhus, which in World War I took 6,000,000 lives. They fought, though they carried no arms, on all six continents and seven seas, often right up where the guns boomed and the shells of enemy guns exploded.

It is not possible here to tell all the stories of heroism and devotion of Jewish doctors in the war. . . . The doctors landed in France with the paratroops on D-Day. They were among the infantry fighters at Cassino. They moved into Germany, right behind the tanks, with the armored divisions, and they were with the men who battled for Biak and Saipan and Luzon and Okinawa and all the islands of the Pacific. When a soldier was wounded, it is almost literally true, a doctor was there to catch him before he touched ground.

For a year Lieutenant Colonel Maxwell Rosenzweig of Brooklyn was chief of surgery of the 20th Station Hospital on Guadalcanal. For two months out of the twelve he was chief of the hospital. It was January, 1943, when the hospital was set up as the Army took over the island, or part of the island, from the Marines. The Japanese lines were only four or five miles



SAM H. FINK

fought in the Battle of the Bulge in 1944. Decorated with six Battle Stars including for the Battle of Britain and Czechoslovakia. He resides in the USA.

away and their air power was superior to ours and they used to come bombing by moonlight night after night.

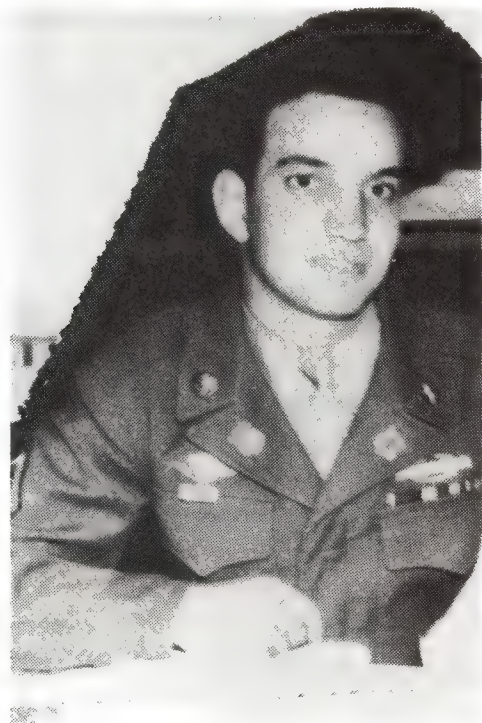
While the 20th Station Hospital was being erected, 200 yards from a native village, the village was hit by Japanese bombs and the hospital's first patients included wounded villagers as well as soldiers.

The hospital was set up in a clump of coconut palms on the Teneru River, and it contained 500 beds. But it frequently had as many as 1,000 patients at a time, and in the first year, from January to January, 10,000 sick and wounded were treated there. Among this first ten thousand, Dr. Rosenzweig reported, there were ten deaths, or one tenth of one percent.

In the beginning the hospital suffered from a shortage of air raid shelters and in those days it happened not infrequently that soldiers who were not yet recovered asked to be discharged for service at the front because at the front a man at least had a foxhole to hide in, and it was safer there...

There was a fighter pilot who was brought in for an operation. He had an acute gangrenous condition, but he asked the surgeon, "Can't this thing wait, colonel? Because I have a couple of missions I have to go on first." It couldn't wait. But that is the kind of fighters, said Lieutenant Colonel Rosenzweig, we had at Guadalcanal.

There were all types of surgical work to do at the Station Hospital, with a great deal of traumatic surgery, gunshot wounds and accidents and orthopedic surgery and burns. Not only burns inflicted in combat, but a great many gasoline burns. For everything was always damp on the island, from rain or sultry mist, and to start a reluctant fire putting a match to a



BENJAMIN ROSENTHAL
saw action in France, Germany
and Austria. Awarded 3 Cam-
paign Stars and Purple Heart.
Wounded in Germany. Resides in
the USA.



heap of sticks was not enough. A dash of gasoline was usually added to get the flames going, and often the shooting flames took erratic courses, burning the hand that fed them.

You used to shake the lizards out of your hair and your clothing on Guadalcanal, for it was a land of lizards and rats and bats and butterflies and mosquitoes and a few snakes. The rats used to climb all over the canvas tents—you could hear them all night.

But the mosquitoes were worse, and almost as many men were struck down by the malaria they carried as by the enemy. In the beginning some outfits had at times 80 percent of their people knocked out by malaria. Later the swamps were cleared in the vicinity, and soon, said Dr. Rosenzweig, "we had penicillin and loads of sulfa and plenty of quinine and atabrine" and malaria was licked.

Lieutenant Colonel Rosenzweig, who went from Guadalcanal to Russell Island and other nearby posts, was himself harassed by a recurrent ulcer of the ankle, peculiar to the tropics. Though it refused to respond to any treatment in the Pacific, it healed without treatment soon after he returned to the U.S.

On New Georgia Island, the 161st Infantry, fresh from a Guadalcanal assignment, cut off Munda airfield on the land side, but the Japs had slipped out along the north coast, got as far as Bairoko Harbor. There they stopped because a few miles beyond, at Enogai Inlet on the other side of a formidable hill, our Marines were waiting.

The 161st sent two battalions and a medical company in



STUART LIND

fought in the European theater for 3 years. Decorated with Purple Heart, Combat Infantry Badge; Bronze Star. Four toes amputated as a result of frostbite incurred during the battle of the Bulge. Resides in the USA.

pursuit, to close the trap . . . It had to be closed fast, for across a small lagoon at Bairoko sat Kolumbangara, volcanic island and airport to which the Japs, who still had small boats, might escape. The idea was to smash them before they could slip away again.

The distance to Bairoko, as the crow flies, was ten miles. But the route to be taken posed a question. A Navy map showed the intervening terrain as all swamp. On a Marine map it was marked all "mountainous." One or the other had to be chosen, and the expedition finally started (August 7th 1943) along a route marked on the Navy map. There was heavy undergrowth and high and rough terrain which, by the end of two days, became impassable. The expedition turned back.

After a rest, the boys made a new start, this time with the Marine map as guide. The Marine map said "mountainous," and the trail led over high, rough ground, jagged and precipitous, sometimes 3,000 feet high—but the swamps were there too. At the foot of one precipitous slope, the mangrove swamps began. Here the trees reached 75 feet into the air and their foliage completely cut off the sun. Between the trees was slimy, black and stagnant water, six feet deep and more. The only footing was on mangrove roots—knotted "elbows" of roots extending just above water. It was slow progress as the men leaped or stepped from root to slippery root. The air was muggy and steaming hot, and each man carried a 35-pound pack. When a soldier mis-stepped and slipped, it took three others to drag him up from the slime.

The expedition made four miles a day, sometimes as little as two. The ten-mile distance on the map stretched into many



SERG. JACK FLEISHER
veteran of World War II, saw
combat in England, France and
Belgium. He is active in the
Veterans Administration Hospi-
tal as a Cantor. Resides in
the USA.

more by winding mangrove-root trail. The food supply gave out. Native runners were sent back with the bad news. Soon rations were dropped by parachute. But much of it landed in tree-tops—and there was a race with the lurking Japs for the rest, with the Japs not infrequently the winners. After the first day, along with the ration bundles, telephone linemen's spikes were dropped, and with the aid of these a man could shimmy up a mangrove tree and shake off a much-needed rations package. But the Japs got some of the spikes, too. For much of the time the men lived on one third rations, or the equivalent of a meal a day.

It took the infantrymen and the medics 19 days, including the four days of the first false start, to get to the edge of Bairoko. They camped on a hill 500 yards from the Japs and waited—for the heavy weapons company and the mortars and the machine gun company were a day's march behind, and it would not do to attack with rifles alone. They camped on coral ground, and at night huge land crabs came by and dug holes in the ground, frequently next to a man trying to sleep, throwing clods of earth into his foxhole. And the men in the foxholes could do nothing about that, for the Japs used to go stalking among our foxholes at night, dropping clods of earth at whatever looked, in the dark, like a hole in the ground. And if anything moved, as a man in a foxhole might move when a clod of earth dropped on him, they would follow through with a hand grenade. So the men in the foxholes remained quiet, whether Japs or land crabs harassed them. It was their only defense...

They brought the medical (collecting) company along, to



JACK DULBERG
served in the US Army as a
Serg, from 1942-45. He fought
in France, Belgium, Luxembourg,
Germany and Czechoslovakia. He
was decorated with the: Purple
Heart, Bronze Star, Belgium,
France and Normandy Medals. He
was wounded in Battle. Resides
in the USA.

care for men wounded in the expected clash with the Japs. No fight developed and there were no wounded. But other problems developed for the medics. One problem was the commanding officer of the collecting company himself, Captain Louis Kriendler of Cincinnati, winner of the Legion of Merit and the Silver Star. Malaria knocked him out and Captain Harrison Hines, a young Jewish doctor from Newark, New Jersey, took over in his place. Then the first critical casualty turned up: a soldier with acute appendicitis.

Captain Hines had only crude instruments with him and only such other equipment as men could carry, in addition to their regular packs, on their backs. To operate under those conditions would almost certainly mean peritonitis and other infections, perhaps death. To delay too long might mean death from a burst appendix. To carry the sick man back by litter would call for more men as litter carriers than could possibly be spared—and far too much time.

On a hunch, said Captain Hines later, he radioed his dilemma, by walkie-talkie, to the base at Munda. He didn't know whether the signal would penetrate the intervening swamp-and-mountain terrain, nor whether it would be picked up. But the message did get through, and as the sun was going down, a PBY, Navy flying boat, landed in the lagoon, picked up the sick soldier, carried him back to a field hospital on Rendova Island. There the operation was properly and successfully performed.

Something of a botanist as well as a doctor, Captain Hines made several useful discoveries during the trek through the mangrove swamp. He found that the rattan palm grew in the



M/SERG. LOUIS G. GOLD
was in the service from 1942-
1946. Fought in Italy and was
wounded. He was awarded the
Bronze Star. Resides in the
USA.

swamp, with long thick vines embracing it. You cut the vine in two places and fresh water drains out of it—pure and palatable. And drinking water to men pushing through that muggy, seething and poisonous swamp, was more to be desired than precious stones.

There was a tree in the swamp similar to the mahogany. A man could tap one of these and fill his helmet with a saplike water—not very good to the taste but good enough to wash with. And palm cabbage—the buds of young palms—made good eating, and also the fiddlehead ferns, which taste like fresh spinach when cooked, very good. . . .

Eventually the 161st got Kolumbangara too—though again the Japs were able to slip away. But this corpse of a dead volcano was hardly something the men were pleased to occupy. Flies swarmed so thick that they settled in solid layers on a man's face and hands and everywhere, got into his eyes and ears and mouth. This was in the days before DDT, and nothing could be done about it except to wear head nets night and day, to keep the insects at a distance. It made a man look like a weird mechanical man.

They awarded the Bronze Star to Major Merrill Moore of Squantum, Mass., a Jewish doctor in the Army Medical Corps, not for performing operations under fire or otherwise treating those wounded by shell or sniper fire, but for "meritorious achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy at Bougainville"—as a psychiatrist.

An accompanying citation speaks of his "untiring energy, zeal and enthusiasm" in detecting and giving preventive treat-



SOL L. MORRISON
saw action in the Pacific for
almost 2½ years. Decorated
with the Asiatic-Pacific Cam-
paign Medal. Resides in
the USA.

ment to "the potentially neurotic soldiers, thus forestalling liabilities to the Army by conditioning men so that they could come through combat operations soundly."

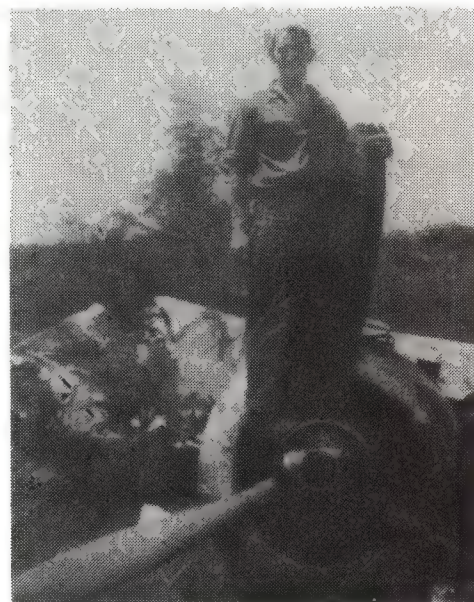
That, too, was part of the doctors' war against the Nazi-Japanese Fascists, and thus Major Moore "contributed materially to the success" of military operations on Bougainville and elsewhere.

At Bougainville, on New Britain and Dutch New Guinea and at other Pacific stations, Major Moore not only applied the most modern methods in psychotherapy to every soldier he found suffering from a mental breakdown, but he did a good deal of thinking on the subject of what makes a soldier crack.

"Most interesting to me," he wrote from New Guinea, "are the cases of so-called psychoneurosis, and most difficult are the so-called constitutionally psychopathic individuals. We have certainly neglected these cases in civilian life. They need to be studied a great deal more and from every angle. You cannot neglect them in military life. The most interesting question I see again and again illustrated is this: Why is it that some soldiers break down and some others do not, even when they go through identical experiences? What is different in their personalities or their home backgrounds? And why were not some of these cases that I see here every day ever picked up at home, or in school, or in their own communities?"

It is a question that, maybe, the home and the school and the civilian community might want to consider. . . .

From his New Guinea post the major wrote: "There is no ice here, no fresh milk, no fresh meat or fresh vegetables. Every thing we consume comes out of a tin can, including the music



IRVING GOLDSTEIN

served in the 6th Fleet Pacific for 3½ years. He received a letter of thanks for his bravery from the Secretary of the Navy, James Forrestal. Served in the Philippines Manila Base. Received the Bronze Star. Resides in the USA.

and our movies that seem utterly unreal in the strange setting." But the strangeness of the setting, to a contemplative nature, had its consolations. The doctor noted:

"The great shaggy mountains look like buffaloes. The natives are the most primitive I have ever seen. They are living practically in the Stone Age, in shacks made of palm leaves or grass huts. These things and the largesse of the land seem to be sufficient for their needs. But they badly need medical attention. This is slowly being given to them, as they will take it, for they are naturally very cautious and wary of doctors and needles.

"The lake is magnificently pictorial, all shades of blue and green. It is like looking down into the sky. The natives live along the shores of this lake and a good many of them have also built their huts along the shores of the ocean where the hills come right down to the water.

"Their huts are set just above the high-tide level, which seems rather precarious to me, but they don't seem to mind it. Little children paddle around in their tiny canoes. The children all go to school over the water, each school room of children in one long canoe."

Of a flight over the interior of New Guinea he told:

"We flew most of the day at 20,000 feet, using oxygen part of the time. He (the pilot) took me over the inland plateaus where I saw snow-capped mountains more than 17,000 feet high. Then he flew over the place that the pilots call Shangri-la, which is very close to the real thing. It is a deep valley surrounded by high mountains, far in the interior of the island, and there is no obvious entrance.



CORP. ADELE JOSEPH (BRENER)
served in the Medical Corps
from 1943-45. Received decorations.
Resides in the USA.

"In it lives a race of people said to be taller and larger than the usual New Guinea native. They have fine farms and well laid out homes, gardens and plantations, and their pattern of living appears from the air to be more agrarian and more advanced than the others we have seen.

"They are said to be cut off from the rest of the world, and though the local natives know they exist they are unable to tell us details about them. 'Him big fella I no see' is all I could get out of those I asked."

Colonel Bernard Ehrenpreis was a boy of 17 in Austria and a two-term medical student at the University of Vienna when he was inducted into the Austrian Army in World War I. He gained quick promotion there, he recalled, for almost at once they sent him to the Piave River front, where fighting was heavy, and they put him in charge of a dispensary, then a field hospital through which passed 60 wounded men a day, finally a 4,000-bed hospital.

The promotions troubled rather than pleased young Ehrenpreis for, he later recalled, in his medical studies he had not progressed as far as the anatomy of the skull, and he was disturbed when they brought him men with head wounds. Again and again he sent elaborate reports to higher-ups explaining his lack of knowledge and asking for a transfer.

He was not transferred. Either the German-Austrian army leaders were short of trained doctors—or they didn't care.

In sharp contrast was Colonel Ehrenpreis's experience as an American doctor in the U. S. Army of World War II. He was a successful physician in Brooklyn, and chief of the X-Ray



ABEL GLASS

served in the Royal Air Force as a Radio Communication Interpreter Intelligence from 1940-45, in England, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. Received Medals for the War in Britain, France and a German Star. Resides in the USA.

departments of Kings County Hospital and Brooklyn State Hospital, when Hitler's war was edging closer to America. In 1941, before Pearl Harbor, Dr. Ehrenpreis gave up his lucrative private practice, stepped out of his hospital posts and entered the Army Medical Corps. He explained once:

"I wanted to fight the Nazis. Maybe this doesn't sound like a medical man, but ever since 1933 I had been very much aware that I, for one, preferred to die on my feet rather than live on my knees."

The year 1933 was, of course,, when Hitler took over Germany and began laying his plot for enslavement of the world.

In the U. S. Army, Dr. Ehrenpreis became in time X-Ray chief of the vast 79th General Hospital overseas. But in spite of his professional knowledge and high standing, it took time—two years of training in army medical methods—before his appointment to the high post. That was one incident, Colonel Ehrenpreis liked to point out, to indicate the extent of the Army's infinite care in watching over the health of its officers and men.

"Every GI in the American Army," he said, "gets the kind of medical attention that in civilian life only the wealthiest can afford."

Colonel Ehrenpreis, late in 1944, was ordered back to the States because of illness, and, though he badly wanted to see the show through to the end, he accepted the medics' verdict—knowing that the U. S. Army medics, best in the world, don't often make mistakes.

On Anzio beachhead, in Italy, U. S. troops were always—



SERG. LLOYD RANDALL
saw action in France, England,
Luxembourg and Germany from
1944-45. Received 5 Battle
Stars. Resides in the USA.

until the Nazis were chased from Cassino and driven beyond Rome—under fire. There was no hiding place at Anzio. Wherever you were and wherever you looked, the Germans' 88 millimeter guns looked down on you out of the Alban Hills, and the German machine guns swept the open fields. When the break came at last and the men of Anzio advanced to meet the men of Cassino, they made their advance through and in spite of the fire of the German guns and machine guns.

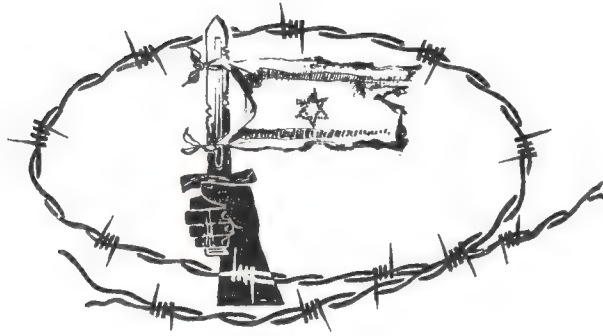
It was in this advance in early May, 1944, that Medical Captain Harry J. Stone of Ashland, Kentucky, earned his Distinguished Service Cross "for extraordinary heroism." The D.S.C. normally goes to a combat soldier or officer, for heroic action in combat. A medical officer carries no arms and does not directly take part in combat. But the activities of Captain Stone, as recorded in the citation by Lieutenant General Mark Clark, then commanding the Fifth Army in Italy, reads very much like the story of a combat soldier in action. Said General Clark:

"Captain Stone advanced with a company attacking in daylight across an exposed field. During the advance the enemy laid down heavy concentrations of artillery and machine gun fire on the unit. Carrying full equipment, Captain Stone kept pace with the foremost elements and, following the assault, maintained an aid station under direct enemy observation."

The captain, that is, was right up there where the fighting went on and so was able to give prompt treatment of the wounded under fire—a "vital necessity," the citation explains, because every move of the Americans was in full view of the enemy and the wounded therefore could not be moved to the rear.



SAPPER N.S. ROSS
was sent with Lt. A.O. Ames from Gibraltar to England and landed in West Africa, because of German planes and U-Boats pursuit. He was second-in-command. Resides in the USA.



A few days later, Captain Stone's battalion took up a new position which was heavily attacked by the Nazis. Again the enemy could see our every move, and again every foot of ground in the surrounding area was under fire. By daylight the battalion was completely cut off, but night after night, despite continuous Nazi fire, Captain Stone made repeated trips to the battalion lines and evacuated the wounded to safety.

In another heroic incident cited by General Clark, Captain Stone, during the height of an attack, pushed through heavy machine gun and artillery fire to treat two men lying wounded "directly in the rear of the objectives." The citation continues:

"Leaving his place of cover, he then proceeded under continued heavy fire to treat two more men in an open field swept by machine gun fire. Despite the intensity of artillery and small arms fire, he carried to safety one of the men who was unable to walk. Still under fire, he went to the aid of five other casualties. During the following hours of continual combat, Captain Stone was ever available to render aid where needed. With no regard for his own safety, he promptly treated and evacuated all casualties."

Two of the medical men who made D-Day landings, together, in Normandy, were Major Benjamin Cohen of Brookline, Massachusetts, regimental surgeon, and Captain Samuel Horowitz of Ogdensburg, New York, the battalion surgeon. In the dark of the night, they set up a temporary field hospital at Le Havre De Puits. Enemy mortar and machine gun fire began to probe their position, kept it up all night and the next day, and the next night.



JOSEPH CORRIN

served in the Canadian Army from 1941-43. Departed for Sicily. Was a driver of a truck, ferrying troops and ammunition to the front. Was selected to be the driver of Gen. Fools. Fought in France and Holland. Awarded Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and Clasp, Italy Star 1939-45, France and German Stars. Resides in Canada.

Medical aids crawled through the Nazi fire, brought back the wounded. In the temporary hospital shaken now and then by mortar shells exploding in the vicinity, throughout that first night, the two doctors bound up wounded men, operated on the badly wounded—by the illumination of a single GI flashlight . . .

During a bitter battle on Guam, Lieutenant Jerome D. Kaufman and one other medical lieutenant treated a total of 750 wounded. There was a shortage of medical aides as well as doctors, and the two officers organized cooks, ambulance drivers, Seebies, into a corps of emergency aides, instructed them in the rudiments of nursing. These two doctors worked over the wounded men for seven days and nights, with little food and almost no sleep or letup. The lives of all but five of the 750 were saved. Four out of every five ultimately returned to active duty . . .

In the amphibious attack on Biak Island, North of New Guinea, Medical Captain Bernard Sollod of Baltimore landed an hour after the first assault wave, set up a hospital tent, turned his attention to those who fell wounded on the beach. He and two other doctors were thus engaged when the Japs counter-attacked. Shells exploded all around them on the beach but the doctors—with more wounded constantly arriving—stuck to their job. At last one shell ripped away the tent roof, and Captain Sollod and his men then gathered up the wounded, moved their hospital to what looked like a safer position.

The Japs were swarming closer, the mortar and machine



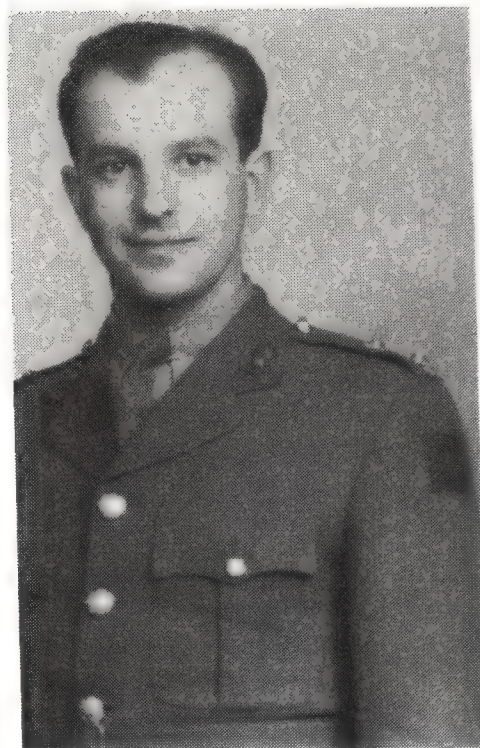
HARRY FIRST
volunteered into the American
Army at the age of 17. Saw war
in France. Was captured by the
Germans on December 8, 1944.
Was liberated May 3, 1945 by
the U.S. Army. Resides in
the USA.

gun fire became hotter—and the number of wounded increased. Wrapped in blankets, they were placed side by side on the ground, waiting their turn on the operating table. The doctors, as methodically as if at work in a quiet hospital back home, stayed with the wounded until all had been treated, until long after the counter-attack had been thrown back and the rain of shells was stopped . . .

Captain Leslie Caplan of Steubenville, Ohio, Air Force flight surgeon, was a prisoner in Germany, and after the war in Europe ended and he was freed and returned home, they brought him to an Army hospital at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, for treatment of accumulated injuries and illnesses. There he received a unique document, a certificate citing his heroism as a war prisoner, signed by ten staff sergeants who had been his fellow prisoners and witnessed—to give it an official force—by a lieutenant colonel.

The ten sergeants testified in their certificate that the captain, while in the German prison camp, gave medical treatment under the most discouraging conditions to thousands of American prisoners, and that he continued this during a 600-mile march through Northern Germany which the Nazis, as their invincible Reich was falling about their ears, forced on the imprisoned Americans. Throughout that torture march—without enough food or water or medical supplies—Captain Caplan constantly treated the sick and wounded and injured. The citation continues:

“At no time did this officer, who himself was suffering from an injured leg, ride a wagon or even put his pack or blankets



LT. ALBERT HANSON

saw war with the Royal Canadian Army from 1941-45, participated in Combat in Europe. Was wounded on the Turnhout Canal, Belgium, October, 1944. Awarded the Military Cross. He is now a Ph.D. Resides in Canada.

Fischer

S.S. Sturmbannführer



Ewert



Keine Bedenken

Der Befehlshaber der Sicherheitspolizei und des SD
für die besetzten niederländischen Gebiete

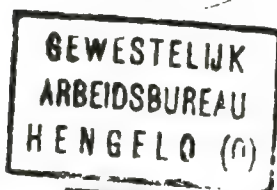
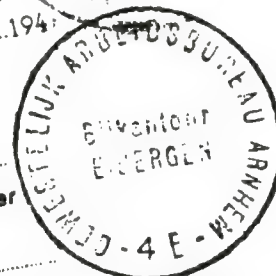
Abgabe von Lebenszeugnissen
X 1943 bis 17 X 1944

(Monate in Buchstaben ausfüllen)
bestehen keine Bedenken.

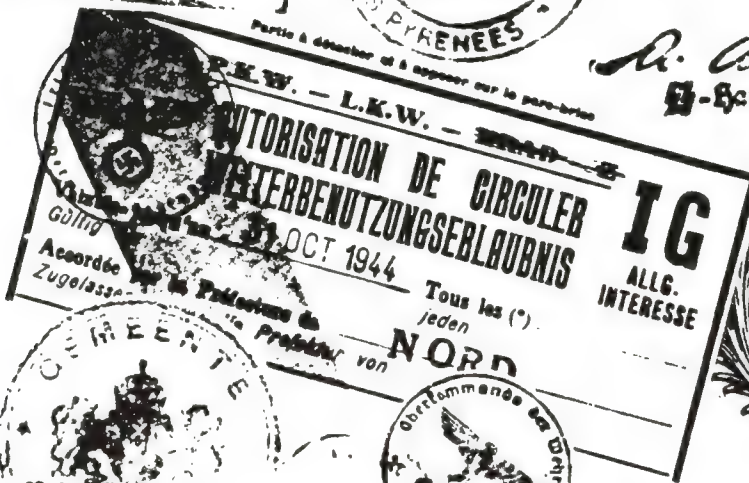
H. G. Gaidischnick
Der deutsche Fachberater

Im Auftrage

ABGELEHNT



A. J. J. J. J.
Hauptsturmführer.



Gewestelijk Arbeidsbureau
ARNHEM
Afd. MICHIELS

MAIRIE DE BRIVE

Counterfeit forms and rubber stamps manufactured by the SOE documents section. Those illustrated include rubber stamps of French and Dutch municipalities. Registrars of Births, Forced labor offices, Police authorities and the High command of the Wehrmacht, Gestapo and Sicherheitsdienst.

on board. He at all times showed such unselfishness in looking after our men before himself. He continuously argued and fought with the Germans in order to get more food and medical supplies for his sick men, and frequently he was successful.

"Other times Captain Caplan traded his own cigarettes, candy, soap and coffee for eggs, so that the sick might get the nourishment they needed. He would never complain, but he no doubt suffered as much as the worst of us. He assisted the limping to walk. He helped carry those who could not move a step."

Arriving at another prison camp, "he was offered accommodations, comfortable ones, but he preferred to stay with his own personnel and to sleep on the floor with the rest. After a week at this camp, the American AAF personnel were told that they had to evacuate. Again there was an arduous ordeal of marching by sick spirits and bodies, but Captain Caplan was our guiding spirit.

"He knew that this camp would shortly be taken by our Allies, but he took to the road with his men."

As a New York City physician, Dr. Lawrence Loewinthan did his work in some of the most modern and best equipped hospitals in the world. As Captain Loewinthan, U. S. Medical Corps, attached to a mechanized cavalry outfit, he practiced right up where the armored units fought the Nazis through France and into Germany—in a hospital which, he liked to boast, was as well equipped in all essentials as any in New York.

Like the combat unit to which he was attached, the captain's movable hospital was "mechanized"—set on a half-track, or



ARON MEZAN
born in 1925, in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Fell in battle as a
partisan in June 3, 1944.

armored vehicle that moves on tractors and wheels—and outfitted with a full-fledged operating room complete with operating table, surgical instruments, first aid equipment and all the rest.

Again and again, Captain Loewinthan performed emergency operations in his hospital on a half-track within the near sound of a battle—he got into France shortly after D-Day and continued on into Germany itself—and with remarkably good results.

Because he was able to give emergency treatment to wounded men almost immediately after they were wounded, losses were light, the percentage of complete recoveries high. They awarded Captain Loewinthan the Bronze Star and he wrote his wife at home: “Don’t ask me why I got it—but frame it for Peter anyway, so he’ll know his father was a fighting cavalry medic.”

Captain Loewinthan was very proud of the enlisted men in his detachment—the “fighting medics in the cavalry”—whom he gives chief credit for the hospital’s success.

There was a seriously wounded Nazi picked up in the fighting for Brest and, wrote Medical Captain Levinson, “we gave him the works: Quarts of blood, repeated units of plasma. I sweated out three eight-hour operations to save a German soldier’s life. And he helped. He was stubborn, kept repeating through tightly closed teeth, ‘Ich will leben!’—‘I want to live.’”

The Nazi lived, and soon he was greeting the doctor with a cheerful “Guten Morgen” every time Levinson entered the ward. As the prisoner improved, he became friendlier, told about his wife and three children and how he hoped some day



TINKA JAIN
born in 1921, in Rousse,
Bulgaria. Fell in battle on
May 12, 1943.

to take them away from all this misery and bring them to Hollywood to live. One of those little but significant things which go to show, thought the captain, that even a Nazi is human.

When the prisoner volunteered for the distasteful duty on kitchen police, Levinson wasn't surprised. He was evidently witnessing, he thought, the evolution of a Nazi into something better.

Then, one day a routine examination of prisoners' quarters turned up a little box hidden in Hans's mattress. In the box was ground glass—suitable, from the Nazi view, for sprinkling (by a prisoner doing kitchen duty) on food for American soldiers.

Captain Levinson was disillusioned.

At dawn of a day late in 1944 Captain Benjamin Leavitt of Fall River, Massachusetts, battalion surgeon on duty in a sweating valley in Burma, got a radio message: Somebody ill, operation indicated.

In a dour, early-morning mood, Captain Leavitt mentally sized up his professional situation and it wasn't good. If this was something serious, calling for the help of a medical technician, he was in a jam. His only medical technician, Sergeant John Klepey, was at that moment on duty with the air warning crew of the Tenth Air Force—on top of a mountain 50 miles away.

He studied the message again. It was from the air warning crew, and the illness, diagnosed by Sergeant Klepey, was acute appendicitis. That sort of thing was serious, and Captain Leavitt at once radioed the order to evacuate the patient at once. In



MINCHO RAHAMIM
born in 1926, in Stanke
Dimitrov, Bulgaria. Partisan,
fell in battle in January,
1944.

a few minutes the answer came back: "Can't. Patient too ill to be moved."

By this time, the captain became curious enough to ask who was the patient. It was—Sergeant Klepey.

Since the patient couldn't come down for the operation, the captain had to go to him. Between the doctor and the patient, however, stretched miles of jungle so thick that there was no landing place anywhere for even an L-5, or "Jungle Angel," the little plane that could come down in jungle spots beyond the reach of any other means of transportation.

Leavitt chose a jeep instead, and he commandeered Captain Anson H. Sollner, battalion dentist, to accompany him and serve as surgical technician. They reached the foot of the mountain in three hours, and there the jeep could go no farther.

They hired Burmese guides and carriers to haul the surgeon's equipment up the mountain. The climb to the top took five hours. When they got there, Sergeant Klepey was in a bad way. Peritonitis had set in, and gangrene, and Leavitt saw he would have to work fast. Already the sun was going down, and there was no way of providing electric or other artificial light at the station. To wait until next morning might be fatal.

A Signal Corps crew, working fast, built an operating table out of beer cases which had been dropped by air only the day before and bamboo poles covered with canvas and blankets. Leavitt administered a spinal anesthetic, then made his first incision just as the last rays of the sun disappeared behind the next mountain peak.

"Flashlight, somebody!" the doctor pleaded. A tough-faced Signal Corps photographer stepped up, turned his flashlight on



BENTZION ANAVY
born in 1924 in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Died in prison on
July 22, 1943.

the open cut—and collapsed in a dead faint.

Another enlisted man picked up the flashlight, and a sergeant stepped in to administer the ether anesthetic. For 45 minutes, by the uncertain light of a Signal Corps flashlight held in a nervous soldier's hands, Leavitt cut, clamped and stitched.

Though performed without the aid of the captain's medical technician and his anesthetist, the operation was a success. Nine days after he was operated on, Sergeant Klepey was clambering about the Burmese mountains again, prepared to administer first aid, if necessary, to the men who had aided him.

Navy Lieutenant Sol M. Kozol of Boston came back from long service in the Pacific with a new formula for putting a Marine at ease. A dentist by profession and a member of the Navy Dental Corps, he worked on the teeth of some 2,500 Marines in such odd locales as a beachhead on a South Pacific isle, the hold of a ship, a native thatched hut and a wobbling landing craft off Tarawa.

Marines, the lieutenant found, are like people everywhere—afraid of the dentist. "Most of them," he stated as a matter of fact, "would rather face a thousand Japs than face me"—particularly if facing Kozol for the purpose of having a tooth pulled. Therefore Lieutenant Kozol devised a few pleasant little phrases to calm the terror-struck Marine and drive his fear away. Looking down at a tough Marine sergeant about to undergo a dose of dental surgery, he would coo invitingly:

"Open yer kisser, chum." And, "Am I hurting you, dear?"

Talk like that "puts them at their ease immediately," Dr. Kozol would have you believe.



JOSEPH ALFANDRI

born in 1921 in Stanke
Dimitrov, Bulgaria. Partisan,
fell in battle in 1944.

They sent Captain Samuel R. Rossman of Philadelphia to Cairo and gave him orders to take care of the dental needs of some 1200 U. S. soldiers in Egypt and elsewhere in North Africa. But he arrived with no dental equipment or supplies. Just about then, fortunately, came the battle of El Alamein and the drive along the North African coast. Captain Rossman followed in a jeep, raided the captured enemy dental clinics, helped himself to whatever German equipment he could pick up. Eventually, he built himself a clinic of his own, set up on a trailer, and outfitted it with German drills and other dental instruments.

In the trailer, which also contained his sleeping quarters and such furniture as a chair made out of a salvaged P-40 pilot seat, he traveled long distances through Tunisia, Sicily, Italy and later India and China, relieving the pain of soldiers with toothaches. The trailer had to be stripped and crated before it could be transported by plane across "The Hump" of the Himalayas from India to China, but once on the other side it was set up again and the practice of trailer dentistry was resumed.

The combat medical unit headed by Major Julian Fried of New York reached Leyte in the Philippines with the first fighting troops and cared for 2,270 wounded and sick in the ensuing campaign. The major himself described what happened in a letter, so:

"When the amphibious landings were made my unit was the only hospital put ashore. We all scrambled out of the landing craft in a hurry, infantry and medical units at the same time,



MAYER KOSHNITZKI
born in 1925 in Sofia,
Bulgaria. Partisan, fell in
battle in October 1943.

for the boats and the shore proved to be more vulnerable to enemy air and sea attacks than scattered units on land. We were on our own.

"We set up a field hospital immediately and as the division progressed we moved along in its wake. Unfortunately the hazardous sea communication interfered with evacuation seaward. We had to treat and hold all the wounded for some time. Once we had to move and take 200 patients with us. It was impossible for us to stay in one place, because as we moved forward our rear was left exposed to Jap troops which had split open to let us through.

"In addition to the enormous problem of caring for, operating on, feeding and housing a big load of casualties, we were subject to all the war hazards of rear troops—bombing and strafing, artillery and mortar fire, the constant fear of banzai attacks."

During the first two weeks neither the major nor any one on his staff slept as much as a dozen hours.

Major Fried was awarded the Bronze Star for "meritorious service" in the campaign, but he took greatest pride, he reported, in the work of the enlisted men assigned to him—technicians, litter bearers and ward attendants. "These were all men I trained myself during the three years we had been in the Army," he said. "These boys did all the sterilizing, nursing, litter bearing.

"They gave all the intravenous medication, the plasma and the whole blood transfusions. They requisitioned supplies, put up wards, prepared patients for operation. They kept records and ran the kitchen, the latrines, the fly and mosquito control and screening and built up the area, all without medical officer



DANAIL DANAILOV
born in 1898 in Sliven,
Bulgaria. Fell in battle on
May 20, 1944.

supervision, for the medical officers were busy professionally." They were "busy professionally" in that Major Fried, for example, working constantly on two operating tables, performed 400 operations before the Leyte campaign was over.

On December 26th, 1944, Captain Jesse Frankel of Brooklyn had a birthday but no birthday celebration. There was no time for celebrations because, said the medical officer later, "we were busy at the time." The Battle of the Bulge had been in progress several days and there had been little or no sleep for any one at the front line hospital set up near the Belgian hamlet of Celles, on the road to Dinant.

Night and day the wounded were coming in, some in serious condition. For hours at a time, with only brief intermissions, Captain Frankel had been at work at the operating table. When a tank drew up and a couple of GIs helped another patient into the hospital, he thought only that here was one more soldier, probably in need of another operation.

But it wasn't. Instead, Captain Frankel was presently confronted with a whole Belgian family: M. and Mme. Leon Girard and a two-year-old daughter. Madame Girard, the doctor was told, needed emergency assistance, for she was on the point of becoming a mother again. The army medical captain, perforce turned obstetrician, thereupon attended to the delivery of a healthy girl baby, in due time named Jessica Marie Girard. Her first baby wails had to compete with the roar of exploding bombs and bursting artillery shells in order to be heard but, said Captain Frankel, hers was otherwise a normal birth. Jessica was still "a very healthy baby" when he called on her the following June



EVA VOLITZER
born in 1922 in Sofia, Bulgaria.
Partisan, fell in battle on
September 7, 1943.

and again in August before he left for home.

This writer met Dr. I. E. Goldberg of Kansas City, Missouri, in early August, 1945, when the war was almost but not quite over. In a small officers' mess of the 6th Infantry Division, on Northern Luzon Island, somebody introduced "Major Goldberg," and the none-too-military-looking officer beside me asked, "What's the name?" and then: "Have some gefuelte fish?"

Gefuelte fish, even when it comes in a tin can, was a wonderful find in that part of the world, and Major Goldberg proved to be a mild, pleasant, informal sort of a medical officer eager to chat about New York and Kansas City. Details of the war seemed to interest him much less.

But that was in August. Months earlier, when the fighting for Luzon was at its hottest, he must have been keenly interested in details he now brushed aside. Others of his medical staff—he was regimental surgeon of the 63d Infantry—told about that. They told, for example, of how Major Goldberg stood precariously on the side of an almost-perpendicular cliff of 1600-foot-high Dutchman's Hill, South of Baguio, during a pouring tropical rain in the midst of a bloody battle, and with one foot wedged into a narrow crevice and the other suspended in midair, administered plasma to a badly wounded GI. The boy lived. The major got a Silver Star—and a Purple Heart. For he, too, was wounded before that night's action was over.

The cliffside plasma application was made at night, during the hard-fought battle for Curingan, outside the Philippines Summer-resort city of Baguio. The regiment was attacking up the steep slopes of Dutchman's Hill, over "tortuous, canalized ter-



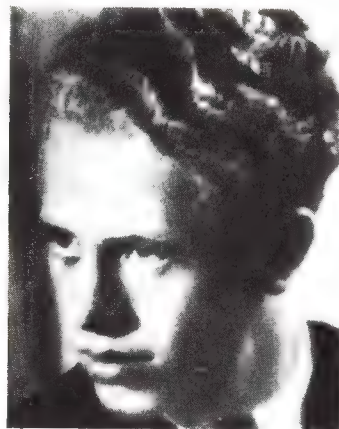
SABETAY GARTY
born in 1920 in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Fell in battle in
June 27, 1943.

rain, rough and impossible." Two companies had reached almost to the hilltop when Jap artillery found the range, presently had them completely "zeroed in." You are "zeroed in" when the enemy drops a few rounds just ahead and just behind, each time nearer and nearer until the distance between target and exploding shell in both cases is "zero" feet.

Enemy shells, that is, were falling amid the two companies as well as just ahead and behind them. Word came down that there were eight dead, 25 wounded—and no medical aid.

It took 16 men to carry a wounded man down the steep jungle paths of Dutchman's Hill. Major Goldberg assembled a 50-man litter squad and led it in person up the hillside. More than once he stopped on the way to administer plasma to a dangerously wounded soldier. One wounded boy lay groaning in the dark where he could only be reached by the doctor teetering with one foot in a crevice, the other resting on air. Two soldiers held him up in that position while the plasma was administered. Then the litter-bearers, using infinite care, were able to move the wounded soldier from the ledge, carry him back to a field hospital. Through all this enemy shells continued to fall. Eventually, a shell splinter got the major in the left leg, tearing several ligaments. By that time most of the wounded had been removed and, said Major Goldberg, he just "limped away."

A month later—in February, 1945—the fighting was in the vicinity of Manila. Leaving a medical aid station in a jeep with two other officers and a driver, Major Goldberg started along a road East of the city. There was shellfire on the road and it grew steadily heavier as they drove on. All four, after a while, left their jeep on the roadside, tumbled into a ditch for protection.



SINTO ARAMA
born in Sofia, Bulgaria.
Partisan, fell in battle on
August 27, 1943.

The enemy gunners, however, were not satisfied with this small victory. As the quartet lay there in the ditch, they became aware that the guns were closely pursuing them.

A shell burst forward and to the rear. Then—they realized they were being bracketed in and it was suicide to remain where they were. The four leaped up from their hiding place, made a dash for the jeep again and drove away. The shelling pursued them, not without result. One shrapnel splinter lodged in Major Goldberg's right arm. It was his second wound.

Still another came during the fighting along the Japanese Shimbu Line, and that, said Major Goldberg, was his own fault: At a critical moment he picked the wrong foxhole. The major was working on wounded men in a medical aid station when a Jap shell made a direct hit on it. One man was killed, several were wounded. As the shell came screaming down, all those who were physically able dived for the nearest foxholes. So did Goldberg. But he was seconds slower than at least one other man, and when he came to rest in the foxhole his ambulance driver was resting beneath him. He was thus left partly exposed to the shower of shell splinters, and one of them pierced his chest. "But I was all right again in a couple of months," Major Goldberg commented.

The major's army career dates back to his assignment to Hawaii, where he organized a course in jungle medicine which became standard for the Army throughout the Pacific war area. He went from there to New Guinea where his regiment fought the bloody battle of Lonetree Hill. Here the ground was solid coral and Jap dead couldn't be buried, lay where they fell.

For eight days the battle raged, and for eight days Major



LEON BEHAR
born in 1919 in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Partisan, fell in
battle in June 1943.

Goldberg and a Roman Catholic chaplain, Father Francis Dietz, S.J., of Cleveland, manned a medical aid station without other help. Sniper fire was continuous in the area, and once a sniper's bullet smashed the bottle from which Major Goldberg was giving blood plasma to a wounded soldier. (No one was hurt.) Jewish doctor and Catholic priest were awarded the Bronze Star.

Major Goldberg's awards: Silver Star, Bronze Star, Combat Medical Badge and Purple Heart with two Oakleaf Clusters. And of these, he told this writer, he cherished most the Combat Medical Badge, for it symbolized what he liked to believe was the physician's role in wartime—the role of the fighting doctor.

Major Irving Trutt, Brooklyn physician, commanded the 313th Medical Battalion Clearing Station in Italy, which handled all sick and wounded of the 88th Infantry Division on their way to the rear. Included were those who fell in the violent battle of Cassino, the push on Rome, the Arno River crossing, the break through the Gothic Line, the winter stalemate in the freezing Appenines and finally the easy crossing of the River Po and the swift chase thereafter to the Alps foothills and the Germans' surrender.

A very large allotment of fighting, all this, and more than once in the course of it Major Trutt's 313th handled as many as 500 sick and wounded—mostly wounded—in a single day.

Once—it was on June 12, 1944—during the battle for the Arno River, within shouting distance of historic Florence, a Nazi bomb made a direct hit on the house in which the major's clearing station was located. A clearing station is in effect a division's emergency hospital, and while a fight is on it is likely to be



ZHOSKO LEREOV
born in 1919 in Kjustendil,
Bulgaria. Arrested as a
student in France, died in
Auschwitz in 1943.

filled, at any hour of the night or day, with wounded men receiving treatment, with doctors and medical aids. The bomb which struck on June 12 completely destroyed the house and left 50 new casualties.

The major, himself somehow unhurt, immediately set about organizing a new hospital—and had it completed, with all patients transferred to the new quarters, in a matter of 12 hours. He was awarded the Bronze Star for heroism in combat.

During the lull in fighting, just before we crossed the Po, I found Major Trutt in his battalion tent, and I asked him, Was there a difference in treatment of our own soldiers and the occasional wounded German prisoner who might be brought in? He said:

"All who are treated by Army medics, GI or Jerry, get the best that medical science knows. That's what the Geneva Convention provides, isn't it? We abide by that. But the Jerries may get it a little later. We don't delay treating our own for the health of any Jerry."

Had he ever run into any Nazi's objection to being cured by a Jew?

"No," said Major Trutt. "Most of them don't know we are Jews."

Captain Adrian Z. Leon was killed in action in Austria on May 3, 1945, a few days before the final surrender of Hitler's "thousand year" Reich. Fascism was in its death throes then, but it still had fangs to strike with—vicious, diabolic, inhuman as always. Death came on a steep hillside near the Austrian town of Zirl. Retreating Nazis had given full play to their fiendish in-



MENAHEM MENAHEMOV
born in 1923 in Haskovo,
Bulgaria. Partisan, fell in
battle on June 9, 1943.

genuity in planting the battlefield with mines, and Captain Leon knew that sudden death lurked within the mined area. But wounded men called for his help there, and he went.

Something of the stark courage and devotion of the American doctor faced with the worst of the Nazi death threats is evidenced in the eye-witness account by a Catholic chaplain, William V. Cummings, who was himself badly wounded at the same time and by the same mine. From a hospital in France, Chaplain Cummings wrote to Mrs. Naomi de Sola Pool Leon, widow of the captain and daughter of Dr. David de Sola Pool, rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue of New York:

"We were part of a motorized column moving into Austria. About 10 o'clock in the morning word came down the column that A Company had run into a mine field and the medics were needed. I went forward to contact Dr. Leon, only to find that he had already received word and was at the scene of the casualties.

"Some of the men had been moved down to the road and the doctor was busy taking care of them. Due to a lack of litters two men had to be left in the mine field until the ambulance returned. The mines were cleared and the 'safe' area wired off up to where the men were.

"Dr. Leon, with the zeal and devotion that was characteristic of him, went up to take care of them. I went with him. We reached the first man and the doctor attended to his wounds. By that time the ambulance returned and a litter was brought up. We carefully lifted the man onto the litter only to discover that he had been lying on a mine which was not detonated until we moved him. It was a type of mine that springs about three



SERG. JOSEPH MILLMAN

saw war as a flight engineer and gunner over Italy. A crew of 10, they were shot down, 4 survived and he was badly wounded and captured, was sent to a POW-camp hospital where he recovered. Resides in the USA.

feet in the air before it explodes. There is a ten second delay from the time it is detonated until it springs out of the ground.

"Just after we lifted the wounded man onto the litter I noticed a trickle of smoke rising out of the ground and shouted a warning, but I scarcely had the words out of my mouth when the mine sprang up and exploded, about a foot above my head.

"Dr. Leon fell unconscious a few feet from me and one of his aid men fell at his side. We were on a steep hill and both men rolled about ten feet from where they fell, setting off another mine as they did so. I was wounded in both legs and could not move. When first aid arrived a few minutes later, Dr. Leon and the first aid man with him had breathed their last..."

Captain Leon was posthumously awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action, and the accompanying citation records that:

"Captain Leon set up an aid station on the edge of the field. Disregarding enemy artillery, small arms and sniper fire, he continued administering aid, and speedily evacuated the wounded. Hearing a cry for aid from a seriously wounded man in the mine field, and despite warnings of the danger, Captain Leon entered the field to aid the casualty... He was mortally wounded by a mine explosion."

Born in Ploesti, Rumania, Captain Leon had studied medicine in Paris, Vienna and New York, joined the Army Medical Corps as soon as he became an American citizen.



Partisans of the camp "For Victory!"



MAJ. JOSEPH SCHRANK served in the American Army during World War II in the campaign of the European Theatre of Operations - from Normandy through Europe. He received from the United States three medals, as well as the Croix de Guerre decorations from both France and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. He may be the only Jewish soldier who ever received two Croix de Guerres in World War II. He resides in the USA.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE BOOK:

The Silence

By Lily Gluck Lerner



Czechoslovakian Jewish Combatants at a get-together in Karlsbad in January, 1947.

HARRY'S STORY

I was born in 1923 in Kisvárdá, Hungary, about 320 kilometers east of Budapest, not far from where Lily was born. It was a town of about fourteen thousand people, of whom some four thousand were Jewish.

It was a special place. The Jewish families had lived there between 50 and 150 years. They were well established in a mixture of trades and professions. There were Jewish doctors, lawyers, large landowners, merchants, tradesmen, scholars, and authors. There were several Jewish law offices, twelve doctors. The six Jewish midwives had delivered 90 percent of the entire town. My family had been in many businesses. We had been cattle and rawhide dealers and feather exporters, and we had dealt with furs. Our neighbors were lumbermen, storekeepers, tradesmen, tailors, cobblers.

I can't really liken it to anywhere else I've ever been. The Jewish community in Kisvárdá was stable, solid, and productive. It looked as if my people had been there for a thousand years and would stay forever. There was no sign nor hint that anything could interrupt this community, even though life was difficult there. We worked hard, and it was fulfilling.

People helped their neighbors in Kisvárdá. If one needed money, you lent him some, even if it meant borrowing from someone else to get it. You then borrowed from a third to give to a fourth and so on until by some miracle a hundred dollars arrived in the mail from an American relative and you were able to clear debts. It was a way of life. There were no banks to lend you money on your signature or credit unions or savings and loans. Neighbors relied on each other. Kindness got each of us through difficult spots.

I came from a large family. There was my father, Mendel, an intelligent, bright, learned man who spent as much time with his studies as he did working and sleeping. Every night Father got into bed with a Talmudic book. He read until his eyeglasses fell off, the book slipped from his hand, and he was asleep. There was my mother, Sara, who read from the



YAKO BENAROYA

born in Berkovitzá, Bulgaria.
Fell in battle on November 27,
1943.

Bible to my sisters, Deena and Goldie, as they did their daily chores.

Besides Tuli, I had three other brothers. There was Lipes, whom I remember little of, since he was married and out of the house before I finished elementary school. The others were Joseph and Pincus.

I lived with my family until I was thirteen. Then for three years I went to Yeshiva in another town, as was often the custom.

When I returned to Kisvárdá at sixteen, I had to enter the national guard. All boys of that age were required to do so. It entailed weekend training in discipline and weaponry. It was there that I was made especially aware that, being Jewish, I was something other than Hungarian.

I always had been aware of the danger of being Jewish. When I was nine, the Jews of Kisvárdá held an all-night vigil, praying that Hitler would not take over Germany. When I was a child growing up, my father had taught me not to get into arguments. The only way to avoid getting your head bashed in was to avoid arguments. If there was a bully up ahead, cross the street.

In the national guard it was made all the clearer that we were different. After four hours of maneuvering with everyone else, the Jewish boys were given extra chores. I resented it and got into fights over it. The field commander, who was all of twenty-four or twenty-five, would have none of it. He had the final say and he wanted the Jews to know they weren't as good as the other boys. As punishment I was locked in a dark closet on Sundays until I learned to keep my mouth shut.

There was a group of my Jewish friends, including Majsi,



DAVID ISAKOV
born in 1908, in Assenovgrad,
Bulgaria. Died while interned
in 1942.

Phillip, Frankel, and Kakas, who would meet in regularly in the parks. We were political and tried to keep in touch with the world by speaking with people who traveled a lot, by reading the papers, and by listening to the BBC radio broadcasts.

We knew that Hitler spelled bad times ahead for the European Jews. We would try to figure out something we could do besides wait to fall at the mercy of this Hitler. We wanted to go to Romania and then Palestine, to save as many people as possible.

I was always having arguments about this with my father. He saw no need for preparations. We were God-fearing people who performed properly in God's eyes. God had saved the Jews in the past and he could save them again.

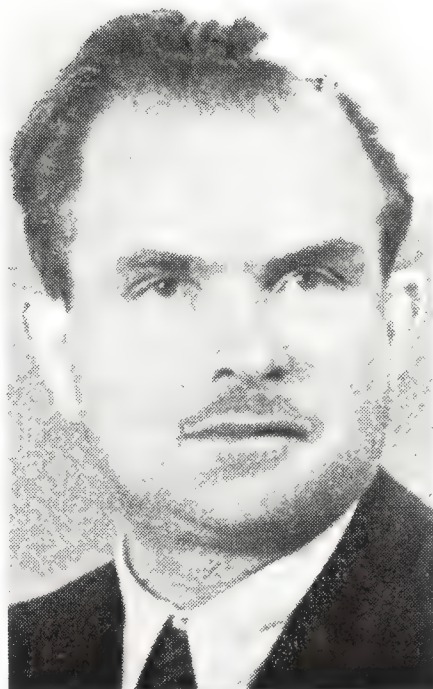
Besides, Father believed that God had already allotted to you what was coming to you. There was no use fighting it.

"But Father," I would say, "that's not enough. We should get ready to fight back and not wait for some miracle. It might not come this time."

Came 1939, Hitler invaded Poland, and it was really too late for us to leave anyway.

As we listened to the BBC reports, in basements, in store-rooms, on rooftops, there was no report of what was really going on, that a particular people, the Jews, were in a particular trouble. We heard some reports from Poland that Jewish families were being displaced, businesses confiscated, farms taken away, but we had no idea this was in prelude to being rounded up in camps and being killed.

If the Western world had given us some warning of the total liquidation of the Jewish people in all countries occupied by the Germans, we surely would not have waited peace-



HENRYK IWANSKI

was one of the Gentile people, who helped Jews. He was supplying weapons to the Warsaw Resistance Organization Z.Z.W. (Jewish Military Organization) Henryk passed away in Warsaw in the late 1970's.

fully, arms folded, to be pushed into the boxcars and carried off to the gas chambers.

Who could conceive that someone like Mr. Wilner, the freight man, was considered an enemy of the Third Reich? Mr. Wilner, who while hauling freight from the railroad station would never fail to say his morning and evening prayers. He could barely feed his horse, much less his children, who were all sent off to learn a trade when they turned thirteen.

How could Béla, the tavern owner, be anyone's enemy? And yet, in 1941, Nazi sympathizers came in and broke everything in his tavern and house, pulled his beard out of his face, broke his leg, beat his children, and abused his daughters.

I would say to my father, "Here was a man with religious fervor. He did nothing but study around the clock while his children took turns taking care of the tavern. Why didn't God use any of his miracles then?"

"You're talking like an *epikorot* [unbeliever]," Father would say, and that would end the discussion.

Some Polish Jews did escape the camps, bringing tales of atrocities with them, but no one had any idea of the extent of the killing machinery that Germany had set up, that we were in the middle of a holocaust. The true ingenuity and accomplishment of the Germans was shown in the skill and expertise with which they were able to cover up their crimes.

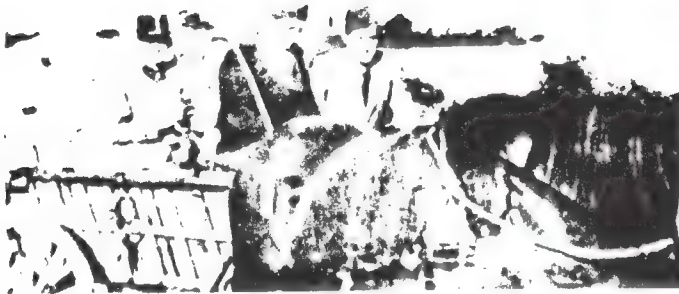
My family, like other Jews in Hungary, carried on as the war progressed, putting up with the restrictions and hardships placed on us, wondering what would come next.

The "next" came for me at the end of 1943. I turned twenty on December 19. By law, all twenty-year-old Hungarian men had to serve full-time in the army.



SOLOMON CHICHEK

born in 1923, in Nova Zagora, Bulgaria. Fell in battle as a partisan in June, 1944.



Harry in the labor camp (in the dark coat). The officer who helped him is seated in the back.



AVRAM GERON
born in 1924, in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Fell in battle as a
partisan on June 3, 1944.

My orders to join a company did not come for several months. On Sunday, April 16, 1944, after saying goodbye to my parents, my unmarried sister, my married, pregnant sister and her husband, my brothers, the wives of the three that were married, and my six nieces and nephews, I left.

There were 220 in my company. We were transported to a camp two hundred kilometers away. There a Hungarian officer, a middle-aged former customs man named Szalay Geza, lectured us on our duties and what to expect. As Jews we could not bear arms, but we were still part of the army, and we would perform necessary work duties for the army. Geza promised that if we worked faithfully and diligently, no harm would come to us.

Most of the men would be repairing railroad tracks. Some few were needed for other tasks. We were asked if any specialists were among us—shoemakers, tailors, mechanics,

doctors, pharmacists. I volunteered that my specialty was horses. My family had two that I cared for, so I figured this was enough qualification. Someone had to drive horses and wagons with supplies and take officers around. I had a hunch that being wagoner would pay off by putting me in an advantageous position.

It did. For one thing, I was more in touch with Geza than the others. He was a good man who took a liking to me.

"I'm going to keep you all informed about your exact status," he told me once. "If the Germans make any move to take you out of the country, where it will be more dangerous for you, I will give you advance warning. Then you can take the proper action."

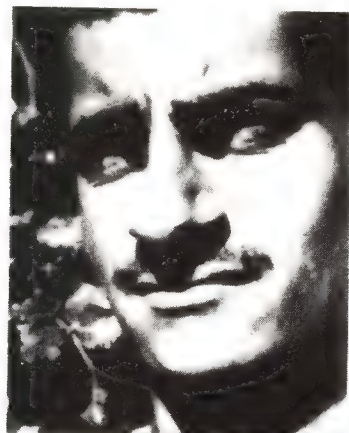
Two week later, Geza selected me to accompany him back to Kisvárd. During the fourteen days I had been gone a terrible transformation had occurred. Hundreds and hundreds of Jews from nearby villages, along with the thousands of Jews of Kisvárd, had been pushed into one section of town. My family was in there somewhere, and I had to see them.

Geza pleaded that I be allowed to find and visit them. I entered the ghetto a privileged individual, under protection of the Hungarian army, with permission to visit for one hour.

My family, all thirteen of them, were in an apartment that had one bedroom, a kitchen, and a pantry, nothing more. They were frightened and hungry.

I decided to use my privilege and leave the ghetto to buy them food. I smuggled two baskets back. Not much, but enough for their immediate survival.

My parents were terrified for me. They said I was playing with my life, risking it for them.



MICHAEL ESHKENAZI
born in 1921, in Sofia,
Bulgaria. Fell in battle as a
partisan on August 20, 1944.

"That's the way I felt. I did it. Now don't worry."

I tried to talk my brothers into going with me. It would ease the crowding, and I was sure Geza would let them "join" our company. They refused to leave the others. Then I would stay too.

It was too dangerous, my parents argued. I would be no use in the ghetto. Go back to the army. They would see me later, when this all passed.

I returned to my troop working on the railroad in Kosica. They were reinforcing tracks, fixing loose stones, mending crossbars.

I took food to the workers each day. More and more frequently we were seeing trains coming through filled with people, Jews, being taken to Poland.

It was June, and it was hot. The trains were often shunted off to side tracks as express trains and military transports came through. There the people would wait, locked in their boxes, suffocating in the sun with no water.

I carried two collapsible canvas bags to water my horses. "Let me give some water to those poor people," I begged the officers. The dirge-like moaning in the cars was heartrending. I got permission.

The people begged me for news. What was going to happen to them? Where were they going? I felt like an idiot. All I knew was that they were heading toward Poland.

I made up my mind then that no one would put me into a boxcar and lock the door, without my knowing what was the last stop. My fate would be no train ride.

The train guards claimed the people were going to camps in the east, that the men would be separated from the women

I made up my mind then that no one would put me into a boxcar and lock the door.

and children and only they would be made to work. All would be well. I knew that was a lie, the biggest lie, and I wasn't going to fall for it.

We worked in Kosica until August. Then the trains stopped coming. We were ordered to move out.

We went west, to four miles from Budapest on the Danube River. There the company was put to work repairing roads.

I was sent two or three times a week into the city to get supplies at a refrigerated warehouse.

On one of those trips I heard my name being called. I looked around and at first couldn't figure out where the "Harry! Harry!" was coming from. Then I saw, but I couldn't believe it. It was Jossi Klein, a lifelong friend from Kisvárdá. He was unloading coal from a boxcar.

Klein had been working around Budapest for a while, he told me. He had come in contact with an organized, underground movement that was, among other things, supplying people with Aryan papers and German documents. It seemed that the only escape was with false papers. I made note of their hideouts. On my next supply run, I made a little side trip. I made several more after that. At the right time I would know where to go.

That day came on October 15, 1944. The sham of an independent Hungary was crumbling. Another pro-German government had been installed, and the collaborators were handing the country over to Hitler completely.

Geza called me aside. "It's all over," he said. "The moderates are gone. Things have gotten too dangerous. Make your move."

I took my wagon and horses into Budapest. I didn't want to, but I had to abandon them. I went to join the underground.

I took my wagon and horses into Budapest. I didn't want to, but I had to abandon them. I went to join the underground.

The resistance had been growing rapidly as army deserters joined forces with Jews. The group I got myself into set up headquarters in a film factory that had been abandoned by the national film industry.

There were about sixty of us. We set up the place as if it were a legitimate military office. We had people working at desks during the day, watchmen at night. The rest of us hid in the warehouse.

We ventured out dressed as soldiers, with stolen documents and vehicles. By all appearances we were legitimate.

But we did the work of missionaries. We "liberated" food warehouses and distributed the food. We took food to those in hiding. We sabotaged bridges and railroad crossings and blew up strategic buildings.

We also patrolled at night, looking for German collaborators who might be harassing distressed people. It happened all the time. Collaborators stopped people on the street, examined documents, and if they were the least bit suspicious, took them to the Danube, where they were shot—if they didn't shoot them right on the spot.

We took care of those collaborators.

We operated for two months. During that time I got some fake Swiss in-transit papers stating that I was a Swiss citizen on my way to South America. They were insurance.

One Friday, we got word from sympathizers at downtown army headquarters that suspicious questions were being asked. Exactly who was out at the film warehouse? Which outfit? What were they doing?

We knew the time had come. It was decided that on Sunday we would break through German lines and make our way to the Russians, who were only a half hour from the city.

The resistance had been growing rapidly as army deserters joined forces with Jews.

We ventured out dressed as soldiers, with stolen documents and vehicles. By all appearances we were legitimate.

We sabotaged bridges and railroad crossings and blew up strategic buildings.

It was that or disperse and flee. We chose to fight with the Allies.

It wasn't to be. Saturday night one of the watchmen ran to where we were in the warehouse. There were about a dozen German SS and Hungarian collaborators outside. They wanted in. They didn't believe the watchmen were the only ones there.

We held a hurried conference. There would be no surrender. We would wait until the Germans stormed the door; then we would fight and run.

I saw at least six or seven German SS hit. I didn't know how many of our people fell. I took to the fields and ran back to the center of Budapest, throwing away my leather coat, all evidence of the military, and my weapons—four grenades, bullets, a gun. I kept my other pistol, which I stuck into my waistband.

I would have to rely on my insurance, the Swiss documents.

I was sweating, and not from heat, as I walked along Vadasz Street to the makeshift Swiss consulate. There had been so many asking for asylum that the consulate had left its former building for a larger one. There were German SS soldiers everywhere, more than I had seen before. I don't know what I would have done had I known that they were there keeping surveillance on the consulate, ready to stop anyone trying to enter.

It was a sheer miracle I made it to the consulate gate without being stopped. A guard opened the gate a crack and asked what I wanted.

"I am here with a visa in my pocket. I would like to ask for asylum because of the unstable condition in the city. I would rather like to wait out these difficult times inside the consulate."

*We chose to fight with
the Allies.*

He started to shut the gate, explaining he couldn't let me in without checking first.

I stuck my foot in the door and pulled out the gun. "Let me in or I'll let you have it."

He stepped aside and I was inside. In the courtyard I was relieved, but I had not been admitted to the building. The guard went off to find certain people who knew me. They had given me the papers. At last I was vouched for.

I had to give up the gun before being taken to a cavernous basement filled with other scared men and women, boys and girls.

So we remained. The basement became more crowded every day. The Swiss were giving more and more people asylum. A Swedish diplomat was planting his country's flag on building after building, declaring them neutral territory, and then filling them with people carrying Swedish passports he had printed himself.

Finally the Swiss took over the building next to the one I was in. It had been the headquarters of the Hungarian national soccer organization, and it had six stories. During bombing raids people crowded down into its basement for protection.

I stayed above. I didn't care about bombs or dying from hunger or exhaustion. What mattered to me was that I not fall into German hands to be massacred by them. Anyone could die from a bomb or an accident or stepping on a grenade. I would not die because I had been singled out as a Jew. That I refused to do.

During one raid, I was on the third floor with a couple of others, even though the bombs were very close. Suddenly there was a tremendous thud that kept on sounding, tearing

I stuck my foot in the door and pulled out the gun. "Let me in or I'll let you have it."

away at the building. We looked up, and above our heads was the tip of an enormous bomb. It had fallen through three floors without exploding. If it had, one thousand people would have been killed.

February 14, 1945, the Russians took Budapest.

It meant no liberation for me. I was taken with many others from the consulate building into a work crew that was herded across the frozen Danube to dismantle unexploded bombs. We were going to be treated as conquered Hungarians—papers to the contrary or no—and would be put to work doing chores the Russians didn't care to do themselves.

I was with the crew for twelve hours.

That night we were being marched to a schoolhouse to spend the night before beginning more work in the morning. I left the line and escaped.

That was the last time I was ever in captivity.

I waited for two years in Kisvárda. I waited for someone in my immediate family to come back. No one did.

I found one cousin who had escaped death by diving into the icy Danube when he had been lined up alongside it, with hundreds of others, to be shot. He swam underwater as far as he could, then swam farther. A couple of miles downriver, he pulled himself out, almost dead from frostbite and exposure, and knocked on the first door he came to. There was no reason those people had to take him in. They did, and my cousin lived.

The one person who did come back was my brother-in-law Tuli. He had been married to Deena; he was the pious son-in-law my father so wanted. He and my four brothers,



CLARA COHEN
born in 1926, in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Fell in battle as a
partisan in February 1944.

Lipe, Jossi, Pinchas, and Naphtali, had been sent to work in a coal mine. There Tuli alone survived. There he had become a leader and survived by getting extra pieces of bread. He had seen my brothers, passed out from malnutrition, with swollen legs and bellies, sent to the "recuperation rooms," rooms no one ever came out of alive.

Mother, pregnant Deena, Goldie (she who so feared death—what must have been her thoughts in the cattle car, in the gas chamber?), and Father were sent to no work camps. They were taken immediately from the trains to death.

Hungary was no longer a place for me to live.

Out of four thousand Jews in Kisvárdá, several hundred remained alive. Why did so, so many of them walk into those cattle wagons, into those gas chambers, or stand passively on the banks of the Danube to be shot? Why did we sit like ducks and not fight back? Was it only because of that blind belief in miracles and our lot?

People today don't wait like sitting ducks. Cubans don't like the regime? They crowd on boats and get away. South Koreans don't like martial law? They riot in protest. Up until that last moment of life, did my father still believe God would save him?

The Sabras, the Israeli-born Jews, are embarrassed by the passivity that allowed us to be ground up in the German killing machines like so much meat.

There are no Jews left today in Kisvárdá, only tombstones. The marvelously constructed temple, which once seated the entire Jewish community, now stands empty.

I could no longer live in Hungary. There was nothing left for me there.

I made my way to France and waited one year for a visa.



AVRAM BEHAR

born in 1926, in Yambol, Bulgaria. Fell in battle as a partisan on August 20, 1944.

On December 19, 1949, my twenty-sixth birthday, I arrived in the United States, alone.

A few weeks later, at Purim, a stranger in the synagogue told me he had a sister.

Four months later, on May 28, I married that sister and was no longer alone.

SAMUEL RIESEL
was a Guerilla Fighter in the
forest of Kosice, Czechoslova-
kia in 1943-44. (Left on the
horse with a comrade). Was
wounded and became a 60% inva-
lid. Is now a Cantor. Resides
in the USA.

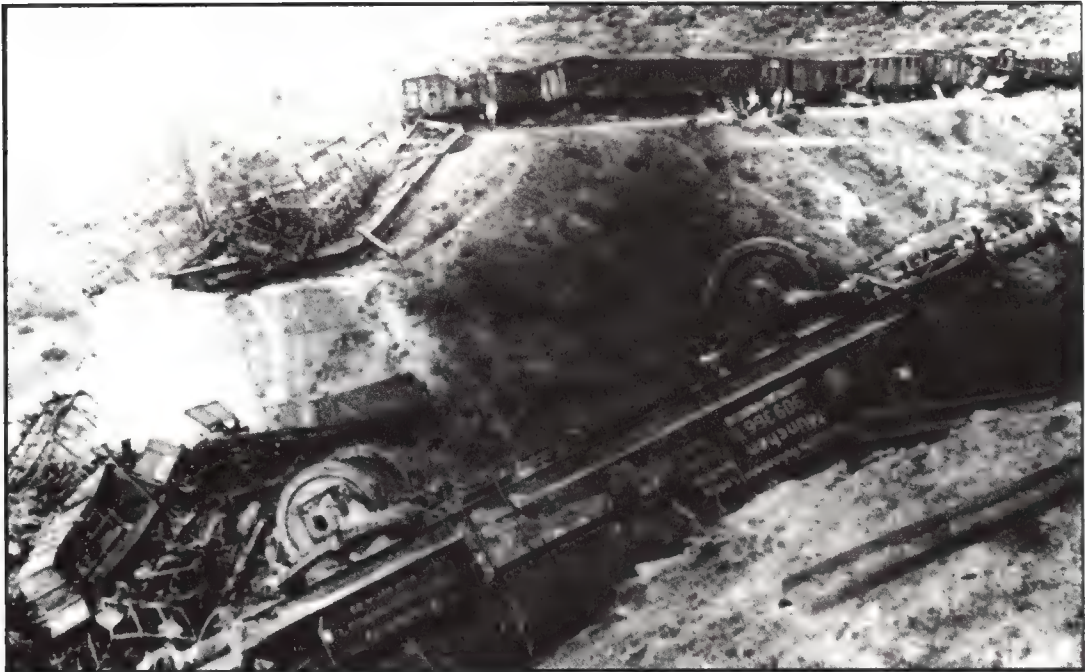


YOU SHOULD SELL YOUR LIFE FOR A HIGH PRICE !

In their desperation, some of the inmates of Auschwitz expressed the wish to kill themselves. When the inmate, Rabbi Moshe Aronson heard about this, he called out: You should sell your life for a high price! Strike, kill the Nazis. That is Kidush Hashem! To kill themselves? This doesn't make sense! Rabbi Aronson survived and lives now in Petach Tikvah, Israel.



JAQUES LEVY
born in 1926, in Plovdiv,
Bulgaria. Fell in battle as a
partisan in February 1944.



Jewish Partisans destroyed a Railroad Train.



Tito signing agreement with the Soviet Union.

French-Jewish Partisan Resistance

By **Shmuel Rosenberg** (Paris)



French identification card for the
Jewish Partisan Rack.

OFFICE NATIONAL Des ANCIENS COMBATTANTS ET VICTIMES DE GUERRE	REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
CARTE DE COMBATTANT VOLONTAIRE DE LA RÉSISTANCE	
LA SEINE	délivrée à
M. <u>Rack</u>	POSTHUME
Prénoms: <u>Herz Zalman</u>	
Domicile: <u>Paris 1911</u>	
Né le <u>5 Mars 1911</u>	le <u>28 mai</u> 1982
Le Prêtre, Président de l'Office départemental	

HERMAN PONS, second from right,
with fellow Partisans is the
holder of a French Medal:
Cavalier of the Honorary Le-
gion, for his valor with other
Partisans in taking captivity
a whole German Division.
Resides in France.

In 1928 my family and I left our beloved town Kuzmer in Poland and came to France. I became a cabinet maker and supported my wife and three children. In 1939 I volunteered in the French Army and served until 1940. As the German murderers occupied Paris I left in search of my family that was banished in the town of Che-Chateau-Mere.

As I came to town, which was still in the hands of the French Government, I was called to register with the French Foreign Legion. They were also registering volunteers for the Legion and the Polish Army. As I “admired” the rabid antisemitic Poles, I joined again the French and participated in all aspects of the war. The division I was had great losses. Out of 3,600 men 430 survived, most of them fell in battle, the rest were taken prisoners and starved, or murdered by the Germans.

I survived. Again, I went in search of my family. I walked every-day—30 kilometers until I reached the town where my family was, there I joined the F.T.F. partisan group. Our goal to destroy railways, terror activities and explain to the peasants not to feed the enemy. We visited villages and urged the peasants to harvest only for themselves. Those who did not oblige we burned their stock and warehouse. We distributed weapons among the farmers to resist the Germans that confiscated their harvest and sent to Germany.

Our base was deep in the forest. On January 3, 1943, I and another 5 partisans retrieved two boxes of weapons that was parachuted to us. In the same day we were attacked by the Germans and five partisans were lost. We retreated, sleeping in the forest. At night we found the bodies of our comrades in arms. They were horribly disfigured beyond recognition; only their clothing were known to us. The German beasts evidently tortured them. A few days later we took revenge. We captured twelve Germans. We delivered them to the main highway in the condition accorded to our comrades.

Summer, 1943, as England and the U.S.A. prepared for the second front, we engaged more often in battle with the Germans. The Germans were forced all the time to retreat leaving many dead and wounded.

On June 7, 1943, we reached the town where my family resided. We disarmed the Vichy regime Police station and took control of the town and its main highway. I was in command of nine partisans, in the morning we spotted an auto with German SS men. We approached the highway and I called out in a perfect Yiddish “put down your weapons”. The S.S. murderers—the “hero” against defenseless women and children pleaded for mercy, and he kept on moaning: “I never harmed any Frenchmen”. We liquidated the bloody killers.



Herman Rack

In the very night the Germans surrounded the town. We retreated. I took along my family where they were given shelter, 25 miles from town.

At the end of June we succeeded to capture two trucks with 9 German officers, maps, and military plans. We wired London about our booty. That very evening English parachutists landed in our vicinity taking the 9 Germans and the documents with them to London.

A few days later, I was on the lookout for Germans with a group of partisans, when a military auto approached with bright lights. We stopped that auto and I was pleasantly surprised to find them to be English soldiers...

We had to retreat from the place, and in the morning we received a report about two suspicious French women, that came to the neighboring village. We decided to investigate. I took one up in my room. I entertained her lavishly: and she became quite drunk. She began to speak in German cursing the French and the Jews. In the morning, I delivered her to the partisan's high command. She tried to attack me, she was found to be spying for the Germans and was shot.

As we moved to a different base we met on our way a group of Germans and their collaborators The Vichy Police. We engaged them in battle, although they were supported from the air, we succeeded to destroy 80 German guns. We too had many casualties and were forced to retreat.

At the end of July we confronted a large German Army in retreat, lead by an officer. We put up a blockade, and demanded their surrender. They were willing to surrender only to the American Army. They were terribly afraid of the French Partisans. We agreed to their condition, and an Army of 20,000 armed German soldiers became prisoners of war of the Americans. Thanks to the heroism of 800 French-Jewish Partisans. Thus came to end my military exploits in World War II.

From the Yizkor Book Kuzmir. Published in Israel. Reprinted with permission of the Society.

That very evening English parachutists landed in our vicinity taking the 9 Germans and the documents with them to London.

She began to speak in German cursing the French and the Jews. In the morning, I delivered her to the partisan's high command. She tried to attack me, she was found to be spying for the Germans and was shot.

Thanks to the heroism of 800 French-Jewish Partisans. Thus came to end my military exploits in World War II.

HOMAGE
TO THE BELG
WHO FELL IN
AGAINST THE NAZI

1940

HOMMAGE
AUX JUIFS
DE BELGIQUE
TOMBES
DANS LA
RESISTANCE
A L'OCCUPANT
NAZI

לגיה
ות במאבקם
ב הנאצי
בעלגיע
ידערשטאנד
אקופאנט

ABEL	Chaim	7. 9.07	7.43
ABRAHAMSON	Jacob	23. 7.92	5. 6.42
AJBESZYC	David	4. 1.89	8.44
ARNOULD	Rita	11. 9.14	20. 8.43
ARON	Felicie	20. 3.12	8.42
ASCHEIM	Hélène	29. 7.28	8.42
BASS	Salomon	23. 2.14	12. 3.45
BECK	Jean	12. 9.05	4. 9.44
BEIREHMAN	Godel	1. 8.10	7.44
BENDKOWSKI	Israel	23. 9.01	7.43
BENDKOWSKI	Dwojra	9. 6.97	7.43
BENENSOHN	Saul	16. 7.20	30.11.43
BIALY	Arthur	27.11.25	8.42
BIALY	Efraim	15. 4.01	3.45
BIDERMANN	Frymet	2. 1.22	10.42
BIDERMANN	Carola	18. 3.26	10.42
BIERMAN	Jacques	3. 6.00	43
BIRON	Abraham	12. 8.93	3. 4.45
BLUM	René	18. 6.97	12.10.43
BLUMBERG	Gisèle	5.10.03	9.43
BLUSZTEJN	Icek	2. 7.08	10.44
BLUSZTEJN	Rubin	1.11.08	43
BORISEWITZ	Simon	5. 4.09	3.45
BRADT	Marianne	29.11.19	5.45
BRAND	Baruch	11. 3.14	10.42
BRAUNER	Simon	25. 4.86	1.44
BRESLER	Abraham	20. 1.20	8. 2.42
BRESLER	Hil-Majer	1. 2.93	16.11.41
BRESLER	Mordko	20. 1.18	19.11.42
BUCHHALTER	Frieda	14. 1.94	1.44
BUHBINDER	Pierre	7.12.02	1.43
CAHEN	Annette	13. 7.14	15. 2.45
CITRINE	Michel	17. 8.90	9.42
COLPACCI	Jacob	27.11.07	27. 6.43
CUDYKIER	Mordko	2. 5.03	15. 4.45
CYMBERKNOPF	Abraham	27. 9.22	1.11.43
CZESCHLAK	Robert	8.12.06	5. 9.44
DAJCH	Isaak	13. 3.25	1.44
DE BAUER	Guy	7. 2.07	3.44
DEHOUWER	Charlotte	22. 1.07	8.42
DESWARTE	Abraham	20. 8.11	9.43

DEUTSCHEN	Samson	21. 5.13	14. 4.45
DEVRIES	David	20.12.12	4.45
DOBRYNSKI	Henri	16. 4.24	14. 7.43
DOMBROWICZ	Luzer	29.11.01	10.42
DUSSMANN	Sally	31. 8.25	7.44
DWELACKI	David	16. 9.98	1.43
DWELACKI	Sura	2. 4.96	1.43
EDELMAN	Fejga	7. 8.07	10.42
EIBENSCHUTZ	Rafael	19.10.02	70. 1.44
ENGIELSZER	Simon	25. 3.07	6. 1.43
EPSTEIN	Aron	8. 6.29	12.43
FEDER	Herzko	8. 8.07	10.44
FEINBERG	Jacques	23. 9.15	7. 7.42
FEUER	Siegfried	22. 5.19	4. 9.43
FINKELSTEJN	Lejbis	4.11.01	43
FREMDER	Abraham	22. 6.15	21. 1.42
GANZO	Pinkus	26. 6.23	10.12.43
GELMAN	Jacques	19. 1.93	4.45
GLAZ	Elie	10. 5.04	18. 2.45
GOLDBERG	Jacob	20. 7.20	6.44
GOLDBERG	Luzer	25. 5.04	7.43
GOLDBERG	Pinkus	21. 6.88	25. 8.42
GOLDBERG	Simon	15. 4.23	19. 8.44
GOLDBERGER	Koloman	4. 8.11	44
GOLDENBERG	Joseph	15. 6.13	31. 3.43
GOLDFEDER	Mordke	21. 6.95	8.42
GOLDMAN	Karl	3. 3.88	11. 1.43
GOLDSOBER	Jaenne	22. 5.14	10.42
GOUDEKET	Benjamin	9. 7.03	5. 2.44
GOUDSMIT	Sally	22. 6.11	10. 9.42
GRABINER	Charles	24. 4.13	9.43
GROSSVOGEL	Léon	27.11.04	11.42
GROSSVOGEL	Léon	14.12.24	4.45
GRUMAN	Nuhim	21. 2.06	7.44
GUNZIG	Dolly	2. 9.04	28. 7.42
GUTMAN	Szanna	29. 3.05	16. 4.45
HARTVELD	Adelin	6. 3.17	21. 1.42
HELEMER	Herzsk	2. 1.10	8. 1.45
HELFGOTT	Eliezer	9. 3.19	5.44
HELFGOTT	Simon	10. 5.20	27. 4.43
HELLENDAL	Eugene	19.10.05	5. 3.45

HELLMANN	Arthur	23. 5.06	26. 2.44
HENOT	Peter	31.12.23	28. 9.42
HERSCHKORN	Joseph	21. 3.00	9.43
HERSKOVITS	Sigmund	8. 3.13	8.42
HERSZAFT	David	8.11.21	12.12.42
HERTOGS	Léopold	8. 7.09	6. 3.45
HEVESTI	Bela	20. 6.00	3.44
HUDES	David	14. 4.13	5.44
ISBUTSKY	Herman	19. 5.14	6. 7.44
JABLONSKI	Dyna	20. 5.20	9.43
JACQUEMOTTE	Fanny	10. 1.07	8.42
JUDELS	Georges	15.12.15	2. 3.45
KAGAN	Leib	28. 1.88	7.43
KAJCHMANN	Sara	17. 5.11	43
KALTENBRUNER	Anton	11. 7.08	42
KAMENIEZ	Boris	9. 1.05	1. 3.45
KARMAZYN	Szulem	1.10.96	1.43
KATZ	Max	6. 2.07	3.45
KLEIN	Alexandre	23. 8.11	1.45
KLEIN	Georges	17.12.19	1.45
KLIBANSKY	Rachel	3. 8.14	10.42
KNOBLAUCH	Joachim	30. 1.10	9.43
KNOLL	Siegfried	1. 6.13	1.45
KOHN	Ichiel	12. 3.04	31.12.43
KOPERBERG	Elie	29.11.98	26. 3.43
KORN	Szymon	19. 9.02	19. 6.42
KORNWEITZ	Nathan	3.10.10	26. 4.45
KOSSMANN	Arthur	11.10.93	31.12.42
KREIMER	Mendel	7. 1.07	6.11.42
KRISS	Walter	16. 2.13	24. 4.44
KUBOWITZKI	Elie	25.11.99	10.42
KUROPATWA	Gerszon	1. 8.98	8.42
KUROPATWA	Anna	4. 9.07	8.42
KUTNOWSKI	Léon	18.10.18	8. 6.44
LAMHAUT	Icek	27. 3.01	31.10.42
LAMHAUT	Chana	16.10.05	7.43
LANDO	Michel	24.12.12	30.11.43
LAPIOWER	Chaja	2.12.02	3.45
LAUB	Juda	26. 4.99	43
LEDERHANDLER	Jojoja	3. 5.07	7.44
LEHMANN	Assia	20. 9.13	6.43

NEUR
ELGIAN JEWS
N RESISTANCE
NAZI OCCUPANT

1945

HULDE
AAN DE JODEN
VAN BELGIE
GEVALLEN
IN HET VERZET
TEGEN
DE NAZI-
BEZETTER

לכת
יהודי
שנפלו
במחור
נגד הכוח
נצח
די יידן פן
געפאלן אין
קעגן נאציזם

LEISEROFF	Meier	21. 3.04 - 16. 8.41
LEJZMAN	Israël	1. 1.08 - 1.43
LELEWSKI	Lejb	30. 3.06 - 22. 6.42
LESZCZYNSKI	Szyja	10.10.03 - 31.10.44
LIBERMAN	Léon	12. 8.98 - 20.12.42
LIGETTI	Herta	11.11.20 - 1.44
LIPSZYC	Nuchem	16. 6.06 - 2.11.42
LIPSYC	Taubä	15. 5.11 - 9.42
LIVERANT	Michel	16. 2.11 - 7. 3.45
LIVSCHITZ	Alexandre	20. 4.11 - 23. 2.44
LIVSCHITZ	Georges	30. 9.17 - 17. 2.44
LIVSCHITZ	Sroel	20. 9.10 - 5.45
LOEB	Erich	19.10.21 - 6.43
LOITZANSKI	Aline	20. 4.16 - 8.42
LOITZANSKI	Jacques	22. 8.18 - 5. 3.43
LUBKA	Léa	31. 5.23 - 17. 7.43
MANDELBAUM	Moïse	26.10.24 - 13.10.43
MARCZAK	Abraham	16.11.15 - 12. 2.42
MEINRATH	Ernst	12. 5.01 - 1.45
MILLER	Sana	10. 2.96 - 10.42
MINGELGRUN	Jacob	22. 9.06 - 2.45
MINGELGRUN	Golda	1. 6.13 - 5.44
MOSSÉL	Samuel	23.12.79 - 9.42
MYTNOWIECKI	Nachman	15. 7.09 - 4.44
NEJSZATEN	Josif	15.11.84 - 6. 3.44
NEJSZATEN	Ruchla	12. 9.77 - 5.44
NEUBECK	Anna	20. 6.00 - 1. 1.43
NEUBECK	Herbert	20. 3.23 - 21. 4.43
NOWAK	Abraham	2.12.94 - 6. 6.44
NOWAK	Trajetel	14. 7.01 - 24. 6.42
NOWAK	Wolek	6.10.96 - 16. 6.42
NYKERK	Benjamin	2. 10.08 - 10.44
NYSENHOLC	Salomon	1.12.04 - 9.42
OGRODOWSKI	Simon	3. 3.95 - 12.43
ORCHER	Maurice	3. 9.19 - 27.10.44
PEKEL	Lucas	14. 1.98 - 4.45
PEPER	Mauritz	22. 4.06 - 28. 8.43
PILLER	Cecylia	18. 7.04 - 9.43
PINHAS	Isaac	1. 2.99 - 5. 2.45
POTASZNIK	Sam	5. 4.09 - 9. 9.43
POZNANSKA	Sophie	8. 6.06 - 28. 9.42

POZNANTEK	Ezra	22.12.01 - 8.42
PRYZANT	Rosa	21. 6.19 - 7.43
RABINOWICZ	Leib	20. 1.18 - 26. 4.43
RAJZWASSER	Ber	29. 9.04 - 10.42
RAKOWER	Wladek	12. 3.07 - 6. 1.43
RAMBAM	Félix	12. 6.22 - 1. 6.43
ROCHMAN	Charles	27.12.13 - 26.11.43
ROSENKIND	Pinkus	18. 6.99 - 11.44
ROTKEL	Edouard	11. 8.98 - 7. 5.45
ROZENBERG	Jacob	17. 5.03 - 9.42
ROZENBLUM	Naftali	15. 7.00 - 16. 3.45
ROZENCWAJG	Maurice	2.10.20 - 9. 9.43
RYCHTYGIER	Jacob	7. 7.98 - 7.43
SCHAFFMAN	Chaim	12. 3.94 - 31. 5.43
SCHAPIRA	Pinches	26. 5.98 - 1.44
SCHLESNJAKOFF	Paul	22.12.96 - 4.45
SCHIFF	Boris	26.11.08 - 6. 3.45
SCHIVE	Isaïas	25. 5.19 - 8. 6.43
SCHONAGEL	Hugo	8. 1.09 - 5. 3.45
SCHONBERG	Rudolf	24. 3.01 - 31. 7.44
SEIDENSCHNIR	Jean	19. 5.23 - 4. 4.45
SENZER	Benedikt	2. 7.15 - 10.42
SIMON	Zoltan	10.10.21 - 10.43
SOKOL	Myriam	6.10.09 - 4.43
SOKOL	Hersch	25.10.08 - 6.42
SOMBERG	Chenya	10. 4.00 - 10. 2.45
SOURITZ	Albert	22. 3.94 - 4.43
SPITZ	Arpad	27.10.19 - 28. 7.42
SPITZ	Nicolas	12. 8.12 - 28. 7.42
SPRINGER	Isidore	23. 7.12 - 24.12.42
STEINBERG	Idel	6. 2.02 - 9.43
STEINBERG	Salomon	15. 1.86 - 9.43
STEINHAUER	David	26. 5.09 - 30. 7.44
STERN	Adolf	26. 3.01 - 10. 3.45
STERN	Erna	12. 7.12 - 9.43
STRAUSZ	Alexandre	26. 5.13 - 8.44
STRELITZKY	Maria	23. 5.80 - 9.43
SUSSKIND	Henri	17. 9.12 - 25. 1.44
SWERDLOW	Mayer	30. 9.11 - 2.43
SZEJMAN	Abraham	30.12.97 - 4.43
SZLINGER	Simon	2. 1.00 - 4.44

SZMULEWICZ	Grojnem	18. 3.90 - 5.44
SZPALTYN	Liber	4. 7.97 - 9.42
SZRIFTGISER	Hirsch	27.11.97 - 22. 7.44
SZTEINBERG	Ruchla	11. 6.01 - 9.42
SZYDLOWER	Pinkus	17.12.12 - 13. 4.45
SZYFMAN	Abram	29.10.00 - 7. 7.43
TABAKMAN	Meyer	3. 9.12 - 1.44
TANNENBAUM	Kurt	16. 5.24 - 9.42
TASZMAN	Juda	14. 9.08 - 9.42
TESLER	Sucher	10. 4.09 - 11.10.43
TROCKI	David	10.10.04 - 20. 3.45
TURFREYER	Maurits	4.10.98 - 19. 2.45
UNGEROWICZ	Zelman	5. 8.14 - 1.44
URBACH	Joseph	1. 2.25 - 10.44
VAN PRAAG	Maxime	26. 9.10 - 4.45
VERLOOP	David	8. 1.21 - 7. 3.44
VITRIER	Régine	23. 8.05 - 10.42
WAJNBERG	Chaim	27.12.24 - 25. 1.44
WAJNRYB	Jechezkiel	4. 8.04 - 9.43
WAJNSZTOK	Abram	12.11.18 - 7.10.44
WAJSMAN	Hersz	11. 9.00 - 7.44
WAJSS	Lowek	1. 1.97 - 10.42
WAKSMAN	Lejzor	2. 3.00 - 7.43
WALLACH	Joseph	14.11.20 - 9.42
WARSZAWCZYK	Chaim	27. 9.05 - 10.42
WEICHMANN	Wolf	5. 5.99 - 9. 9.43
WEINGAST	Bruno	28. 3.12 - 26. 2.44
WEISS	Sandor	18. 3.11 - 4. 7.43
WEISZ	Alexander	17.11.10 - 2. 7.42
WEISZ	Gyorgy	14. 1.09 - 10.44
WIENER	Philippe	30.11.04 - 3.44
WOLF	Maurice	28. 9.02 - 17. 6.42
ZAKS	Taubä	3. 7.01 - 1.44
ZILBERBERG	Avigdor	14. 3.03 - 8.42
ZILBERSTEIN	Maurice	3.10.13 - 3.45
ZIMETBAUM	Mala	26. 1.18 - 22. 8.44
ZWAGIELSKI	Chajm	15. 7.01 - 4.45

Pessach Ben Jizchok Guarding an SS Man

By Frederick Brainin

*The black birds on your shoulders, Johs,
Pick bread crumbs from your hand;
You are my prisoner but your crows
Wing freely 'bove fenced land:*

*For every man feeds Freedom's ship
And even nazi you
And dogs all need companionship
And men are lonely too*

*I'm sitting in the shadow with
My gun out of the sun;
But if you try some dirty trick--
I plug you if you run:*

*For every man takes Freedom's ship
And even SS you
And dogs starve for companionship
And men get homesick too*

*You kneeling in the sun with bird's
Wings at your finger tip!
Don't let it carry you away--
My gun holds just one clip:*

*A man daydreams of Freedom's ship
And even cage bird you
And dogs seek dog's companionship
And men feel human too*

*There are two ways of treating man--
One is a bullet hole;
The other one's American
Leave him his totem pole:*

*For every man sails Freedom's ship
Even a sonofahun like you
And prisoners make in bird's worship
And guards they get blue too*



FREDERICK BRAININ
U.S. Military Intelligence,
Africa Korps-POW Camp '44.
(Top center), resides in the
USA.



Jewish Servicemen are praying for the Souls of Fallen Jewish Combatants at a Military Cemetery in Italy.



Polish Jewish Army-men are marching in a Warsaw Ghetto Anniversary Ceremony.



Partisans on a mission in 1944 in the Ukraine. Credit for this picture is given to the war photographer MAX ALPERT.

Night Soldiers



Inside the Narocz Forest,
where some of the Vilna Parti-
sans made their quarters.



Second Unit F.T.P. composed of foreign-born Jews.

The enemy was attacked on all fronts. The Resistance forces in Paris consisting of the Communist Francs-Tireurs et Partisan Francais, and the Jewish Partisans led by Abraham Lissner kept attacking the Germans continuously. These assaults were described by the Gestapo and the collaborationist fascist French press as the deeds of "terrorist."

Jewish Partisans attacked a German column marching in the streets of Paris. Another group of armed Jews attacked a German club and a military cinema. A German Army brigade was caught in a cross fire attack on the Avenue de La Grande Armee, this assault destroyed almost the entire German column were organized by Jewish Partisans.

Jews were active in attacking Germans in central and southern areas of France. The renown Jacques Lazarus, known in the Underground Resistance as Captain Jacquel allied himself with the Jewish Boy Scouts, the Eclaireurs Israelites de France, and the leader of the scouts known as "Caster." Up till 1943 the Jewish scouts were primarily involved in social work such as: medical service, food supply and financial help. Then they widened their activities, that included forging documents, securing escape routes and safe shelter for Jews provided by friendly convents.

In the middle of 1943 the Jewish scouts established their first military unit, they were helped by Captain Jacquel, and became part of the Jewish Army, known as Armee Juive or AJ. The Jewish Army organized a group maquis, their base was in the village of La Malquiere, in the vicinity of south-central France under the leadership of a commandant called Roger.

Jacquel together with a young Jewish hero Gilbert Bloch, that fell in battle with the Germans on August 8, 1944, were very instrumental in training the Jewish maquis. A semi-military Jewish scout group was established at the town of Limoges, forming a rescue system that helped Jews across the Pyrenees to safe havens. It was estimated that more than 500 Jews were rescued by the military activities of both the Jewish Army and Jewish Partisans. The Vichy traitors and the Gestapo were enraged by the activities of the Jewish Resistance Fighters, and they increased their terror and repression.

In Paris Jewish Fighters shot the Wehrmacht General Abt during an attack on German troops, and north of Paris three German troop trains were derailed causing many dead and wounded. In central France in the area of the Cevennes forest Captain Jacquel trained Jewish resistance how to attack German arms arsenals to provide a source of weapons for the use of the Jewish maquis. As a former captain in the French army he also trained many Jews in the use of modern weapons and military tactics to attack Germans, disrupt communication, when the Allies will land upon the shores of France.



ABRAHAM LISSNER
Commander of a Jewish Partisan
Unit in Paris.

***In Paris Jewish Fighters
shot the Wehrmacht Gen-
eral Abt during an attack
on German troops.***

In the French Resistance

By Hershel J. Koyfman *(Paris)*

MICHAEL TAYLOR (TUCHSZNAIDER) was in concentration camps in France from 1940-42. He escaped from the camp and joined the French Underground the FFI. Le Maquis Partisan group Mark Haguenot in Southern France from 1942-45. Later on he joined the American First Army and participated in the liberation of France. In 1948 he fought in the Israeli Army for Israel's Independence. Right: Is Michael with Mayor Incardone from Woodridge, New Jersey, displaying the resolution which the Mayor and Council presented to Michael in recognition for his contribution to mankind and humanity.



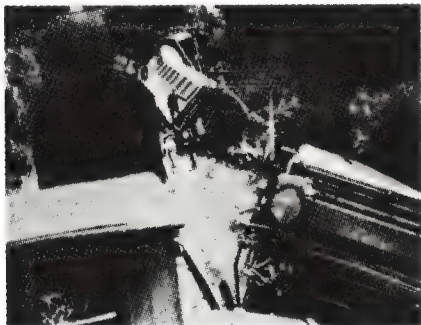
I was assigned to a French labor camps where the chances for survival were better. Still danger did exist, because the Germans did enter those camps taking with them many victims. I decided to go underground and join the partisans in the forest.

I reached a mountainous area, where volcanos left their marks of craters and rocks and caves hidden by thick shrubbery and massive tracks. It was an ideal place for the partisans to hide, from where they could attack and harrass the Germans. We were a group of 30 men, only two were French, all others foreigners, Spaniards and fourteen Jews, emigrants from Austria, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

Our group was concerned with one thing: weapons and destroy, kill Germans, nothing else mattered. We were divided in groups of 8 declared by the Germans as "wild brigands" to be hunted down and killed. Our situation was indeed hazardous full of danger, a difficult struggle each hour, every minute for survival. We chose that path voluntarily, if we are to die, we wanted to die with weapons in our hands, rather than be shot, by crazed German murderers.

We succeeded to organize diversified missions. Masked with concealed weapons we were able to travel hundreds of kilometers to attack a youth center of fascists and Petain collaborators. We took over a railroad that carried mail, we confiscated money and valuables, and handed it over to the French underground.

We destroyed bridges barricaded highways used by the Germans, we mined them, and attacked the Germans, from the rear and conceded ambush.



German train derailed by Jewish saboteurs.

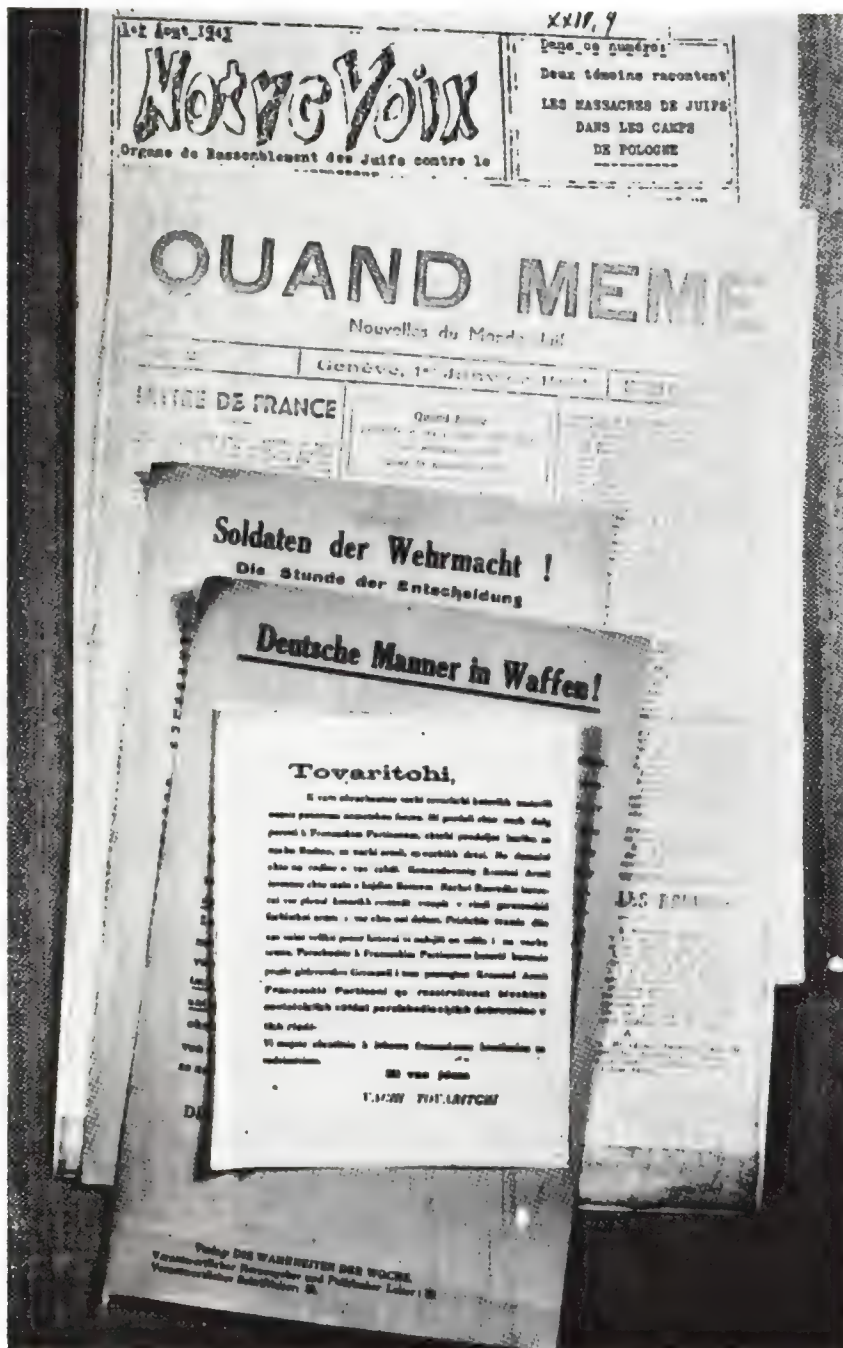


Marianne Cohn, captured by the Germans with a convoy of Jewish children she was trying to "pass" into Switzerland; she was killed by the Germans.

From the Sokolov-Podliask Yizkor Book. Published by the Society in Israel. Reprinted with permission of the Society.



WE TOOK OVER A RAILROAD THAT CARRIED MAIL, WE CONFISCATED MONEY AND VALUABLES, AND HANDED IT OVER TO THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND.



Underground anti-Nazi publication in France.



SERG. JACK L. SCHARF saw war in France, Germany and Austria for four years. He was decorated with the Silver Star; Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster and others. Jack was one of the liberators of Dachau concentration camp. Resides in USA.



DPA SERIES: THE NAZI HOLOCAUST FAILED IN DENMARK — In January, 1943, RAF bombers attacked the Burmeister and Wain shipyards in the heart of Copenhagen. The underground press used the story to suggest that the British were telling the Danes they had a choice between bombings or sabotage; that increased sabotage would eliminate the necessity for more bombing. The time seemed right for the creation of a Danish Resistance. The war was turning against Germany, and Denmark's policy of negotiating with the enemy was crumbling. Acts of sabotage, up from 10 in 1940 to 969 in 1943, were now supported by the predominantly anti-German (and certainly anti-Nazi) population. The above Photo Aid illustrates railroad sabotage. So frequent were the attacks that the German army was forced to employ 40,000 troops to guard the trains.

Soldiers on the Front, Partisans, Underground Fighters

**Told by Yehudah Shtein
Written by: Ch. H. Hoffman**

HERSZ MOTEL KONOPNY
volunteered into the French
Army. Served in the 1st regi-
ment in the Cavalry, in a spe-
cial unit, of aviation and
mines. After the armistice
between France and Germany
joined the Maquis Underground.
Was decorated with several
Medals. On the picture (x) is
Konopny, the others are from
Holland, Italy and Portugal.
Resides in Paris, France.



From the year 1940 till the day of liberation, from the German bandits many Jewish boys and girls from Kutna, Dombrowitz, Lentshitz volunteered in France and fought on many fronts to liberate the world and banish forever the German beast, that devoured humanity. We bring here a partial list of the heroic fighters, the holy sons and daughters of the House of Israel:

- 1) Glowinski Eliezer, mobilized in the French Army, was taken prisoner and escaped.
- 2) Glowinski Simcha Yehuda, volunteered in the French Army.
- 3) Wolman Shloyme, fought as an officer in the Polish Army. When the Soviets liberated Poland he fought in the Polish Liberation Army, wounded near Plock.
- 4) Zandberg Sholem, volunteer in the French Army, was taken prisoner and perished.
- 5) Tcholek Joseph, volunteered in the French Army, partisan participator of the International Resistance movement.
- 6) Lomski Jeshua, volunteered in the French Army.
- 7) Fundalewitz Bunem, mobilized in the French Army.
- 8) Faltz Abraham, volunteered in the French Army, was deported and perished.
- 9) Bontchz Berl, volunteered in the French Army, partisan.
- 10) Zaler Israel, volunteered in the French Army, was taken prisoner.
- 11) Schleifer Henoch, volunteered in the French Army, after demobilization, member of the Jewish underground in the town of Tuluz, Lion and Grenobl.
- 12) Schapshewich Gershon, volunteered in the French Army.
- 13) Shtein Henach, volunteered in the French Army.
- 14) Miniewski Eliezer, (grandson of Schpeyers from Kutno) as a volunteer in the French Army, he was assigned to the Colonial Division of the French Army Mozollo, after the cease-fire in 1940 he returned to France, and became one of the most active members of the resistance. The Gestapo was in search of him, and once tried to capture him on a train travelling to Lion on an important military mission. Miniewski jumped from the speeding train and was shot.

The three partisans from Dombrowitz:

- a) Gloganski Chagi, fought in the Polish Army defending Warsaw, was imprisoned in the ghetto of Konstantzye from where he was deported.



MAJ. BLUMA PERELMUT-DUDOVA
(Pseu. JANKA)

was as a young girl a Partisan in various Soviet Detachments in the vicinity of Rovno. She was parachuted into central Poland and became a leader by the Partisans in the battle against the enemy. Her boy friend Grisha Levi, with whom she joined the Partisans fell in one of the battles.



The Maquisards of the "Jewish Army" in Espinassier.

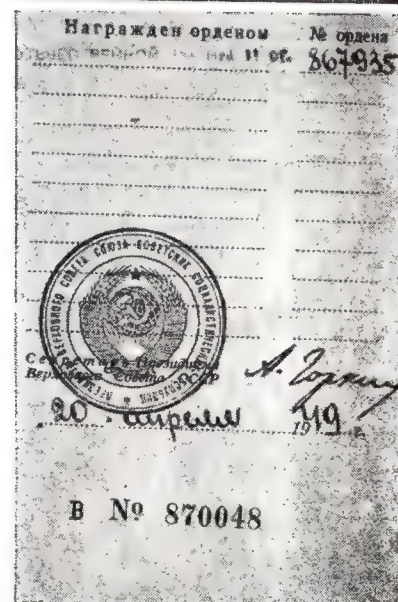
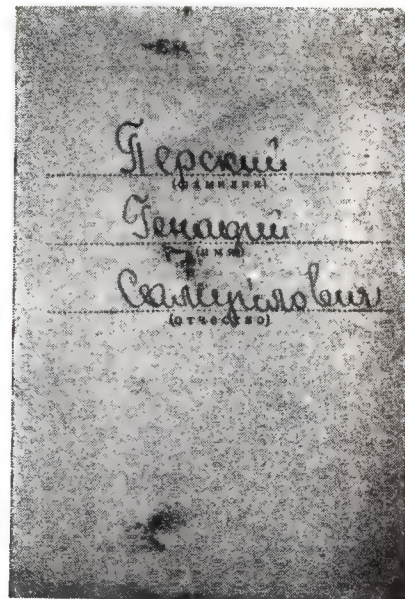
- b) Hoffman, Hersh, fought in the Polish Army near Lovitch was wounded and left for the Soviet Union.
- c) Chelminski Zalmen, volunteered in the Kosciusko Division that was established in 1943 in Russia. He was an officer in a tank brigade, entered Berlin with the Soviet Army.

THE JEWISH PARTISAN FROM LENTCHISA IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

Shwang Shmuel, Benedick Max, Moshwitz, Ruzhe Moshkowitz, Leon, Widislawski Rephoel, Troyanowski Eliezer, Lisner, Yoachimowitz, Avrom, Risenberg, Lolner Jacob, (was taken prisoner).

IN THE RESISTANCE:
Mittleman Keyle, Shurek.

From the Yizkor Book Kutno. Published in Israel. Reprinted with permission of the Society.



Certificate of acknowledgment that GRENDI PERSKI was decorated with the Medal, "War for the Fatherland" of second category.



RAFAEL URBACH



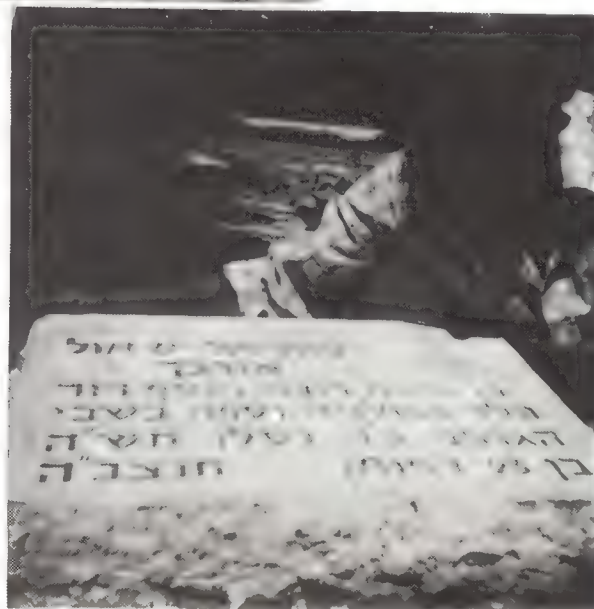
ABE ZWI URBACH

a younger brother escaped from Concentration camp. Joined the Underground, and was caught in 1943, imprisoned in "Paviak prison" in Warsaw, Poland, he was executed. His sister perished in Treblinka.



SAUL URBACH

was a soldier in the Jewish Palestine Brigade. (Arrow on the picture, the fourth soldier from left). He was ambushed by the Germans and became a POW. He was in a hospital in Katowice, Poland. Passed away in 1944. A Tombstone was erected for Saul in Katowice, Poland. The remains was later on transferred to Israel, where a new Tombstone (below, right), was erected.



COHEN, MOISHA, ALIAS GENERAL MUSHY-KO

HE WAS a roustabout on the London docks, who yearned to be an American cowboy, and became instead a general in the Chinese Army. That is the story, briefly, of Morris Abraham Cohen.

Born in Manchester, England, Morris Abraham Cohen as a boy was a roundfaced frequenter of the docks of London. One day, he sailed to western Canada as one of a shipload of English youngsters sent out on a farm colonization project. Cohen wasn't cut out to be a farmer and his young head whirled with fantastic schemes while his heart hungered for high adventure.

One fair morning, he deserted the farm colony and walked out. He made his way to Vancouver, working as a peddler. Footloose, merry Cohen longed to be a cowboy. He dressed himself in picturesque cowboy attire, and became an adventurer around the prairies and the logging and mining camps of Canada. He also became a crack pistol shot as he roamed and swaggered through the wilderness boom towns and blaring honkytonks, showing off his marksmanship. Often he would drain a pop bottle, toss it high up into the air, and plug it with a casual pistol shot from the hip. They nicknamed him "Two-Gun Cohen."

Two-Gun Cohen one day found himself broke and hungry and in a desperate plight. A kind and patriarchal Chinese befriended him and gave him free meals in his chop suey restaurant. The amateur cowboy learned to respect and love the Chinese.

In time Two-Gun Cohen drifted to Edmonton where he opened a cubby-hole real estate office. His early clientele were the humble Chinese who ran lunchroom counters, chop suey restaurants, and laundries. They came to him with all their troubles. Some called him Cohen Moisha, but most of them fondly called him, "Mushy-Ko." And the legend spread throughout Chinatown that if ever a Chinese needed help and a friend, Mushy-Ko would be that friend.



LT. ABE ABADI

served in the US Air Force as a Bombardier and was active in Air Combat over Yugoslavia, Hungary, France, Italy, Rumania and Austria. Was wounded.

He received the following decorations: Air Medal with four Oak Leaf Clusters; Citation with two Oak Leaf Clusters; Purple Heart Award and other Medals. Resides in the USA.

In a most unexpected way, fate gave Two-Gun Cohen, the amateur cowboy, a vigorous push. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic and its first President, arrived in Canada on a good-will tour. The story goes that one day Two-Gun Cohen saved the life of Sun Yat-sen. Gratefully, the famous Chinese statesman offered Two-Gun Cohen a job as his personal body-guard.

That was how Morris Abraham Cohen came to China. Soon, throughout the Orient, a series of new and fantastic tales spread as to how Mushy-Ko had popped off this or that would-be assassin of the beloved first President of the Chinese Republic.

In 1932 a short dispatch from Hongkong created startling headlines throughout the civilized world. For the first time, the outside world heard of Two-Gun Cohen and his importance in Chinese affairs of state. For he had been appointed a general in the Chinese Army. Morris Abraham Cohen had become General Mushy-Ko.

However, as a new general in the Chinese Army, Two-Gun Cohen proved no amateur cowboy playing a general. He became an important figure in the military affairs of China. General Mushy-Ko organized and drilled thousands of men for the Chinese Army. His stratagems and plans for the defense of China became legendary. He became one of China's great generals. General Mushy-Ko has been credited with much of the effective defense of China, and with enormous help in the development of Chinese unity. He was a thorn in the side of the powerful Nipponese war machine. He also became the intimate friend, aide, and confidential adviser of China's new leader for freedom, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

The incredible career of General Mushy-Ko is not yet finished. How long it will last and to what heights it may reach, no one can tell. But legend and Chinese history record the fabulous tale of General Mushy-Ko, born Morris Abraham Cohen.



SIDNEY SUGARBERG

served in the US Army during World War II in France, Belgium and Germany. He was decorated with the Medals: French Fouragere; Victory; European; African; Middle Eastern; Theater Campaign and others.

Resides in the USA.

И. КО
Гурьевский
Городской
Военный комиссариат
Казахской ССР
Часть г. Гурьев
1947 г.
Настоящее извещение является официальным документом
Гурьевский городской
Военный комиссариат
Начальник У. и части

ИЗВЕЩЕНИЕ
Ваш Сын С. В. Зирулник
Уроженец г. Гурьев
в бою за Социалистическую Родину
верный воинской присяге, проявив герой-
ство и мужество, погиб
10 сентября 1944 г.
Похоронен в г. Гурьев
Городской
Настоящее извещение является официальным документом
Гурьевский городской
Военный комиссариат
Начальник У. и части



K. ZIRULNIK
Document in Russian about his dead as a Hero in Battles against the Germans.

Награжден орденом Крестом Звезды № ордена 202623
Имя Абрам начинала Забавно 1943 г.
1. Официальные денежные выдачи и
2. Официальные денежные выдачи и
3. Официальные денежные выдачи и
4. Официальные денежные выдачи и
5. Официальные денежные выдачи и
6. Официальные денежные выдачи и
7. Официальные денежные выдачи и
8. Официальные денежные выдачи и
9. Официальные денежные выдачи и
10. Официальные денежные выдачи и
11. Официальные денежные выдачи и
12. Официальные денежные выдачи и
13. Официальные денежные выдачи и
14. Официальные денежные выдачи и
15. Официальные денежные выдачи и
16. Официальные денежные выдачи и
17. Официальные денежные выдачи и
18. Официальные денежные выдачи и
19. Официальные денежные выдачи и
20. Официальные денежные выдачи и
21. Официальные денежные выдачи и
22. Официальные денежные выдачи и
23. Официальные денежные выдачи и
24. Официальные денежные выдачи и
25. Официальные денежные выдачи и
26. Официальные денежные выдачи и
27. Официальные денежные выдачи и
28. Официальные денежные выдачи и
29. Официальные денежные выдачи и
30. Официальные денежные выдачи и
31. Официальные денежные выдачи и
32. Официальные денежные выдачи и
33. Официальные денежные выдачи и
34. Официальные денежные выдачи и
35. Официальные денежные выдачи и
36. Официальные денежные выдачи и
37. Официальные денежные выдачи и
38. Официальные денежные выдачи и
39. Официальные денежные выдачи и
40. Официальные денежные выдачи и
41. Официальные денежные выдачи и
42. Официальные денежные выдачи и
43. Официальные денежные выдачи и
44. Официальные денежные выдачи и
45. Официальные денежные выдачи и
46. Официальные денежные выдачи и
47. Официальные денежные выдачи и
48. Официальные денежные выдачи и
49. Официальные денежные выдачи и
50. Официальные денежные выдачи и
51. Официальные денежные выдачи и
52. Официальные денежные выдачи и
53. Официальные денежные выдачи и
54. Официальные денежные выдачи и
55. Официальные денежные выдачи и
56. Официальные денежные выдачи и
57. Официальные денежные выдачи и
58. Официальные денежные выдачи и
59. Официальные денежные выдачи и
60. Официальные денежные выдачи и
61. Официальные денежные выдачи и
62. Официальные денежные выдачи и
63. Официальные денежные выдачи и
64. Официальные денежные выдачи и
65. Официальные денежные выдачи и
66. Официальные денежные выдачи и
67. Официальные денежные выдачи и
68. Официальные денежные выдачи и
69. Официальные денежные выдачи и
70. Официальные денежные выдачи и
71. Официальные денежные выдачи и
72. Официальные денежные выдачи и
73. Официальные денежные выдачи и
74. Официальные денежные выдачи и
75. Официальные денежные выдачи и
76. Официальные денежные выдачи и
77. Официальные денежные выдачи и
78. Официальные денежные выдачи и
79. Официальные денежные выдачи и
80. Официальные денежные выдачи и
81. Официальные денежные выдачи и
82. Официальные денежные выдачи и
83. Официальные денежные выдачи и
84. Официальные денежные выдачи и
85. Официальные денежные выдачи и
86. Официальные денежные выдачи и
87. Официальные денежные выдачи и
88. Официальные денежные выдачи и
89. Официальные денежные выдачи и
90. Официальные денежные выдачи и
91. Официальные денежные выдачи и
92. Официальные денежные выдачи и
93. Официальные денежные выдачи и
94. Официальные денежные выдачи и
95. Официальные денежные выдачи и
96. Официальные денежные выдачи и
97. Официальные денежные выдачи и
98. Официальные денежные выдачи и
99. Официальные денежные выдачи и
100. Официальные денежные выдачи и

№ 654196

ABRAHAM SCHPITKOWSKI
Citation document about his excellent performance in Battles.

Красноармейскую книжку иметь
всегда при себе. Не имеющих
книжек → задерживать

1. Фамилия Шпитковский
2. Имя и отчество Абрам Абрамович
3. Звание и должность к. р. адв. р. д. в. н.
4. Наименование части (учреждения) 307
Восточный фронт, 307
5. Наименование подразделения (батальон, рота) 307
6. № личного знака 307

Личная подпись владельца книжки Шпитковский
Место для фотокарточки владельца книжки 307
(Место печати части)

GENIA JUTAN

was as a young Partisan a nurse in the Rudnicki Forest. She was very beloved for her dedication in treating the wounded fighters. Resides in Israel.

ФЕЛЬЗЕНШТЕЙН МИЛЯ ЛАЗАРЕВИЧ



Soldiers of the Jewish Brigade

Младший лейтенант, командир стрелкового взвода 1339-го стрелкового полка, 318-й Новороссийской стрелковой дивизии. Родился в 1924 году в городе Харькове. В армию призван Самаркандским ГВК.

Младший лейтенант М. Л. Фельзенштейн отличился в боях по захвату плацдарма на Керченском полуострове после форсирования пролива в районе Эльтиген. Командуя стрелковым взводом, он действовал смело и решительно, личным примером мужества вдохновляя бойцов на подвиги.

В напряженных шестидневных боях он умело отражал контратаки пехоты и танков противника. Взвод младшего лейтенанта Фельзенштейна в этих боях уничтожил не менее 40 фашистов.

За образцовое выполнение боевых заданий командования при форсировании Керченского пролива и проявленную при этом беспримерную отвагу Указом Президиума Верховного Совета СССР от 17 ноября 1943 года младшему лейтенанту Фельзенштейну Миле Лазаревичу присвоено звание Героя Советского Союза.

Announcement of a "Hero of the Soviet Union" award
to M. Felzenshtein



JOSEPH GREENBLADT

a member of the Jewish Military Organization Z.Z.W. in Warsaw. Participated in the Street Battles in the Ghetto. Resides in USA.



MASHA IWASZKIEWICZ
helped Jews. Survived the war.

CHAPTER IV

Vilna and Warsaw



DR. KUTERGENE
helped Jews. Survived the war.



YADZIA DUDZIETS
a Polish girl scout, perished
on a mission for the Vilna
Jewish Underground.

EDITOR'S NOTES

Page 359, "Vilna." It is about the Underground in Vilna, my hometown, where I was born and grew up. It describes some good Gentiles, who in one way or another, helped Jews in those terrible times. Like Masha Iwaskiewicz, who was a domestic in our home since the birth of my older brothers, for over 30 years, till the outbreak of the war, until we were forced into the Ghetto. She risked her life to help us with whatever she could.

Page 361, describes Gentiles who helped Jews, and how one was killed by the Germans for helping the Jewish Underground in Vilna.

The following 10 fragments are taken from my previous work, about the Jewish Partisan Organization in Vilna.

Of the Jewish community that was under the German occupation only 2-5% survived. Of the United Partisan Organization 90-95% of the members survived. I am proud to have been one of the organizers of the Underground Movement in Vilna Ghetto.

Chaim Lazar (page 391), was a distinguished machine-gunner and battalion commander. He lost his right arm in combat.

I don't have a picture from the days I published the Underground Newspapers, first in the Vilna Ghetto and later on in the forest, therefore I included a similar picture on page 389, which describes an anti-Nazi printing Press in France, that published propaganda.

Morton Shames (page 399), was another machine-gunner with the Partisans.

Keren-Paz (page 405), was a member of the UPO. As a youngster he was a Partisan in the Narocz forest.

Abraham Zeleznikov (page 411), a member of the UPO and later a Partisan in the forest. His father was a prominent Civic leader in Vilna.

Page 418, describes the family Shabrinski; father and three sons being fighters in World War II.

Dan Kurzman (page 419), wrote an excellent book about the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. Two excerpts are herewith added to the already written chapter of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising in the first volume.

Page 432 is a picture, showing the "Herrenfolk" resting by the Brandenburg Gate.

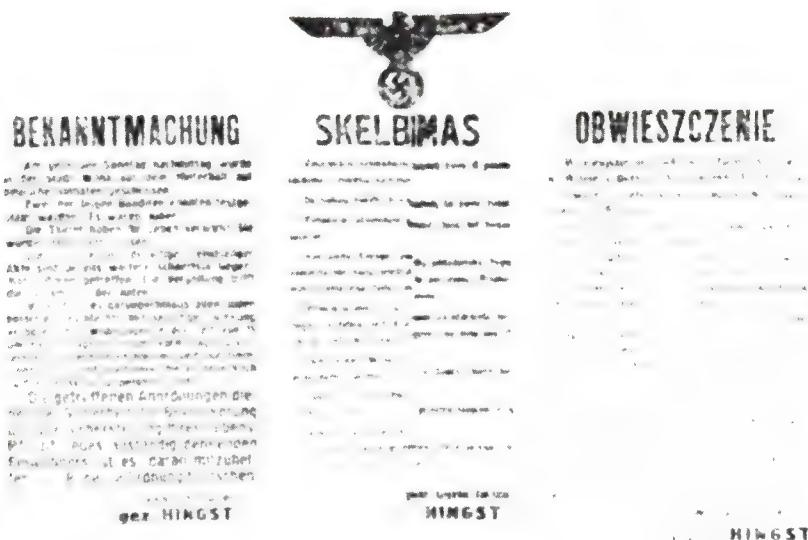
Page 433 is the Stroop Report about the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, seen through the eyes of the executioner.

Jan Nowak (page 447), analyzes the inside story of the Polish Underground. Like Jan Karski and some of the other leaders, who were among the very few who understood and tried to help Jews in their greatest moments of need. In general the Polish Underground, A.K. (Armia Krajowa), was very hostile to the Jews.

Graham Lyons (page 457), analyzes both sides of the general Warsaw Revolt, and this was worthy to be included in the Anthology.

The following 10 fragments are from Isaac Kowalski's book:
 "A Secret Press in Nazi Europe."

The United Partisan Organization



German notice in three languages.

NOTICE

Last Sunday afternoon, German soldiers were fired upon from ambush.

Two of the cowardly bandits were recognized. They were Jews.

The attackers paid with their lives. They were shot immediately.

In order to prevent the occurrence in the future of such hostile acts, new, stronger measures have been ordered. The responsibility lies with the Jewish community.

First, all Jews of both sexes are forbidden, from this day on, to leave their homes from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 o'clock in the morning. Exceptions will be only those Jews and Jewesses who have a clear work order.

The above order is for the security of the population and for the safety of their lives. It is the duty of every right-thinking citizen to co-operate and aid in the preservation of order.

THE MILITARY HEAD OF THE CITY OF VILNA
 (signed) HINGST

Vilna, September 1st, 1941

JAN PSZEWALSKI

FOR months my meetings with Jan Pszewalski clicked like a clock. He failed to come only once. I went out of the printing plant, looked around, but did not see him. All our workers had already left the narrow Donbrowski Street, but I still wandered about. I waited until a half hour after work, standing like on a burning piece of coal, impatiently.

The plant director stood at the exit gate. Seeing that I had quite a package under my arm, he asked me, apparently without any special meaning, what I was carrying. I told him that it was old papers that we used to start the oven fires with. He accepted this explanation, but in truth I had a printing roller in the bundle.

Since I had no choice, I went to the ghetto. It happened that that day I was loaded down with a heavy package in which there was a part of a hand press for Pszewalski. I went armed with iron and tin. The road to the ghetto was not a short one and I did not know how I would manage to get there. As luck would have it, my trouser belt tore when it caught on an iron hook as I went along the crowded Zawalna Street. I could have sunken into the ground to avoid the looks of the passersby. It was a miracle that I made it to the ghetto.

Sonia Madejsker, who was the liaison between me and Pszewalski, told me the next day that he could not come because he thought that he was being trailed. Later, it turned out that his suspicion was well founded.

In a few days we resumed our rendezvous, and I passed on to him a lot of important materials so that our secret press could go on working.

Pszewalski, a short time later, when we were already in the forest, came to a conference of the brigade staff in the Rudnicki forest. I met him and we had a very friendly chat and immediately after the meeting went back to the city. A few days later, walking along the streets, he was arrested. His wife was in-

Sonia Madejsker, who was the liaison between me and Pszewalski, told me the next day that he could not come because he thought that he was being trailed. Later, it turned out that his suspicion was well founded.

formed of this at once and escaped from her home, coming to the Rudnicki forest where she remained until liberation.

Jan Pszewalski was tortured to death in the cellars of the Gestapo.

* * *

In 1966 Wanda Pszewalski came from Poland to visit Israel and was met with great honor by high government officials and former partisans. She was awarded distinguished medals for her work in the underground press.



Polish Jewish Combatants at the grave site of Fallen Comrades in Walbsich, 1946.

Pszewalski, a short time later, when we were already in the forest, came to a conference of the brigade staff in the Rudnicki forest. I met him and we had a very friendly chat and immediately after the meeting went back to the city. A few days later, walking along the streets, he was arrested. His wife was informed of this at once and escaped from her home, coming to the Rudnicki forest where she remained until liberation. Jan Pszewalski was tortured to death in the cellars of the Gestapo.

Ceremony for Wanda Pszewalski in the Memorial Pavilion of "Yad Vashem" in Jerusalem, together with Jews who she saved during the war in Vilna.





A resemblance of Itzik Wittenberg as he is being led out of the Ghetto.
(Published in *Sovietish Heimland* in Moscow February 1968).

THE INTELLIGENCE UNIT

ONE day in March 1942 I was summoned by Joseph Glazman, who informed me that, like every other underground organization, the U.P.O. had formed an intelligence unit under his leadership. He also told me that I was assigned to this service and would henceforth be directly under his command in all matters pertaining to it. He said that Miriam Ganionska and Miriam Bernstein would work side by side with me.

The appointment to such duty took me by surprise. But, of course, I accepted it as a military order.

Glazman told me that my first assignment was of extraordinary importance for the entire future of the U.P.O. Warning me to listen carefully, he said that a group of well-meaning young people was about to form a second fighting organization. If they should succeed in this attempt, they would undoubtedly apply themselves to procuring arms for underground activity; if this should go on without control by the U.P.O., it might lead to a catastrophe both for the U.P.O. and for the ghetto as a whole. The U.P.O. could not allow others outside its control to engage in such activities, for a fiasco could have disastrous effects upon our great and holy cause.

It was my task, said Glazman further, to join this group, get information concerning its action, and so on. Everything I learned was to be reported directly and immediately to him, even if it meant waking him in the middle of the night.

* * *

Esther Jaffe, whom I knew very well, was one of the leading spirits of the projected organization. I immediately went to see her and we had a talk about a number of topics. I told her that I had been thinking for some time of forming a secret organization to fight against the Nazis independently of the U.P.O.

Esther knew Joseph Glazman well personally. They had been close friends at one time, since she was registered as



Natek Ring

The U.P.O. could not allow others outside its control to engage in such activities, for a fiasco could have disastrous effects upon our great and holy cause.

his wife. The reason for such registrations was that every man who had a so-called "yellow identity card" could protect a wife and two children. Glazman, who was single, utilized this right to protect another person by registering his friend, Esther, as his wife. This was done by hundreds of people who possessed the "yellow identity card." Moreover, Esther Jaffe was one of the first organizers of the U.P.O. Later, however, the U.P.O. leaders suspected that she had, perhaps unwittingly, divulged some information about U.P.O. activities to the vice-police-chief of the ghetto, Salek Dessler. She was therefore gradually eliminated from activities.

Since she was a very energetic woman, she had managed to win the interest of a number of people in forming a new organization.

The U.P.O. was a highly secret organization, which admitted to membership only the most tried and trustworthy members of each party. Besides, the character of the organization was such that the U.P.O. members served only as a *vanguard* for the coming uprising in the ghetto. Hence, stress was made on quality rather than numbers. In addition, the size of the membership was restricted according to the quantity of arms and ammunition that could be obtained. Therefore, a number of people, as trustworthy and deserving as the U.P.O. members, necessarily remained outside the organization.

Esther confided in me that she had gone a long way toward realizing my idea of an independent fighting group. As we said good-bye, she told me that I would hear from her soon.

On the following day we met and she informed me that she had discussed the matter with some of her comrades, and was empowered to invite me to a meeting at No. 6 Rudnicka Street, in one of the rooms occupied by the Judenrat.

At the appointed time I came to the meeting. Among those in attendance, I found Natek Ring, Ilya Scheinbaum, Dr. Leon Bernstein, Shlomo Bard, Janek Faust and Esther Jaffe. The latter introduced me to the group, stressing "the great acquisi-



Miriam Ganionska

tion" the group was making in accepting me as a member. Since I knew everyone present, and they knew me, my admission was a simple matter.

Natek Ring informed me that, before my arrival at the meeting, it had been decided that I was to be co-opted to the staff, which consisted of the above-mentioned persons. After that we went on to the formal meeting.

Listening to the discussion, I soon discovered that the group had already been active for some weeks and had purchased arms; in fact, they had already suffered a near-disaster during one of the buying transactions, but had managed to escape and so everything had ended well this time.

The chief concern of the group was to obtain arms without discovery, as that could be fatal for the entire ghetto. And this, indeed, was the chief cause for concern on the part of the U.P.O.

At one of the subsequent meetings, Natek Ring reported about a highly confidential talk he had with the chief of the ghetto, Gens. Ring had told Gens about a plan to establish a fighting organization and asked his cooperation in the matter. Gens had told him that he was a former Lithuanian army captain, married to an Aryan Lithuanian. Members of his wife's family were serving in many important posts in the occupation government and he could indeed render significant help. Besides, he was extremely anxious to see the formation of another organization to counterbalance the U.P.O., since he was absolutely out of contact with the latter and was held in very low repute by it.

Evidently, Gens really wanted to improve his image among the underground youth. However, he was afraid of Dessler. Dessler, he said to Ring, was an out and out Gestapo man, and was sure to learn sooner or later that Gens had been in contact with a clandestine group. Therefore, although he did not have Ring and the others arrested, he categorically refused to have anything to do with the matter.

Natek Ring informed me that, before my arrival at the meeting, it had been decided that I was to be co-opted to the staff, which consisted of the above-mentioned persons. After that we went on to the formal meeting.

The chief concern of the group was to obtain arms without discovery, as that could be fatal for the entire ghetto. And this, indeed, was the chief cause for concern on the part of the U.P.O.

Dessler, he said to Ring, was an out and out Gestapo man, and was sure to learn sooner or later that Gens had been in contact with a clandestine group. Therefore, although he did not have Ring and the others arrested, he categorically refused to have anything to do with the matter.

When Ring reported this conversation and Gen's refusal to help, I spoke up for the first time in criticism of his attempt to talk to the latter on his own initiative, without a previous decision by the entire staff. He defended his action on the ground that he was a close friend of Gens and would stake his head on the promise that nothing would happen to any of us at Gen's hands. We then went on to other matters.

Soon after that Glazman was, naturally, informed about all this. The U.P.O. staff was called together in a special session and decided to take drastic steps toward abolishing the group which endangered the entire activity of the U.P.O.

It was decided that Chiene Borowski, our "ambassador" to the Judenrat, was to visit Dessler and inform him that Gens regarded him as a dangerous Gestapo man. Chiene Borowski knew Dessler well, and was one of the leading members of the U.P.O.

As soon as he heard this, Dessler ran to Gens and told him what he had just heard. Gens naturally called in Ring and told him what had happened. Ring turned pale as a ghost. He began to stutter . . . shocked, he was too short of breath to talk. When he recovered a little, he tried to explain that there must have been some leak, some provocation. Gens shouted: "I will have you shot! I thought you were my friend! I made you commissar of the largest police district, and you have betrayed me! See how smart I was to refuse to have anything to do with you! Get out of here! Get out!"

Ring called a meeting of the staff. I was amazed at all I heard. (Afterwards it transpired that my U.P.O. comrades had sought me in the ghetto in order to inform me of Borowski's visit to Dessler but were unable to find me. The staff felt that this action was essential in order to show the other group that we had our people everywhere and nothing could be concealed from the U.P.O. Everything had happened so quickly that there was no time to warn me beforehand.)

I thought you were my friend! I made you commissar of the largest police district, and you have betrayed me!

Everyone left the meeting in discouragement. Such a fiasco at the very first steps . . .

Three days later a police sergeant and a policeman came to my little room and told me that the police commissar Ring wanted me to come to his office. I went with heavy forebodings. As I entered the police office, Ring slapped me in the face, and then said to the guards: "You can let him go now!"

A few minutes later I was in Glazman's room and reported the scene to him. I laughed, but Glazman was very serious. "Go home," he said to me, "and be especially careful now. Our people will guard you . . ."

When I went out of my room into the ghetto streets a half-hour later, I noticed a group of people listening to a man. "Miriam Ganionska," he told them, "the most beautiful girl in the ghetto and the fiancée of Natek Ring had just entered the first police district office, approached Ring, and slapped him, once on the left, and once on the right cheek. Then, without a word, she left. Nobody knows what happened. Only an hour ago, they were both seen walking arm in arm along the ghetto streets, and both were very cheerful, altogether unlike anyone else in the ghetto. Not even any of the police know what has happened . . ."

I listened to the story, and continued on my way.

The incident was the sensation of the day. Whenever I met Ring after that in the narrow ghetto streets, he always hurriedly crossed to the other side.

Miriam Ganionska broke off all relations with Ring.

* * *

However, our attempt at "subversion" did not succeed. The wish of the U.P.O. to prevent the emergence of separate secret groups was of no avail. The group became still more persistent and zealous in pursuing its work.

The U.P.O. realized that the situation and the time did not allow disruption of the group and, after lengthy negotiations, finally incorporated it within itself. The new unit proved most

As I entered the police office, Ring slapped me in the face, and then said to the guards: "You can let him go now!"

"Miriam Ganionska," he told them "the most beautiful girl in the ghetto and the fiancée of Natek Ring had just entered the first police district office, approached Ring, and slapped him, once on the left, and once on the right cheek."

useful and well-armed. Later, one of its members—Lole Warszawczyk—who died a hero's death was posthumously awarded the highest Soviet order that of a hero of the Soviet Union, for his diversion work when he destroyed 15 military trains.

* * *

Ring, with a well-armed group, was one of the first to come to the Rudnicki wilderness, to which we had withdrawn from the dying ghetto, making it our new fighting center. Ring easily adapted himself to the conditions of the forest and was one of the most fearless partisans.

* * *

One evening I noticed a Russian fellow-partisan wearing a fur hat that looked extremely familiar to me. That morning he had worn a different hat. I asked him where he had gotten such a fine headpiece. A certain man called Ring, I told him, who was stationed several miles away with another unit, had worn just such a hat. The Russian said to me: "Yes, but he will not wear this fur hat any more." With that he left.

I could not puzzle out what his words meant. I thought to myself: perhaps Ring had given it to him, or had bartered it for something. But it was late in the evening and we were getting ready for a night's sleep, and I soon forgot about the matter.

On the following day I met Jewish partisans of the "Revenge" unit, and they told me that Natek Ring and several others had been shot the previous day, and nobody knew exactly why. They had been sentenced by the staff. Now I understood the meaning of the words, "he will not wear it any more."

Later I tried to discover what had happened. It turned out that Ring had left his mother in hiding with non-Jews in the city, and that he had decided, with his friend Mücke Lipenholz, to visit her and tell her that he was alive.

However, he had gone without permission of the partisan command. When he returned, he was tried by a secret court and sentenced to death. Such death sentences were carried out by a

Ring easily adapted himself to the conditions of the forest and was one of the most fearless partisans.

Natek Ring and several others had been shot the previous day.

special unit attached to headquarters. It was thus that my Russian fellow-partisan had inherited his fur hat.

* * *

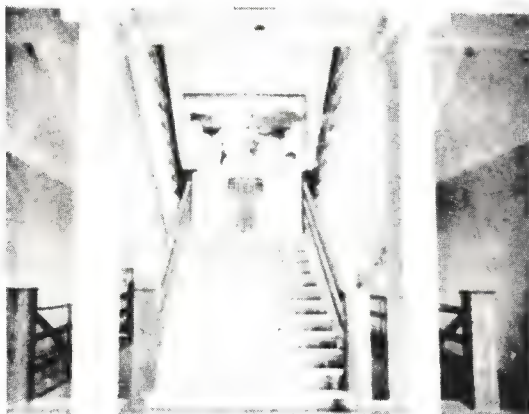
There was a final epilogue to this story. Natek Ring's mother survived and emigrated to Israel. The last commander of the U.P.O. and later commander of the "Revenge" partisan unit, Aba Kowner, also settled in Israel. The mother had another son in Israel, who had come there prior to the war, and was a prominent citizen. The mother had learned soon after the war, while still in Vilna, that the death sentence had been ratified by Kowner, who had not had the authority, in her opinion, to take such actions. Her second son supported her accusation, and an open scandal broke out in Israel. The newspapers carried the full details of the story.

The mother argued that Natek had been a loyal and devoted son and a good partisan, and that he had gone to see her without realizing that he needed special permission of the partisan command to do so under the conditions of partisan warfare. He had not been in the forest very long and did not know all the rules. Therefore he had not deserved such a grim sentence. Kowner, who had by then become a leading kibbutz member, replied through the press, that under partisan conditions it was not always possible to see into the soul of a man. The fact that he had gone to town armed and in secret could have brought disaster not only to him personally, but to the partisan army as a whole. Since he had gone without the knowledge or permission of his commanders, he might have revealed secrets to the enemy. Besides, he had been a police officer in the ghetto before he joined the underground movement, and such a man could not be given full confidence. True, he had been a good partisan from the first, but it was a dangerous act to go into town for personal reasons, and no one could have been sure of his true motives in going to a place where the Gestapo was master. These and other arguments were used by Kowner in justifying his action. He also pointed out that nothing was

The fact that he had gone to town armed and in secret could have brought disaster not only to him personally, but to the partisan army as a whole.

done to Micke Lipenholtz, Ring's friend who had accompanied him, for he enjoyed full confidence, while Ring did not. Such were the tragic conditions of war.

It took years before the case ceased to be discussed in Israel.



Stairs to the YIVO interior. The map in the background.



RACHEL KATZ
was an activist in the Kovno Ghetto. Fell in Battle in one of her missions outside the Ghetto walls.



Szmerke Kacerginski sorts books. In the back of these piles was our temporary hiding place of weapons brought to us by our weapon delivery partisans. Later, after work, Kacerginski, Michal Kowner and myself used to smuggle the weapons into the ghetto.

ANTON SCHMIDT

I WAS initiated into the secret that the U.P.O. was in contact with a German sergeant of the military police in Vilna who was friendly toward the Jews and hated the Nazis.

To hear such a thing within the ghetto walls was no small thing. It was balm to our hearts, a reassurance that the word "human" was not yet totally dead.

One day I met the sergeant myself. He was a man of medium height, with the regular iron helmet on his head and the usual badge slung across his chest, which meant that he was a member of the military police.

At one of our secret meetings I asked him whether he could obtain for me certain printing inks and paper. He told me that he could supply me with paint used for military trucks; as for paper, all he could get was printed military blanks. He added with a smile that I would have to get the kind of ink and the kind of paper from other sources.

* * *

On subsequent occasions, I heard from various U.P.O. members who had contact with Schmidt how dedicated he was to the idea of fighting Hitlerism.

Anton Schmidt was tireless. He placed his military truck at our disposal. Whenever it was necessary to go on dangerous missions in the province, he transported our people himself. When he was asked why he was doing all this at the risk of his life, he would answer, "I'll outlive them. They won't take me alive! . . ."

One day I proposed at our headquarters that Anton Schmidt should be warned to be more careful. I said that, after leaving secret staff meetings, he often stopped in the ghetto streets, talking and laughing with U.P.O. members, treating them to cigarettes, and behaving in obviously friendly fashion. (It must be remembered that entry into the ghetto

WHEN HE WAS ASKED WHY HE WAS DOING ALL THIS AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, HE WOULD ANSWER, "I'LL OUTLIVE THEM. THEY WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE! . . ."

was strictly forbidden to Germans, even of the highest rank, unless they were on some "official" business.)

I was told by the leadership that it was aware of this and had already spoken to him about it, but he shrugged it off, saying: "I am Anton Schmidt, M.P. in the accursed German army . . . "

* * *

Suddenly Anton Schmidt disappeared. For many weeks he had not been in contact with our members, and we had begun to be concerned. At best, we supposed that he had unexpectedly been sent to the front and had not had time enough to inform us. One thing we knew: we had lost an important ally in the resistance against Hitlerism.

Time went by. After the war, we learned that the Gestapo discovered his activities in Vilna and shot him.

* * *

It was only in 1966, when I began to prepare my final manuscript for publication in English, that I came across a press report on the case. The indefatigable Simon Wiesenthal, whose home I visited in 1945 when passing through Linz, in Austria, learned that a court martial had sentenced Schmidt to death in Vilna in 1942, and that the sentence was immediately executed.

Simon Wiesenthal quotes from a letter which Anton Schmidt sent to his family before his death. He wrote:

"Every man must die once. One can die as a hangman, or as a man dedicated to helping others. I die for helping other men."

The report continues that Wiesenthal, who was one of the most active members of the group which found the Vilna hangman Franz Murer, Adolph Eichmann, Franz Stangl and others, had sought out Schmidt's family in Austria. (When we were in Vilna, I had assumed that Schmidt was a Sudeten German). He arranged through the Vienna documentation center, which he directs, for several members of Schmidt's family to come to

AFTER THE WAR, WE LEARNED THAT THE GESTAPO DISCOVERED HIS ACTIVITIES IN VILNA AND SHOT HIM.

"EVERY MAN MUST DIE ONCE. ONE CAN DIE AS A HANGMAN, OR AS A MAN DEDICATED TO HELPING OTHERS. I DIE FOR HELPING OTHER MEN."

Vilna to visit his grave. This visit took place late in 1965. It has been proposed that a street in Israel be named for Schmidt.

* * *

Upon the invitation of *Yad Veshem*, Schmidt's widow and daughter will plant a tree in Schmidt's name in the alley of *Hasidei Umot Haolam* on the Mountain of Memories.

Dr. Mark Dworzecki, one of the first to write about my part in the underground movement, spent the summer of 1965 in Vienna. He came to do further research about the parts that Vilna and Estonia played in the struggle and annihilation of the Jews. In Vienna he met Schmidt's widow, Stephanie, and her daughter. They showed Dr. Dworzecki the letter, partially quoted above and informed him that both were mistreated by their surrounding neighbors until the end of the war.

Right after her husband was executed in April 1942, the Gestapo sent Mrs. Schmidt his bullet-ridden shirt.



ISAAC MEIKUN

was a Partisan in the "Budyony" Brigade. Fought many Battles and was killed in one of them.



PENEUSOF family repairing arms. Left: BORIA, ABRAHAM, SHMUEL (Father).

INTERVIEW WITH KUBE'S ASSASSIN

Wilhelm Kube was the Commissar General of White Russia with headquarters in the city of Minsk.

Before the war Vilna was the nearest city to Minsk on the other side of the border between Poland and the U.S.S.R. There was a distance of 200 kilometers between the two cities.

Our first partisans were sent to the Narocz forest which was near Minsk.

Wilhelm Kube, like others of his ilk, wielded tremendous power in his district. The question of life and death for all the inhabitants of his sphere of influence was in his hands.

Rumors were spread around that Kube was a little partial to German Jews and tried to get better conditions for them than were meted out to other Jews.

The truth of the matter is that he wanted the German Jews exterminated later than the East European Jews, but he was just as gruesome as the other 'Gauleiters' of his rank.

As far as the partisans in White Russia were concerned he was Enemy Number One, and the partisan field-court issued a death sentence against him.

Our base served also as a billet for partisans from time to time. These brave souls had to pass by our section on their way to some dangerous diversive mission, far away from their own base and they found it necessary to sleep over for a few hours or to take a short rest in order to be able to continue on their way.

As I was stretched out in my own sleeping quarters, I saw the guard lead a group of 6 partisans. With his flashlight he indicated 6 vacant spots for them to occupy for the night.

There was a vacant spot near me and one of them lay down at my side.

We began to talk to each other in the darkness. He told me that they were on their way to a far-away point with



ADOLF WAKSMAN

was a Partisan in the Jewish Brigade "51", part of the Brigade of "Storch" which operated in Vilcha Nora. After demobilization as Partisan, he enlisted in the Polish Army.

Fell in Battle.

the mission to explode an important ammunition depot near the old Polish-German border.

In the course of our conversation, he introduced the members of his group to me, with the comment that they were hardened veterans. Among them was the one who contacted, in person, the girl partisan who carried out the attack on Wilhelm Kube.

When I heard this, I insisted that he introduce me to the perpetrator of the deed, Mikolai Polaniew.

In a second I was lying at his side and I told him that I was the head of the Forest Press, and I was well acquainted with the subject of Kube. I would appreciate his telling me how his execution came about.

He told me that Kemach an engineer, a Soviet Jew from Moscow, was dropped by parachute into the forests of Kazan, which surrounds Minsk; he had conceived and executed the details of the assassination by himself, but died shortly before the assassination of Kube, in an airplane crash.

A girl partisan had been assigned as Kube's housekeeper a long time ago. Her name was Halina Hazanik. It seems that Kemach himself had sent another White Russian girl partisan with an explosive mine to Minsk, before he died. She handed it over to Halina who put it under Kube's bed.

A terrific explosion resulted and Kube was blown to bits. The courier took Halina and her entire family into the forest, where Kemach was before stationed as the commanding officer.

After the explosion the Germans were terrified and afraid to stick their heads out in the dark.

A terrific explosion resulted and Kube was blown to bits. The courier took Halina and her entire family into the forest, where Kemach was before stationed as the commanding officer.

After the explosion the Germans were terrified and afraid to stick their heads out in the dark.

"Stockholm, July 1, 1943. Hitler's newspaper MINSKER ZEITUNG reported that by the hands of the partisans of White Russia the following were killed; the Kommissar of the area Ludwig Arleiter, political supervisor Heinrich Kluze, and the following other high officials: Karl Gale, Valter Fargel, Karl Zondfas, Frantz Tack, Fritz Shultz and Ginter Banovitz. The newspaper reported that because of fear of the partisans many Hitler's henchmen (this happened in not small part thanks to Jewish hands), had to run away from White Russia." MINSKER ZEITUNG at the end of 1943 wrote that on the army cemetery of Minsk more than sixteen hundred Germans who had died at the hands of the partisans were buried."

★ ★ ★

Abraham Melamed a member of the Israeli parliament, visited Minsk, in the end of 1979, among the other towns of the Soviet Union. He related that he met personally the heroine that assassinated the German Gauleiter Wilhelm Kube. She was a Jewish girl partisan and now her name is Nina Borisova. Her heroic deed is known all the years and she is being respected by the general population of Minsk and all over the country for her valiant struggle against the Nazis.

Even I, the author of this chapter, as you can see from the above story didn't know till lately that the girl assassin herself was also Jewish.



One of the apartments that belonged to the U.P.O. In this place we had a little party in honor of our first clandestine publication. On the stairs is Berl Szereszyniewski who used to live with his wife Rosa in this apartment. Itzik Wittenberg was hiding for a while in this place. Picture taken after the war.



SZMERKE KACZERGINSKI
and
VICTORIA GRZMILEWSKI
she helped Jews. They survived
the war.

THE KOVNO FIGHTING GROUP

EARLY in 1944 I noticed a new face at our base. It was not so much a face as a man with a long, black moustache pointing upward. His left hand did not move, as it was shot through, following a shooting match with German ghetto guards that took place when he once left the ghetto through the fence to get to a meeting of the underground fighters in the city.

I found out that this was Chaim Jelin (Wladas), commander of the fighting organization of the Kovno ghetto, who had come to the brigade staff to report on the resistance effort in Kovno.

Later I had almost daily contact with Jelin, who spent several weeks at our base and had a lot of free time. He had not been sent on any partisan missions. He told me of various incidents in the Kovno ghetto and of the preparations of the armed youth there.

With Jelin came several dozen well-armed young men and women from the Kovno ghetto. They had been organized into a unit that went to various places in the Rudnicki wilderness, where they excelled in their sharp battles with the Nazis.

One day Jelin approached me and said goodbye. He was returning to the Kovno ghetto where he would continue to lead



IKA GRINBERG

one of the main leaders of the
Kovna Ghetto Underground.

Soviet machine guns set fire
to a German gun position





MEYER JELIN
is an engineer and writer. He
belonged to the Kovno Ghetto
Underground. Jelin is the
author of many books about the
Holocaust. He resides in
Israel.



YEHUDA ZOFOWITZ
one of the main leaders of the
Kovna Ghetto Underground.

the resistance and prepare the youth who were leaving the place with weapons, in order to join us in the woods.

A wagon was loaded with dynamite and other "good stuff," which Jelin and two companions, one of them a woman, took along to Kovno, a trek of about 150 kilometers. They made the trip safely and Jelin threw himself into his work immediately. The ghetto was seething. It was actually no longer a ghetto but a concentration camp, for the ghetto as such had been officially liquidated.

Some of the Lithuanian underground in the city had been arrested, just as it had happened in Vilna. On the way to a meeting with his colleagues in the city, Jelin was detained by two Nazis. He broke away and shot one of the agents. However, Jelin was already surrounded on all sides by the Gestapo. He returned their fire, cutting some of them down before making his escape. But the Gestapo knew of his hiding place and brought bloodhounds for the hunt. In four hours, they discovered Jelin in the bushes. Knowing what awaited him, he cut his wrists and throat and thus ended his life.



AS SHEEP TO THE SLAUGHTER?...

(Not according to the Germans)

Translation: "In all clashes with partisans in White Russia it turned out that both in the former Polish and in the former Soviet parts of the General District, Jews, together with the Polish resistance movement in the West and the Red Army men in the East are the main carriers of the partisan movement."

(Signed): The Commissar General
for White Russia Kube

As one can see from the above paragraph from a secret letter that Kube wrote before he could not write any more, to his superior the Reichskommissar for Ostland, Heinrich Loshe, a year after the Germans conquered Vilna, Minsk and hundreds of other towns in our vicinity, the Germans were very much engaged in combatting the partisans. He said, "*The Jews are the MAIN carriers of the partisan movement.*" (my italics).

* * *

From the "Oberkommando der Wehrmacht," a letter came to all units in the Ostland (Ostland was comprised of Latvia, Lithuania, White Russia), on February 12, 1943, with the signature of General Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, and read, in part:

"... The soldier must therefore fully understand the necessity of hard but just expiation on the part of Jewish sub-humanity. He further aims to nip in the bud revolts behind the front of the Wehrmacht which, *according to experience, are always instigated by Jews...*" (my italics)



BORIA FRIEDMAN
was one of the leaders of UPO in Vilna and as a Partisan in the Rudnicki forest. He was betrayed by a Pole, which he with a group of Partisans visited. They were encircled and annihilated. Later the Partisans took revenge and killed the Pole, also his family perished in the flames that was set to the house by the Partisans.



A group of former Partisans from Kovna Ghetto, residing in Israel. Picture was taken in 1959.



YONA WIRSHUP

was a member of the UPO. He with a group were apprehended by the Germans in the Vilna Ghetto, before the weapons was distributed to them. They were sent to a concentration camp in Estonia. Yona survived the war. He passed away in New York, in 1969.



After heavy fighting Germans are surrendering to Jewish Partisans in Vilna.



KRONIKA

— Wilno. W Wilnie odbywają się stałe obławy na młodzież i starszych, zdolnych do prac fizycznych, których Niemcy wykorzystują dla kopania rowów obronnych.

— Wilno. Coraz częstsze napady na niemieckich oświeceni i żołnierzy, zmusiły Hingsta do skrócenia godzin policyjnych do godz. 30. Jednocześnie Hingst wydał odezwę do ludności, prosząc o pomoc w wykrywaniu sprawców zabijania lub rozbrajania Niemców. Nacząca odezwą Hingsta, spotkała się ze śmieszoną ironią ludności Wilna.

— Grupa partyzantów przeprowadziła niszczenie szyn na drodze kolejowej Wilno—Lida. 25 wrykami zniszczono 50 szyn, co stanowi 700 m. drogi kolejowej.

— Grupa partyzantów wzrwała zatrzymała lokomotywę z wagonami, naładowanymi materiałem drzewnym. Odcinę pociąg zlikwidowano. Zabito 5 Niemców, 3 wzięto do niewoli. Zdobyto karabin maszynowy i karabiny. Pociąg przewoził opał i budulec dla opatrzenia szeregu fabryk w Jaśkunach i Wilnie.

— Grupa partyzantów na drodze kolejowej Wilno—Kowno wykołała pociąg z niemieckim wojskiem, w składzie 4 wagonów i lokomotywy (dalszy ciąg kroniki na str. 8).

BEN LIPTON (BORIS LIFSHITZ) was a Parisan in the "Bielski" Brigade, Naliboki, Byelorussia. Distinguished himself in Combat. Resides in the USA.

A fragment of our Underground publication that was printed in the forest.

Free translation of Chronicles on the activities of our partisans as they were registered in our partisan publication, *Za Wolnosc*, in the Rudnicki wilderness.

This is a small fraction of the activities related in only two of many issues of our Underground Press.

VILNA. Lately the Germans used a new method to catch youths. Sometimes after work hours, when people left the factories, Gestapo came and took away young working people who were laboring for the Germans. We warn you to be careful of those catchers.

RUDOMINO. German police robbed, completely, two villages which lay between Vilna-Lida, Marianopol and Tatarka. They surrounded the village, and took away all the belongings. Men who didn't have a chance to hide or run away, were caught by the Germans and deported to Germany.

RUDNIKI. A group of partisans attacked the Rudniki jail. They burned two barracks, and twenty-seven people who had been arrested by the Germans went free. Two policemen were killed. The prison commander, Mikolaj Jonasz and two policemen were taken prisoner.

STASILY. Three hundred meters from the station, partisans derailed a train of four cars, and a locomotive, with soldiers on their way to the front.

OLKIENIKI. With powerful mines the partisans destroyed the ovens which produced pitch and other stuff for the German army. Production was halted.

JASZUNY. Between Jaszuny and Stasily, with thirty-three explosions, partisans ruined 66 rail tracks on the Vilna-Lida road. 412½ meters of railroad were destroyed.

ORANY. Partisans derailed a

train with soldiers who were on the way from the battlefield for a rest. Over 100 Germans were badly wounded.

* * *
OLKIENIKI. A strong group of partisans ambushed German autos on the road Vilna-Grodno, near the village Piercupi. With heavy machine gun fire they stopped an auto carrying 20 officers. Ten died from the partisan bullets, four of them managed to escape. One, trying to escape, accidentally strangled himself in his military garb.

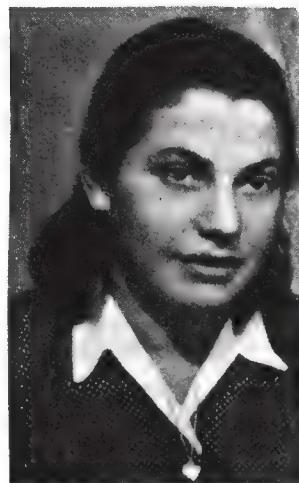
* * *
OLKIENIKI. A special German execution squad came two hours after an incident and chased all the people out of Piercupi, into the barracks and burned them alive. Among them were 105 women, children and old folks.

* * *
VILNA. A Soviet plane dropped a bomb on the railroad depot. Because of this, all work stopped for a time.

* * *
On the Vilna-Grodno railroad partisans derailed a twelve car ammunition train and a locomotive which was on its way to the Eastern front.

* * *
Near Olkieniiki partisans derailed a four car train loaded with flowers.

* * *
On the Vilna-Ejszyski road partisans ambushed a German truck, at around 8:00 A.M. When a troop carrier passed by, the partisans stopped it with a heavy barrage. 13 Hitlerites and one corporal were killed. The partisans gained 2 automatic rifles, 6 rifles, 4 mine-throwers, 1 pistol and bullets.



CHAVA GLEZER-KOZLOWSKI
was a UPO member and later a
Partisan in the Rudnicki forest. Resides in Israel.

On the Vilna-Grodno road near Rudnicki, partisans derailed a troop train going to the front.

Partisans destroyed a dam on the Merezana river. The dam regulated the amount of water that flowed into the canal, and this in turn, operated the machines in the factories of Grzegozew. The water splashed on the nearby fields and did not reach Grzegozew. Because of this paper factories and some mills stopped work.

Between Waka and the village Melechowicz partisans ambushed Germans who were shuffling out of the forest with cut wood. Partisans attacked them and called to them to surrender. One corporal and one soldier who refused to surrender were killed. The rest, seven soldiers, went over to the partisan side. The partisans gained one machine gun, 7 rifles.

On the railroad between Vilna and Kovno, a partisan mine stopped a train that carried German officers and sergeants to the front. The partisans ripped into the enemy soldiers with strong fire. In panic they started to run, but 150 German troops were killed and about 90 were badly wounded.

In the area of Koszedary, on the Vilna-Kovno railroad partisans blew up a train of six cars and a locomotive that carried war supplies to the front.

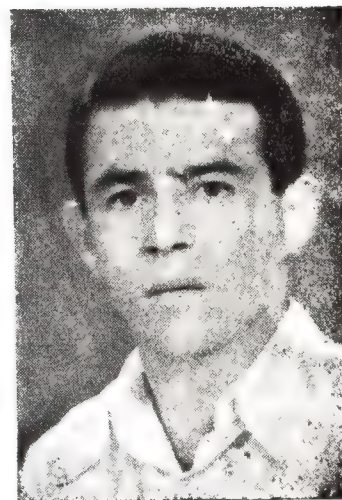
VILNA. In Vilna, youths and the elderly, who are able to do physical labor were sent by the Germans to dig trenches.

VILNA. There were frequent attacks on German officers and soldiers. Hingst proclaimed that the people should help him by not hiding those who kill the Germans. The tearful proclamation from Hingst met with ironic laughter.

Partisans wrecked the Vilna-Lida railroad with 25 explosions, they destroyed rails for a distance of 700m.

Partisans stopped a locomotive and cars loaded with food. They liquidated the guard, killed 5 Germans and took 3 into captivity. They gained automatic rifles and rifles. This train delivered heating material to the Jaszuna and Vilna factories.

STASILY. Partisans derailed a train of 7 cars and 1 locomotive with German soldiers.



BENIEK LEWIN
was as a youngster a shepherd by the Partisans in the Rudnicki Forest. He also participated in some combat missions. Resides in the USA.

June, 1944.—The following appeared in the Russian-Nazi newspaper "Viestnik" which was published in Kovno. There was a written order, signed by Heinrich Loshe, General Commissar of Ostland, that anybody who knew of a partisan in hiding, must report the fact at once on pain of death. The announcement referred to partisans in Lithuanian territory. If the ordinance had also included White Russia, then a large sector of the population would have been executed. This would not have been a deterrent to the Germans, but the partisans would have resented and prevented any such action. Therefore, the order was directed at Lithuania, where the partisans did not, as yet, obtain a strong foothold.

THEY FOUGHT BACK!

(From the Chronicles)

Tevia Belak, who had escaped the slaughter in the town of Braslaw, in the Vilna district, was residing in another town, Swiecziany. When the remnants of the town's youth were transported to Vilna, he used to help his friends in the Vilna ghetto to join the partisans. On one of these "excursions" in August, 1943, when he was going without a Jewish "patch," he was detained by the Lithuanian police. He tried to shoot his way free, but ran out of bullets and was captured alive.

Belak's friends in the ghetto became nervous out of fear that he might blurt out, under duress, the names of his contacts. Belak was tortured to death, but he did not give away his comrades.

Shortly after this event, when the Gestapo hangman, Martin Weiss, came to the ghetto and talked with Gens, he said, "I never saw such a fellow before. He died like a hero."

Feivel Benski, a youth in his early twenties, was hidden by his Polish friend, Jurgelanec. When Jurgelanec informed him that the Jews of Kalwariska Street were being driven out, Benski dashed out of the house to see the people on the move, and spotted his own parents among them. Without hesitation, he opened fire and killed a number of Gestapo men and their Lithuanian aides. He broke loose, and fire was poured on Feivel by the Germans. Feivel jumped into the nearby Wilja river and crossed to the other bank. There, a machinegun got him, and his riddled body was left lying in the open for several days, so that the people could see it. Then the body disappeared.

Eliahu Baron, an engineer by profession, was a wholesale thief, specializing in weapons. He supplied our people with guns. He also stocked the Polish underground with vast quantities of weapons.

He was shipped from the Vilna ghetto to Estonia, but he escaped and returned to Vilna. Some time later, he and two

BELAK WAS TORTURED TO DEATH, BUT HE DID NOT GIVE AWAY HIS COMRADES.

SHORTLY AFTER THIS EVENT WHEN THE GESTAPO HANGMAN MARTIN WEISS, CAME TO THE GHETTO AND TALKED WITH GENS, HE SAID, "I NEVER SAW SUCH A FELLOW BEFORE. HE DIED LIKE A HERO."

WITHOUT HESITATION, HE OPENED FIRE AND KILLED A NUMBER OF GESTAPO MEN AND THEIR LITHUANIAN AIDES.

Polish colleagues in the smuggling action, were caught. He was cruelly tortured and half-dead he was sent to Ponary. Midway he attacked his guard and leaped from the moving auto. He was shot and killed.

HE WAS CRUELLY TORTURED
AND HALF-DEAD HE WAS
SENT TO PONARY. MIDWAY
HE ATTACKED HIS GUARD
AND LEAPED FROM THE
MOVING AUTO. HE WAS SHOT
AND KILLED.

Stanislaw Braunszweig was a Warsaw lawyer. In the Vilna ghetto he headed the information office. He ran away from the ghetto and posing as an Aryan, with appropriate documents, he became the moving spirit of the general Polish underground. He helped the Jews in Kailis and H.K.P. a great deal. In the spring of 1944 he was arrested in his dwelling at 18 Pohulanka Street. The Polish underground exerted every effort to rescue him, as eventually he might have been pressed into disclosing secrets to the Germans. He knew many secrets. But despite the inquisitorial tortures, such as tearing out his finger nails and poking out his eyes, he took his secrets to the grave.

IN THE FIGHTING MANY
FELL ON EACH SIDE, AND
TAIBE WAS TAKEN ALIVE.
WHEN THEY WANTED TO TIE
HER UP SHE PULLED THE
RING OF A GRENADE AND
BLEW UP HER CAPTORS AND
HERSELF.

Taibe Winiski was from the Narocz group. In the Rudnicki wilderness she joined one of our partisan groups on a mission. Because of the negligence of their Russian commander and betrayal by a peasant, who was an informer for the Germans, the group was discovered and ambushed by a large German unit. In the fighting many fell on each side, and Taibe was taken alive. When they wanted to tie her up she pulled the ring of a grenade and blew up her captors and herself.

The neglectful commander was tried by the partisan field court and executed.

Yitzhak Jabrow, before the war, lived only two courtyards away from me and was one of the first partisans in the Narocz forest. General Markow sent him to Vilna to act as a guide for the U.P.O. members who had to go to Narocz. Jabrow came just on the eve of the liquidation of the ghetto and was stuck there, unable to fulfill his mission. He therefore decided to break out of the surrounded ghetto in spite of everything that Sonia Madejsker and I said. We advised him that it was better to remain with us where we would all make a joint effort to escape. Jabrow did not listen to us and was detained at the ghetto gate by the

Lithuanian-German guards. Kittel, the Nazi officer, found arms and grenades on him. Jabrow was tortured in the Gestapo cellars.

* * *

In February, 1942, a large transport of Jews was brought from Belgium, Holland and other West-European countries to an extermination camp in the 9th Fort* near Kovno. The forcibly transported Jews put up a stiff resistance and many of their exterminators were destroyed at their heroic hands. Some of them succeeded in running away, and some even got as far as Vilna.

* * *

In a hideout on Szpitalna Street No. 13, the bodies of Moshe Hauz, his wife and child were found. Moshe Hauz came to Vilna with a stream of refugees from Poland. His aim was to go to Palestine together with a certain Mr. Goldstein. When Moshe Hauz refused to go to an unknown relocation center outside the ghetto he and his family were shot on the spot.

The next day this obituary was posted on the ghetto walls:

"On Sunday, Hauz and Goldstein died on Szpitalna Street No. 13. Honor to their memory." This obituary was also posted:

**HONOR TO THE MARTYRS
HAUZ AND GOLDSTEIN
HONOR TO THE FALLEN!**

June 12, 1943.— A partisan, named Chayim Levin, was arrested by the guard at the ghetto gate. He had come on a mission from the partisans in the forest to act as a guide to a group of city Jews, who came from Swienciany, Oszmiana and other nearby cities.

When Levin was put in the jail near the ghetto gate, he confided to the local Jewish police commissar Mayer Levas, that he would do well to free him because he had come on a partisan mission. When Levas refused to free him, Levin shot the policeman, Moshe Gingold, who was assigned to guard him and who tried to prevent his escape.

In the meantime, the ghetto police chief Gens rushed over

*The 9th Fort was the equivalent of Ponary near Vilna.

*THE FORCIBLY TRANSPORTED
JEWS PUT UP A STIFF RE-
SISTANCE AND MANY OF
THEIR EXTERMINATORS WERE
DESTROYED AT THEIR HERO-
IC HANDS.*

*WHEN LEVAS REFUSED TO
FREE HIM, LEVIN SHOT THE
POLICEMAN, MOSHE GINGOLD
WHO WAS ASSIGNED TO
GUARD HIM AND WHO TRIED
TO PREVENT HIS ESCAPE.*

to the scene, and he ordered the prisoner to surrender. When Levin refused to do so, Gens opened fire and shot him.

The Jewish police received official commendation from their German commanding officers for shooting down a partisan.

In this instance, there was another ceremonial funeral for the victim, the policeman, Moshe Gingold.

After this, the so-called "provincials" were kept under special surveillance. They were the remnants of the small communities around Vilna which were exterminated. These remnants were driven into the Vilna ghetto.

Since their point of origin was in the neighboring small towns, they were familiar with the surrounding forests. There was a tendency among them to go to their own regional forest from which they were previously driven out. The Germans did not want loose Jews to be found on the outskirts of greater forests.

In general, these groups were not organized and they did not belong to the U.P.O. But they tried to keep together in accordance with their place of origin.

After the liquidation of the Vilna ghetto, a special German unit of the H.K.P. was created at 37 Subocz Street. All those who had worked in various units of the H.K.P. in other parts of the city were gathered here.

When Vilna was bombarded by Soviet planes, and the attacking partisan forces were on the edge of the city, the Germans liquidated the remaining Jews in the H.K.P. As this final action began, the Jews resisted fiercely, and many Nazis were killed by the Jewish partisans Motke Nemser, Yankel Zalbi and David Eigenfeld. The last named was slain in the battle.

There were many more cases beside those enumerated here, in which Jews, single Jews unaffiliated with the U.P.O., got hold of weapons and set out to fight the Nazis directly. This does not include the untold cases of *passive* resistance which required, frequently, just as much courage and sacrifice.

AS THIS FINAL ACTION BEGAN, THE JEWS RESISTED FIERCELY, AND MANY NAZIS WERE KILLED BY THE JEWISH PARTISANS MOTKE NEMSER, YANKEL ZALBI AND DAVID EIGENFELD. THE LAST NAMED WAS SLAIN IN THE BATTLE.

SECRETARY TO THE GESTAPO COMMANDER

An SS division had been stationed in the village of Crecnowejsk, near Slonim, Poland. The commander of the Gestapo had a women secretary who was a frequent guest at the parties and banquets organized for the Gestapo. The headquarter of the SS division was also used as a jail where partisans and Jews captured by the Nazis were tortured. The villagers were in as great fear of this secretary as they were of the Gestapo commander himself. How great then was their surprise as the war came to an end that this secretary should stand at the head of those welcoming the arriving Russians. They found out later that she was indeed a Jewish girl from Russia who had perfect command of the German language. She had been delegated by the partisans to assume the functions of the secretary to the Gestapo. This Jewish secretary used to give information to the partisans from an office at the Gestapo concerning all the movements and activities of the Germans in the surrounding areas.

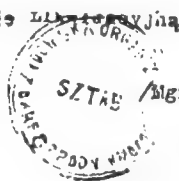
It turned out later that this secretary of the Gestapo commander was not the only Jewish woman who performed grand deeds for the partisans. It was established that there were about fifteen Jews in the village whom the other inhabitants of the village considered to be Catholics. Among these Jews in that village who were thus saved, there was also one Liza, the wife of the well known journalist Yitzhak Rimon, who now lives in Israel.

S Z T A B
ZYDOWSKIEJ ORGANIZACJI BOJOWEJ

" 21. VIII 1944 1 Z A S W I A D C Z E N I E.
N°

Komisja Likwidacyjna "ZYDOWSKIEJ ORGANIZACJI BOJOWEJ" okręg
Brody stwierdza, że tow. SAMUEL W E I L E R był od 12. listopada
1942 r. do 21. sierpnia 1944 r. szefem sztabu Ż. O. B. okręg Brody
i w tym charakterze kierował walką podziemną z niemieckim okupa-
tem.

mgr. Marasch Józef/
Kom. Oddz. Ż. O. B.



Identification of Samuel Weiler.
He was the Chief of Staff of
the Jewish Underground
Organization in the small town
of Brody, Poland.

A Eulogy

By Chaim Lazar



COL. NAHUM A. SALOMONOWICZ
FRUMKIN

from the Soviet Union, was one of the main interrogators at the Nurenberg trial. He questioned among others: Marshal Hermann Goering; Field-Marshal Wilhelm Keitel; Gen. Alfred Jodl and Admiral Karl Doenitz. Col. Frumkin did not reveal to them his identity as being a Jew. He was awarded many Medals, among others the Lenin Order. He resides in the USSR.



CHAIM LAZAR

Note: Chaim Lazar's biography was printed in the first volume.

French Stamps in Honor of the 30th Anniversary of
the Liberation from Concentration Camps.



Touvia Galpern passed away in the middle of month Heshvan this year – he was one of the outstanding fighters among the Partisan forces, in the region of Vilna.

I happened to be with Tubka (that was his nick name) in two serious battles that could have ended tragically for us. We both belonged to the first group of fighters who left the ghetto to the forest, as members of the United Partisan Organization in Vilna's Ghetto.

On the first night out of the ghetto we were ambushed by strong German forces.



Partisans derailed a train in Bulgaria.

They were firing us with many kinds of weapons. This was one of the most shocking and most difficult baptisms of fire we went through during our stay in the forests. This is how things occurred:

July 24

In the present atmosphere among the Jews of the ghetto it will not be easy to sneak out. One must be cautious and not arouse any suspicion. A hasty move, and the leave has failed.

The plan is ready down to all its details. We divide the weapons and ammunition. We appoint the nurses who will supply first aid. Last instructions are given. The group is waiting for sunrise.

The night is silent. The ghetto is deep asleep after a long day of hard labour. For us it is a watchnight. With sunrise we sneak one after the other, twenty one fighters, through a side gate, from the yard of Rudnitski 6 – where the “Yudenrat” and the Police sat.

Down at the street we are organized as a group of workers, supplied with axes and hammers. A group of woodcutters, Zundel Leizeron is dressed as a policeman, and we follow him. We mix among the other brigades on their way to work, heading the direction of New Vileika.

In New Vileika, 15 km from Vilna, many Jews are working. We can not prevent being seen, and people can imagine where we are heading to. For some time now there are rumours in the ghetto about the partisans in Narots' forests, 200 km from Vilna. Fourteen of the young workers here exploit the lunch break to sneak away from the inspectors and join us.

To be honest, we are not too enthusiastic about their joining us. Shika Gartner and his wife, who were sent by Markov from Narots forests to be our guides, warned us before we left the ghetto that it will be impossible to make the way in big groups. They agreed to take with them no more than nineteen people. Now we amount to thirty five, and the new ones have no weapons. But we must make peace with the “reinforcement”, and after a while the two groups become one.

In the late afternoon we rest in a grove. Shika informs us that the most dangerous region is behind us. From now on we will no longer appear as Jewish workers, but as partisans. During the night we shall pass a long distance, and the day after we will spend in the barn of a farmer who is an acquaintance of his. On the second night we will arrive to a region which is held by the partisans. From there on, we will be able to make our way during the day.

The fighters are in great spirits. We are happy that the degradation, the blows, the oppression and other terrors of the ghetto are behind us. Our hearts are filled with hope. At last our dreams of the last months are nearer to becoming true. We sit down to eat something, and then, continue on our way.

Joseph divides the people into two groups. The commander of one is Iska Matskevitch, and I am the commander of the other. The weapons are divided among the people, and we are on our way.

The night is dark and stiff. Very carefully we get closer to a village named Laborishki, twenty five km from Vilna. We must pass the river Vileika. We have no choice but to cross it on the bridge which is inside the village. We try our luck at night and hope to succeed.

Joseph sends five men to check, and the rest hold their breath until the order to proceed is given.

Suddenly a burst of fire breaks the silence. Hell fire is directed at us from three directions. We are only fifty meters from the bridge.

Our force is confused. Most of us have no military experience other than a few shots at the ghetto. Even those who were more experienced, were at a loss.

Our men fight with great devotion. We can see their fire and we try to support them with ours. After a long hour when it is obvious that our men have stopped shooting, came the order to withdraw to the forest behind us. It is located about one and a half km from the bridge.

As we withdraw, we lose contact with some of our people. In the forest, inside the swamps we count our people and we realize that we are only thirteen left out of the thirty five.

Shika is pessimistic. His conclusion is that the enemy encircles us and will soon attack us with hand grenades. We must get out of here in order to stay alive.

But our decision is definite. We shall not abandon our friends. We shall not leave until we know what happened to them. Joseph sends a few of the fighters to the edge of the forest, to guide the people who are about to come, to the place we are staying.

The shootings get nearer and nearer. They sound every where. It seems that the enemy is really embracing us. There is no sign of the rest of our friends.

Suddenly we hear a terrible scream. Where is Shika? We start searching, we shout his name, we turn on our electric torches – but Shika has disappeared. The situation gets worse and worse. None of us knows the area. None of us knows in which direction we should go. Shika cheated us. He knew very well that without him we are lost. But he preferred to save his skin, and his wife's...

Very depressed we sit down and analyze our situation. Some suggest to return to the ghetto. But most of us reject the idea. There is no way back for us. We would rather die on our way than fall to the Gestapo. We decide to wait till sunrise. We might still find some of our friends.

This horrifying night lasts for ever. We hear the shootings which are not far from us. We go deeper and deeper into the swamps. Tired and depressed we ache the loss of our friends.



The second battle, Tubka and I took part in, was in Rudnitski forests. We were in the Lithuanian regiment of Genis, before the establishment of the Jewish battalions in these forests. This is how things occurred:

On Rosh Hashana Eve, the commander announces that the day after, we are

about to have an action engagement. Although our weapons are not of the best, it is enough to set a trap for the enemy.

The commander chooses nine people, of which three are Jews. They receive two machine guns, one "Tomy Gun", and three rifles. The commander of the operation is called "long Yonas".

We must get to the main road Grodna – Vilna, which passes through the forest, ten km from our camp. Until that day the traffic on that road went on with no problems. The German vehicles were never attacked. Along the road there is a chain of military positions. Following the plan, we have to shoot the drivers, so their vehicle would stop, and then, taking advantage of their confusion, we attack the rest of them and kill them.

Last directions are given before sunrise, and the weapons are divided. I receive the heavy machine gun, and my assistant is Shlomo. **Tubka**, the third Jew, is "number two" on the light machine gun.

After a short while, the troop is lying in an ambush between the bushes and waits to hear the first shots of the commander, which is the opening sign of the operation. Fifteen minutes pass and we hear the sounds of the cars, coming from Grodna. A gun shot tears the air. That is the sign. But we hear only a few gun shots and the sound of the heavy machine gun. Some of our weapons do not operate, and a few people get too excited and can not operate their weapons. This is their first military action.

From the three vehicles which are full with German soldiers we can hear terrible screams, but the cars do not stop, only some hundred meters from our ambush.

The partisans who were not Jews are ashamed to return to camp, empty handed. The commander decides to set a new ambush not far from the original place. He is inexperienced and does not understand that we must not remain in the same area, because the attacked Germans will receive help from their forces and we do not have the power to fight them all.

After an hour we hear vehicles coming from Vilna. The sign is given and the battle begins. The Germans probably got some information on the other attack, they are not surprised this time. They fight back with heavy fire.

Suddenly, Shlomo and I get the feeling that we are all alone in the battle. We turn around and we see our friends running scared to death back into the forest. We are filled with anger at our friends who left us by ourselves, and we increase our fire. The battle between the Germans and us is tough. The Germans are getting closer to us and we have no other choice but to withdraw. We run after our friends who in the mean time have deepened into the forest. Shlomo, who is not loaded with ammunition, reaches the group.

I am left alone with the heavy machine gun, while the German fire strengthens. Suddenly I bump into **Tubka**, who could not keep up with the rest because he was loaded with bullets of the light machine gun. We realize that we will not be able to carry on running and we decide to hide because we do not want to abandon our

weapons. We crawl under the bushes and hide in the swamps. The machine gun is ready to greet the Germans, if they discover our hiding place.

The shootings are now everywhere. The Germans have probably entered the forest, aiming to surround us. A couple of hours go by, the sun is almost down, and the shootings stop.

We are hungry. We have not eaten anything since morning. We would have liked to smoke, but our tobacco got all wet. We decide to wait until dark before we leave our hiding place. The Germans might ambush us.

In the camp the confusion is great. Five of the people returned at noontime, and a few hours later the commander shows up with one of his men. They were so alarmed, they could hardly find their way. As they were running they threw away their ammunition and some of their clothes. They have no idea what happened to the two other men, they assume we are killed.

The people of the camp are sorry for the two Jews, but they are even more sorry for the lost machine gun. It is the only one in the whole forest.

At a late hour at night, there is a great excitement in the camp. The guards noticed two men walking towards the camp. They inform the commander who orders everyone to be ready. Two men are sent to sniff around the two strangers and they are very surprised when they identify **Tubka** and me.

The commander criticises the commander of the operation and the men who escaped with him. He congratulates us, emphasizing our courage, endangering our lives for the sake of our weapons.

From that day and on, the glory of the Jews, in the camp rises. The day after we learn that in yesterday's attack, three German officers and fifteen German soldiers were killed. Two officers and three sergeants were badly wounded.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THIS WAR THAT GERMANS ARE KILLED
IN THIS AREA, AND THOSE WHO SHOT THEM WERE JEWS.

Parachutist MARSHAK-PAPIRMACHER
(left), with the Partisan RIFKA
GORDON. MARSHAK resides in
Israel and GORDON in USA.



AARON GURWITZ (center) saw war with the Soviet Lithuanian Army. Wounded in Battle by Oriol in 1943. Demobilized in 1945, in Vilna. Right is partisan Tevia Rubin, and left the partisan Shimon Winker. Gurwitz resides in the USA.



This is the first time since the beginning of this war that Germans are killed in this area, and those who shot them were Jews.

★

Since we left the ghetto to Narot's Forests, and later in Rudnitski Forests, we were with Tubka at the same regiments. Together we fought the battles and the military operations. Tubka was among the outstanding fighters. He was known for his courage, his quest for the absolute justice. Tubka was an honest man, devoted to the idea, devoted to his friends, and to the way he chose. After the discharge, Tubka passed through the escape ways of Europe and at last arrived to Israel. In Israel he established his home with his wife Rosa. They brought up their son, Avraham and their daughter Elana, and five grandchildren.

Life was not easy with Tubka. In the ghetto, he lost his first wife and their child. This tragedy made him a very sordid and sad man. In Israel he had to work hard to support his family, and luckily succeeded in seeing the fruits.

In his last two years he was a sick man. Tubka will be remembered as a great fighter, a devoted man and a very dear friend. May he rest in peace.



Photo shows how the first clandestine newspaper, "De Frie Danske" (The Free Danes), was printed.

Memoirs of a Machine-gunner

By Morton (Motl) Shames

MORTON (MOTL) SHAMES was born in Vilna in 1918. During the German occupation he was forced with his family into the Ghetto.

In 1942 he joined the Underground United Partisan Organization (UPO) in Vilna Ghetto, first as a member of a five fighter group, later advanced to a group commander.

He was assigned by the UPO command to lead an armed group, and in a successful freeing by force, from the police the imprisoned and chained UPO-leader Joseph Glazman. Later when the Gestapo surrounded the Ghetto and an armed confrontation was imminent, Shames was entrusted to lead the best armed fighting group, having at his disposal the only machine-gun left in the UPO arsenal, at that time (most of the weapons were beforehand transported to the fighting Partisan group units in the forest).

He was also leading an armed group in the famous escape through the city sewers into the forest, where he was a machine-gunner in the Partisan Brigade "Avengers" and took part in ambushes and other actions against the Nazis.

Before the Russians recaptured the city of Vilna, he was sent with a special armed group to enter the city and took part in street fights with the enemy.

His mother and brother were killed by the Nazis, his father survived, and passed away after the war in Vilna. Shames and his wife Pearl-Lucy with their daughter Inna reside in the USA.



After the Ghetto commandant Gens found out that the former assistant police chief Joseph Glazman was connected with the UPO (United Partisan Organization), he decided to get rid of him and tried to send him to another township, Glazman refused. Gens ordered to arrest Glazman. He was handcuffed, and they tried to deport him by force.

The UPO decided for any price to prevent his deportation and to set him free.

I was assigned as commander of an armed group, whose aim was to remove the police escort guarding Glazman during the attempt of his deportation and enable other fighters to cut the handcuffs and free him.

Other fighters had other assignments. I remember that the whole Rudnicka Street was full of people and the police were keeping order.

All of a sudden a horse driven wagon emerged from Rudnicka 6. On the wagon Glazman was sitting chained. The wagon was guarded by policemen.

What a shock it was to all onlookers, when out of the crowd a group of people ran to the wagon, stopped it from moving and removed the driver. The first on the wagon was commander Shmulke Kaplinski. My group surrounded the wagon and I went over to the policeman in charge walking next to Glazman. I pressed my gun against the policeman's stomach and said: "If you want to stay alive remove your guards immediately. You are surrounded and we are armed." He got terrified and the guards left.

At that time Kaplinski was already on the wagon cutting Glazman's chains with a hacksaw. Glazman was freed.

This performance made an immense impression on the Ghetto population, who before did not even know that an underground organization existed. On the other hand our fellow members of the UPO got known to the Ghetto police and we were forced to use more severe precautions. Also a great number of the Ghetto population got frightened of the possible consequences for the whole Ghetto inhabitants, from the fact that an underground organization existed.

Under the influence of the Ghetto officials, a part of the Ghetto population started to see the UPO as a direct threat to their lives and the lives of their families, and were against us. They were afraid of harsh retaliation by the Nazis.



ISAAC MESKOP

belonged to the Communist underground before the war. He was jailed under Smetona regime in Lithuania. When the Soviet Regime was established he became a high official. Retreated with the Soviet Army into Russia. Later on he with another Jew, S. Sklar and a Lithuanian Vidziunas were parachuted into Lithuania on a Sabotage mission. All three of them fell in Battle.

In May or June 1943, the UPO (United Partisan Organization) decided to change its basic strategy. Instead of preparing an Armed Resistance inside the Ghetto itself, we started to send armed fighter groups to the forests to fight there as partisans according to a schedule made in advance. I was scheduled to leave with the very last group, with the command.

By the end of August 1943, a very small amount of arms and ammunition remained in our arsenal,

All of a sudden on September 1, 1943 the Ghetto was sealed off. Gestapo entered the Ghetto and started taking out groups of people.

The UPO was already mobilized and in spite of the insignificant amount of arms and ammunition left to us, it was decided to put up an Armed Resistance with whatever weapons we had left, in case the Gestapo or Ghetto police would approach us.

We were all concentrated on Straszuna Street. It was a dead end street. The end facing the outside was blocked up by the Germans before-hand.

Our fighting force was divided in groups. One group, the so called "Sheinbaum Group", was stationed closer to the entrance of the street. The command and an other group were positioned at the other end of the street, closer to the dead end. I was heading a group located in the middle between the two other groups.

Our group took over a large second floor apartment with a balcony, and had a view of both sides of the street.

I had, under my command, the only machine gun the UPO possessed at that time. I positioned it on the balcony and had it camouflaged. We had some guns, grenades and homemade Molotov cocktails, bottles filled with sulfuric acid and others.

I was called to the headquarters and the UPO commander Abba Kovner explained to me how important my mission was, since the only machine gun with very little ammunition was under my command.

He told me to be in constant touch with him and act according to his orders. However if circumstances would require a quick decision, I should act to the best of my judgment.



MENDEL BURSTEIN

was a member of "Dror", belonged to UPO in Vilna. Supplied weapons which he stole by the Germans. Joined the Partisans in the Rudnicki forest. Fell in Battle.

For a number of days we were waiting for the Nazis to approach our positions. The tension was raising tremendously from lack of action.

When a group of Nazis entered Straszuna Street they encountered the "Sheinbaum group" and after a shooting exchange they retreated but managed to blow up the building.

From my position at the window I could see from quite a distance two soldiers carrying a box of explosives and after a while running away empty handed.

Some of my fighters expressed impatience and asked for orders to shoot. But I refused.

I understood very well their desire of revenge, no matter what the consequences will be. But I could not afford to be carried away by emotions.

It was clear to me at that moment there was nothing we could gain by shooting. The 2 soldiers were too far away and in my estimation out of range.

I also thought, that the sound of the machine gun could very well provoke the Gestapo to destroy the Ghetto itself.

The machine gun was later smuggled out to the forest and put to good use by our partisans.



LEIB GEMPEL

was one of the first Underground workers in the Ghetto Kovno. As a Partisan he fought in the Lithuanian Brigade in the Rudnicki forest. Because of a traitor among them, the whole group was killed.

MOSHE FLASH of the "Kruk" and "Kartuchin" battalion, under the command of A. Brinski "Dadya Petya," fought in the Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia from September 1942, till February 1944. This is a document awarding Flash with "The Partisan Medal, First Class."



September 23, the Ghetto was surrounded by Gestapo. The UPO (United Partisan Organization) was already mobilized. By that time a very small amount of fighters remained in the Ghetto, with next to no weapons and ammunition.

The Gestapo started the deportation of the remaining Ghetto inhabitants. The only chance for us to escape was through the city sewers.

This route was used earlier by the commander Shmulke Kaplinski, to smuggle arms into the Ghetto, and was known to him and a few other people.

We planned to enter the sewers early in the morning and reach a certain point in the city by afternoon, then crawl into a hiding place for a rest and to remain there till it got dark. Afterwards we were to proceed to a pre-arranged point at the outskirts of the city.

During my work at the German Auto Repair Shop (HKP), I once came across a shipment of small, portable acid filled batteries and managed to smuggle them into the Ghetto. I also got hold of some bulbs and was able to make portable-lights. They were distributed among the fighters and came very handy in the dark sewers.

Before entering the sewers we were divided into groups. The group under my command was following Kaplinski. I was entrusted to carry the only machine gun the UPO had.

It was not an easy task to carry the machine gun and keep it dry, while crawling through the sewers. We had to walk bending down and at times crawl always in dirty filthy water.

We started out in the morning and left the sewer by the evening, much later than we expected. Because some people got lost, and since it was already close to the curfew, no time was left for resting and we had to leave right away in spite of our condition, soaking wet and smelly.

We were divided in pairs. My partner was a girl by the name Musia Kresin. We got our directions from Sonia Madejsker, and left the assembly place. The machine gun was attached to the inside of my coat. I also carried 2 grenades and in my hand a loaded gun.

It was pitch dark outside and we got lost and lost each other. After a long search, I finally got to our meeting place outside the city. My companion was picked up later by one of our scouts.

From this meeting place we started our journey to the forest.



MYRON (MIROSHA) HEIFETZ
left and SHIMON LUCKI, both
were Partisans in the Rudnicki
Forest. They fought many bat-
tles with the enemies. Heifetz
resides in the USA. Lucki in
Israel.



ABRAHAM SHNAPER
was a member of the UPO. He
and a group were apprehended
by the Germans in the Vilna
Ghetto, before weapons was
distributed to them. They were
sent to a concentration camp
in Estonia. He survived the
war. Resides in the USA.

SOME GHETTO FOLKLORE

A GERMAN asks a Jew to lend him 20 rubles. The Jew immediately takes out the sum of money from his pocket and hands it over to the German. The latter is astounded. "How come? You don't know me and yet you trust me for such a large sum of money?"

"I have the highest confidence in the Germans," answers the Jew. "You took Stalingrad and gave it back. You took Kharkov and gave it back. Therefore, I am sure that you will also return the 20 rubles."

What is the difference between General Rommel and a clock?

A clock goes tick-tock and goes ahead.
Rommel makes tock-tick and retreats.

What is the difference between the Germans and the sun?
The sun rises in the East and sinks in the West.

The Germans rose in the West and sink way down in the East . . .

Why can't there be an understanding between the opposing forces?

Because Hitler says that race will win; Stalin says that the masses will win; and Roosevelt says that cash will win.

Which city is the longest in the world?

Stalingrad, because it took the Germans the longest time to go from the suburbs into the center of the city.

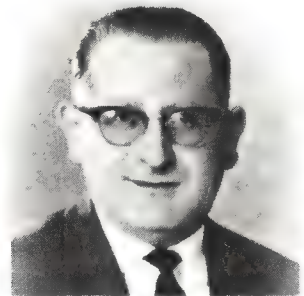
The Jews of the ghetto created a joke:

What is the ghetto? It is the S.S.S.R. — four of the principal streets are: Szawelska, Szpitalna, Straszuna, and Rudnicka.

From the book: *A Secret Press in Nazi Europe*.



MARIA FEDECKI
with her daughter. Helped Jews.
Survived the war.



YITZHAK KUPERBERG
was a Partisan commander in
the Ukraine. He is credited
among other achievements with
derailing 5 trains with a
German military personal. He
was decorated with Medals.
Resides in Israel.

The Via Dolorosa of A Jewish Partisan



By Avraham Keren-Paz

AVRAHAM KEREN-PAZ (KARPINKES)

is now a principal in a Hebrew
school in Israel.



Leaders of the Party Unit of the "Death to the Invaders" brigade. Left to right: M. Lane, D. Tepper, K. Rudionov (the head of the brigade), M. Sherman and A. Tepper.

Early September, 1943. We – a group of armed Jewish fighters, members of the FPO (the united partisan organization in the Wilno underground) – were on our way from Wilno to the Narocz forests, toward the marshes and the large base of Soviet partisans, the Markov brigade. Our goal: to make good our pledge to wage a war of vengeance against the murderers of our parents, brothers and sisters. This was the sole justification for our having survived the disaster. Otherwise, why did we deserve a better fate than did the victims of German bestiality, who filled the heavens with the smoke from the crematoria?

The distance from Wilno to the Narocz forests is 200 kilometers. Would that the worst were behind us. Despite the heavy guard posted around the Ghetto we managed to get out, then, singly, or in pairs, we made our way along the streets of the city, past the Gestapo men lurking everywhere, to the Jewish cemetery. Here we were given our weapons, smuggled into the ghetto in coffins. The significance and the symbolism: from this ancient graveyard we would go forth and make our bid for vengeance and, if possible, freedom.

Two hundred kilometers. Danger aplenty, and most dangerous of all – the peasants, in the numerous villages along the way. They hated partisans in general and Jewish partisans most of all. We had to use the side roads and avoid the main highway. Everywhere many eyes were following our movements. More often than not, the informed Germans set up an ambush to trap the Jews. We well recalled the bloody heroic night of July 24. At dawn on that day, the first PFO unit, under the command of Joseph Glassman, headed for the Narocz forests. The unit consisted of 21 of the PFO best men. On the way they were joined by 14 others from New Waleika, near Wilno. The unit followed more or less the same country roads that we now were.

At night the unit reached the Wilenka river, negotiable only via the bridge overhead, right in the middle of a hostile village. Such a strategic spot as a bridge was usually watched scrupulously by the Germans. This night was to witness a disaster: alerted by the villagers, the Germans set up an ambush at the approach to the bridge. The unit ran into hellish fire from automatic weapons. The small group of Jewish fighters, with its simple weapons and overcome by surprise, was no match for the enemy. Of the unit only 13 fighters made it across the bridge, Glassman among them.

This catastrophe was on our mind as we followed the same course. True, to a large extent their mission was accomplished. After more grueling days and nights the 13 managed to reach the forests and get to Markov's central partisan base. Glassman

set about forming a Jewish partisan battalion – our hope and dream – the first such partisan group in the Narocz area. (This we learned while we were still in the Ghetto, from a letter that Joseph got through to us). In due course this partisan group became part of the Markov brigade and Joseph Glassman was named its commander and Markov's staff member.

Now we fully expected, in our naiveté, that we and our weapons would be welcomed by the general partisans with open arms, to fight the common enemy.

In action as well as in spirit, we were partisans even before we left the Ghetto, working underground and planning acts of sabotage. But on several occasions, the FPO had to call all of its members into the open (once to free Joseph Glassman from the Ghetto just as he was about to be delivered into the hands of the Gestapo police, and again, on that fateful night of July 16 when the Judenrat demanded that the FPO turn over to it Itzik Rittenberg, the FPO commander). The members of the organization were therefore identifiable, and the sole solution was to leave the ghetto and join the partisans in the Narocz forests. Joseph Glassman and his unit were the first to leave, and now we were following them. With him in the vanguard, we were sure that we would be received most cordially by the Markov brigade.

So we thought. Never did we dream that the reception awaiting us on the part of our "comrades in arms" would be something beyond the wildest imagination.

Our first meeting with the Markov fighters was indeed heartwarming. They had heard, they said, about our daring exploits and were happy to have us. No more would we suffer hardship, persecution, degradation – and we certainly would be given every opportunity to wreak vengeance on the Nazi foe, with the aid of the other partisans.

How were we to know that our hosts were practicing the wildest of deceptions – just as did the Germans – encouraging us prior to executing their plot?

One question remained unanswered: where was Joseph? Why wasn't he there to greet us? The answer we received was quite logical and plausible: Joseph and his men were out on a mission. He would be back in a few days, during which we were to recover from the rigors of our experiences. Needless to say, we were gratified to learn that our Jewish partisans were already in action.

On the third day we were told to present ourselves, arms and all, to the brigade headquarters. We were sure that Joseph would be there, waiting to greet us, or that we would now be assigned to our first vengeance action. But, we were told, our small firearms, namely, pistols – were not suited for partisan warfare. We would therefore to turn them in; later, when we would be sent out on missions, we would get, in exchange, rifles.

The proposed transaction did not enthrall us. We were much attached to our firearms, having obtained them while in the ghetto, under severe circumstances. The partisan spokesman was quick to take advantage of our hesitation. "What is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Are you going to disobey a command, and don't you know that strict discipline must be observed, if you wish to be partisans? Let us

have your small arms, and you will get better weapons." Without waiting for our reply, he motioned to his companions do disarm us. We surrendered our weapons, with aching hearts. But more was yet to come. "Our battle is difficult – and costly", said the partisan. "We must provide ourselves with whatever we need, particularly arms. For this we need resources, money or money's worth. Now many of you have rings, watches, and so on, with which to acquire weapons, for you and for other partisans. Let's have those items, please." Numb to the marrow, we gave up our valuables.

We were now free to go, through another entrance, where we were subjected to another shock – perhaps the worst of all. We found there many Jewish partisans. Partisans? they were *past* partisans. Like us, they had been obliged to surrender their weapons and forgo any action against the Germans. "Where are Glassman and the Vengeance battalion?" we asked. The reply was devastating. The Jewish partisan battalion had been disbanded. Moscow had ordered Markov (so he said personally) to disband all the national partisan battalions, the Jewish battalion first and foremost, and replace it with another, the *Komsomoletz*. Joseph Glassman had been dismissed from the staff command. Glassman himself did not accept the change. He pleaded with his superiors not to commit such an atrocity toward a fighting unit which had proven itself in battle. The *Vengeance* battalion symbolized everything for which the partisan movement stood. His pleas fell on deaf ears, attuned as they were to Moscow and Moscow alone.

Glassman was assured that the Jewish partisans would be absorbed in the general units. They were not. Jews were not at all accepted into the combat units. When we importuned the authorities to take us into the general units in this giant base, we were asked, with a cynicism which made our blood boil: "Where are your weapons? He who has no weapons cannot be a partisan." It was all we could do to restrain ourselves not to hurl back at the scoundrels the words of Elija to Ahab: "Didst thou murder and wouldst yet inherit?"

A few days later we learned about the plot that was being conceived against the Jews – no less barbaric and brutal than the plots of the Germans.

The Germans, we were informed, were about to stage a major manhunt in the forests. The partisans made no effort to stand their ground. In small groups they left the base and sought refuge in other forests, until the Germans were done with their manhunt. This we learned indirectly, because the official partisan policy was to tell the Jewish partisans nothing about the impending danger. The officials stooped so low as to tell us that the movement in the base was part of a major campaign which the partisans were about to launch against the enemy. We, the new arrivals, were to remain at the base, recover from our toils, and be ready for the next operation.

Thus were our comrades-in-arms ready to let us be trapped by the coming Nazi onslaught. Such was the hypocrisy and such indeed the justice of the apostles of Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin, the self-declared champions of international solidarity and brotherhood among peoples! Our weapons had been expropriated by trickery,

we were robbed of our money and valuables, our partisan battalion was disbanded and its fighters dispersed. And now we were being thrown to the Nazi wolves. The Russians, aware that the plot had been discovered, told us to make ourselves scarce. When we refused, they told us to desist, and fired a volley above our heads to make their intention clear.

We had no choice but to desist (later we learned that several Jewish partisans who insisted on going along, were shot).

In the distance we could hear artillery and the droning of planes. We knew that there was only one path leading to survival – the path into the thick of the swamps. The hundreds of Jewish partisans stranded in the forests broke up into small units and headed for the swamps. I pressed toward the bogs with my two close friends, Eli Swirsky and Shmuel Wilkomirsky. Soon we were up to our necks in water. We could hear the German artillery, felling the trees and smashing the partisan bases.

With nightfall, a cold descended on the swamps – the cold of eastern Europe in October. Our bodies were numb with the cold of the slimy swamp, cutting into the flesh.

The night we slithered down into the swamp was the eve of Rosh Hashana. A new year was being born, in the wet cold of a dark world – 5704. The German war machine had roared its way through the Narocz forests – except the swamps – leaving in its wake the smouldering ruins of the partisan camps. The campaign over, the Germans withdrew, and the partisans went back to their bases. We were promised that we might join the battalions – but not as combat units. And now there was no one to plead our case with Markov and his subalterns. The only man who could do it, our beloved Joseph Glassman, we learned, was no more. He had managed to put together a Jewish unit and obtained weapons for it, just as the siege of the forest began, but because of treacherous misdirection, the unit found its path blocked by the German dragnet. After much hardship, the group succeeded in getting out of the forest alive, only to be caught in an ambush of the enemy, alerted by the villagers. On Yom Kippur, 5704, all the fighters, Joseph and his men fell before the German Amalekites (except one girl who survived the ambush and lived to tell the story of self-sacrifice and heroism).

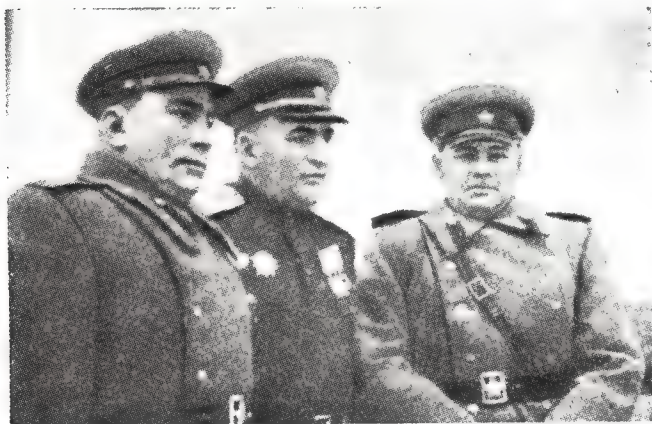
We remained at the base, deprived of the right to fight, until one day the officials decided to form a Jewish camp on the base, where Jewish artisans and craftsmen were to serve the partisan elite in whatever work they needed to be done – tailors, hatters, garment sewing, shoe repairmen. We were appalled, to be turned into woodchoppers and water-carriers. What a horrible culmination of our desire to fight the enemy! In time, some of the Jewish reconciled themselves to doing non-combat duty – as craftsmen, foraging for food and other “economic enterprises”.

There finally came a ray of hope. Our workshops served not only our base but others, as well. We began talking to these partisans about our plight and our indomitable desire for combat. One of them, Lieutenant Mischa, listened to my long

story and said: "I am convinced that you have been wronged. I cannot do anything for all of your people, but there is room in my unit for another fighter, and if you are willing and won't ask questions, you may come with me." I accepted the offer at once, merely asking for time to bid farewell to my friends. They were happy for me, just as I was sorry that the two couldn't go along.

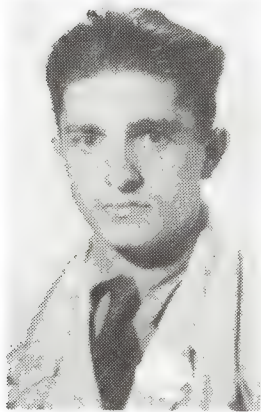
Mischa, I learned, was a member of the "Special Group" fashioned in Moscow out of a paratrooper unit, in touch with Moscow and the military intelligence. In his unit there was another Jew, Moshe. We became close friends immediately. We couldn't be much together; he was on the base, in the communications unit, while I was assigned to acts of sabotage behind enemy lines. These involved many skirmishes with the Germans, but what I feared most was a bullet in the back – so virulent was anti-Semitism among the partisans. The Russian officers were for the most part decent fellows, but in the ranks there were plenty "Jew-fressers".

One of these was Vaska, a Russian soldier from Moscow. Captured by the Germans he managed to escape and join the partisans; his hatred for the Jews would have "done credit" to Goebbels. But much worse was Kozhma, a White Russian from one of the villages in the area. I clashed with him at once. As soon as I was placed in his unit (patrol in enemy territory) he opened up with invective and denigration of the Jews: they are cowards and stupid fools, avoiding combat and hiding behind the backs of others, firing into the ground rather than at the enemy. The cowards being the first to fall, he declared, and since every Jew was a coward, that would be my fate, as well. I countered that there was every chance that a German bullet would hit him before anything happened to me. Unexpectedly I was proven a prophet. In a brief skirmish that we had with the Germans, a bullet hit Kozhma. At once I was prompted to be reminded of the passage from the "Song of Deborah", written three thousand years earlier: "So perish all Thine enemies, O Lord".



LT. GEN. HIRSH D. PLASKOV
(BONTZE) [center]
Tank Commander of the Second
Panzer Division, as he confers
with other officers, April-May
1945 in Berlin.

Danke and Imke Lubotzki



By Abraham Zeleznikow

ABRAHAM ZELEZNIKOW was born in 1924, the son of Eta and Yankel Zeleznikow. The father was the chairman of Jewish professional unions in Vilna and executive member of the "Bund" in Poland. In September 1939 his father was arrested by the Soviets and died in a Soviet prison. His mother and sister Batya with her two children Shmulik and Nehama were murdered during the liquidation of the Ghetto Vilna on September 23, 1943.

A. Zeleznikow was chairman of the Youth Organization "Bund" in Vilna. He left the Vilna Ghetto on September 23, 1943 through the sewers, and became a Partisan in the Rudnicki Forest. Arrived in Poland the 1st of May 1945, and became active in the youth movement "Bund." He studied history and pedagogy at the university of Lodz. Escaped from Poland in 1948, from Poland he went to Paris, France, where he became one of the leaders of the "Bund" in France and was on the staff of the Yiddish daily "Undzer-Shtimme."

Abraham is married to Masha Freedman, they have a son Yankel, a professor of mathematics and a daughter Yocheved, a medical doctor. They settled in Melbourne, Australia in 1951, where A. Zeleznikow is teaching in the Sholem Aleichem School, and is executive member of the Jewish Community (Kehila) chairman of the Holocaust Studies.

The family Lubotzki lived together with us in the same courtyard where it was also the local of the Vilna Jewish Community House: Kehilah "Tzedakah Gedolah." Their father Baruch Lubotzki a prominent social activist an elected representative of the People's Party to the Vilna townhouse and the Kehilah, was an ardent fighter for the recognition of the Yiddish language on a equal basis with the dominant Polish language. He was the founder of the Yiddish Real High School and was chairman of Yiddish Schools in the province of Vilna.

When the Ghetto was established in Vilna, he was very active in Jewish education, lectured in the teacher's union, in the worker's auditorium under the direction of the worker's leader Kaplan-Kaplanski. He lectured about Mendel Mocher Seforim (Abramowitz), the father of Yiddish literature, and established a seminar on modern psychology, and many other studies.

Upon the liquidation of the Ghetto he was sent to Estonia, camp Kiviali where he slaved at hard labor, extricating benzine from a variety of stones. In January 1944, he died from dysentery in camp Dautmergen (Shtutoff).

The mother of Danke and Imke was called Mayte, of the prominent family Zabłudowski in Vilna, and her father Izhak Zabłudowski a co-founder of the famous Hebrew school and teacher, he and his wife Malka were murdered in the year 1941 in Ponar.

Mayte was a teacher in the Real High School in Vilna, studied nature science in the University of Vilna. She completed 3 years of studies in nursing, and worked as an educator and nurse.

During the Hitler occupation Mayte Lubotzki did conspiratory work outside the gates of the Ghetto. She often risked her life and together with her oldest son Danke smuggled bread and weapons for the partisans in the Ghetto. In September of 1943 during the liquidation of the Ghetto she refused to be separated from her young daughter Shulamith, and both were transported to Treblinka.

With Danke and Imke I studied in the Sophie Markovna High School. I was younger than they, and in a lower grade, but we walked together to and from



DANKE LUBOCKI

school. We were good friends especially with the younger one Imke, notwithstanding they joined the communist pioneers and I the Bundist "Skif."

From the school years I remember very well a trial organized by the teacher Rabinowitz about the famous story I. L. Peretz "Bontche Shweig." The prosecutor of the trial was Danke, he spoke for more than an hour. "Bontche Shweig" was exonerated but the society that caused "Bontche's" position was accused and condemned. His speech was a masterpiece and filled our young hearts with idealism, sense of justice, compassion, love for the oppressed and needy.

When the German Army entered Vilna in the end of June 1941, our courtyard where we lived was surrounded by the Lithuanian military from where they kept shooting at the retreating Red Army. In the very first day of the German occupation the Lithuanian fascists, were searching for Jews in the courtyard murdering them on the spot or sending them to Ponar.

Together with Danke and Imke we were hiding in the courtyard between two improvised doors for more than a week. It was not a good hiding place, we could have been discovered anytime, as the search by the Lithuanians and Germans continued. We heard that the Lithuanians are looking for young Jews for digging peat in the vicinity of Reshe. I and my brother-in-law Uri Tobman, Danke and Imke volunteered and were sent to camp Reshe near the city of Vilna.

In Reshe we met Josef Glazman the leader of "Betar" in Lithuania. We met others of different political persuasion and believe's. All ideological differences vanished in the presence of the murderers of the Jewish people. At night after a day of hard labor we were discussing the terrible situation and explored the possibilities to contact the remaining Jews of Vilna and help them organize some sort of defense or resistance.

From Vilna we received reports of daily transports of Jews to Ponar that the murderers proclaimed to be a work camp. The reports however told of continuous shooting sounds from the vicinity of Ponar, of seeing any food supplies or other material going or coming from Ponar that would be necessary for a work camp.



DOBA DEWELTOW

was a courier by the Partisans
in the Rudnicki forest.
Resides in the USA.

The reports also mentioned of a few escapees from Ponar terribly wounded, deranged telling horrible stories of murder, torture and rape, unbelievable stories.

For a Jew to enter Vilna was impossible all entrances to the town was heavily guarded by Germans and Lithuanians. I succeeded to contact a young Pole who informed me that the Germans are planning to establish a Ghetto in Vilna. In consultation with Danke and Imke we agreed to send the Pole to our families to bring them to Rashe, promising the Pole half of the goods of both of our families when he will bring them to Reshe.

The Pole was true to his mission, he brought only a few of our families and a few others from our courtyard. The family of Danke and Imke and my mother did not come, they refused to leave their homes unattended... We gave the Pole half of the property of the others that came to Reshe.

After a short time passed we received a report that from the 80 thousand Jews of Vilna from the day of occupation by the Germans only 20 thousand remained and put into a Ghetto. I decided to go to the Ghetto and seek my parents and friends.

The Lithuanian leader of the camp in Reshe entrusted me a wagon of turf to be delivered to a friend of his in Vilna. Dressed in the garb of a Lithuanian peasant I delivered the turf, and entered the Ghetto. I did find my mother also the parents of Danke and Imke and friends, none of them wanted to leave the Ghetto.

Upon my return to Reshe, I, my brother-in-law Uri Taubman, Danke, Imke and Glazman, decided to return to the Ghetto and share the burden with our brethren in the "Jerusalem of Lithuania," as Vilna was nicknamed.

In the Ghetto each one of us became very active in the political party of his preference. We soon became united in the resistance movement UPO (United Partisan Organization). Danke worked outside the Ghetto walls smuggling weapons for the Ghetto underground. Imke and I used to meet in the youth club, and we both were members of the Underground Resistance of the UPO.

In August of 1943 it became clear, that the days



BARUCH GOLDSTEIN

was a weapons-instructor and smuggler of weapons for the Ghetto Underground. Resides in Israel.

of the existence of the Ghetto Vilna are numbered. Our resistance preparations increased. We received the terrible news that the Gestapo captured Danke with weapons, that he is being tortured, but managed to hold out and did not betray anyone...

On September 1, 1943 the Germans decided to liquidate the Ghetto Vilna. I and Imke were stationed in a courtyard near Szpitalna Street where the second battalion of the UPO maintained a vigil.

Before we were able to take out the hidden weapons in our courtyard, we were surrounded by an Estonian band of SS. We faced a massacre and orders were given to withdraw and try to escape. Only a small group of our forces escaped, among them Imke and I. The others were captured and sent to Estonia where they were all later murdered.

Imke and I arrived at the courtyard of Straszuna number 6 the headquarters of the staff of the UPO. We found there Danke to our surprise, who the Gestapo sent back to the Ghetto.

On September 23, 1943 after 3 weeks of waiting in expectation of active resistance at Straszuna Street. The underground Jewish fighters of the UPO, the last survivors left the Ghetto through the sewers. Our destination were the caves of Bakszt Street, in case this should fail our alternative meeting place should be the Jewish camp at the fur factory "Kailis" located at Szepticka Street. From there our final destination was the Rudnicki forest to join the Jewish partisans.

My group was the second to leave the sewers. The first was that of Abrasha Chwojnik, Yankel Kaplan and Osye Bik. We followed them within a distance of a few hundred meters. As they entered Subocz Street they encountered a Gestapo group that participated in the final liquidation of the Ghetto Vilna. As we heard the shootings of Abrasha Chwojnik and the others, engaging the murderers in fight, we quickly turned to the Ostra gate that brought us to the Jewish work camp "Kailis."

At "Kailis" we gathered a few dozen fighters from the UPO, among them Imke that took over the command and forced the leaders of the camp to give the UPO fighters food and lodging. He ordered the UPO staff at the Bakszt camp to hide us in a office building on Pil-



T/S DAVID A. NADEL
was a Bombardier in the US Air
Force and was wounded on the
35th mission in Holland. He
resides in the USA.

sudski Street that served as an office for the Gestapo. We were there for 3 days and then led by our scouts to the Rudnicki forests.

At the end of September 1943 there were 400 Jews in the Rudnicki forests, rescued from the Ghetto Vilna. The staff of the Partisans divided the Jews into four "Otriads" (Battalion), they were named "Nekamah" (Revenge) "For Victory," "Fight," and "Death to Fascism." The first two battalions stayed in the Rudnicki forest, the others were ordered west to the Matche jungle's to establish partisan bases. Danke remained in the "Nekamah Otriad," Imke was assigned to the "Fight" group. The Jewish Partisans in the "Natche" jungle had about 10 guns, a few revolvers, and three automatic weapons. When the Jewish Partisans entered "Natche" it was full of Pole's, who called themselves "partisans" waging a bloody war against Soviet partisans and especially murdering Jewish Ghetto fighters. The command of the two "Otriads" at "Natche" took most of the weapons and returned to Rudnicki forests, leaving the comrades to fend for themselves. Only Imke remained with them taking over the command, organizing an orderly withdrawal back to the Rudnicki forests losing two partisans.

The "Otriad" that returned to Rudnicki forests had to organize again their lives, build bunkers and find food and weapons. Imke barrowed a few guns from the Jewish Partisans, and organized military expeditions to procure food and weapons. After only a few weeks Imke succeeded to organize his partisans into a strong fighting unit. After some time the Soviet Partisan headquarters appointed Capt. Vasilenko to command the Jewish Partisans and Imke was demoted, but he continued his duties as a private partisan.

Danke remained in the "Nekamah-Otriad," where he was in command and organized military operations and important missions. On January 1, 1944 as we celebrated the New-Year we received the sad news of Danke's death. Danke went to arrest a peasant that posed as a friend of the partisans, but was in fact a Gestapo informer and collaborator. As he entered the home there was a child in front of the peasant, Danke would not kill a child, and the traitor killed Danke. The



YEFIM MINKIN

A Distinguished Jewish Fighter
at the Eastern Front.

other partisans captured the traitor and murderer and brought him to the partisan base together with the dead hero, the Jewish Partisan Danke Lubotzki. The informer paid with his life for his did's.

At the beginning of July 1944, the Jewish Partisans increased tremendously their pressure and activities against the Germans and their helpers. The Germans were in full retreat, angry at their defeat, they were striking against the defenseless population and especially against the Jews.

Our new commander Capt. Vasilenko was on numerous occasions very hostile to the Jewish Partisans. towards the end of the war his attitude changed, after we left the Rudnicki forest to help liberate Vilna he appointed me as his personal adjutant.

One evening as we a group of Jewish Partisans sat alone after a successful mission against the enemy, Vashilenko approached a group of partisans and to our great surprise began to hum the tune of "Hatikvah" the Israeli anthem. He told us that he is Jewish and his name was Vasilewski and his father was the founder of the "Lovers of Zion" movement in Russia.

He studied Hebrew, and his family was prepared to emigrate to than Palestine, but he decided during the revolution to remain in Russia and became a building engineer. In the Second World War he reached the rank of captain on a Russian underwater ship, stationed at the Black sea.

The Germans captured him at Sevastopol, when they found out that he was a Jew, he was sent to Kovno to the "9th Fort" a military base of Lithuanian fascist and German collaborators, where thousands of Jews and prisoners of war were murdered. Vasilenko was assigned to a group of Jews whose job was to burn the victims and eliminate all signs of the murderer's crime. The Jewish workers were lodged in a underground bunker. Vasilenko and others dug a tunnel and together with another 10 Jews succeeded to escape to the Rudnicki forests.

He was then appointed the head of all partisans in the region of the Rudnicki forests. When the Germans trapped a group of Jewish Partisans, Imke with three other Jewish fighters were able to save themselves and returned to the base. Vasilenko accused them of dereliction of duties and sent them on the most dangerous assignments to cut telephone poles on the highway of Lida-Vilna.

On the night of July 10, 1944 our partisan brigade left the Rudnicki forest and went north to help liberate Vilna. On the highway, next to a cut down telephone pole we found the torn bodies of Imke and three other heroes - Jewish Partisans.



SOLOMON M. SLUCKI
was a volunteer in the French
Army in 1939 and participated
in the Defense of France. He
resides in the USA.

The father Meir Shabrinkski (top left) with his three sons: Liova, Benjamin and Abraham. They were engaged in Combat against the Germans at various fronts in Eastern Europe. After the defeat of the Red Army in this part of the front, Meir contacted the Partisans in June 1942, and was involved in transmitting clandestine information to them, which he received from the Pole Stanislaw Jakubowicz, who worked in the German Headquarters in the township of Kartuz-Bereza. This essential information was sent with the young courier Dora Heflich, (center) to the Partisans in the nearby forest. Meir, Stanislaw and Dora were arrested and

executed for their activities. The sons Liova (right) and Benjamin (left) fell in Battles on various fronts, fighting in the ranks of the Red Army. In the group picture center: Sabrin-Shabrinkski, commander of a Partisan unit in the

Rudnicki forest. The others are the Partisans, Lt. Antuch and Liona Schibuk. Liona fell in combat by Berlin. Sabrin resides in the USA.



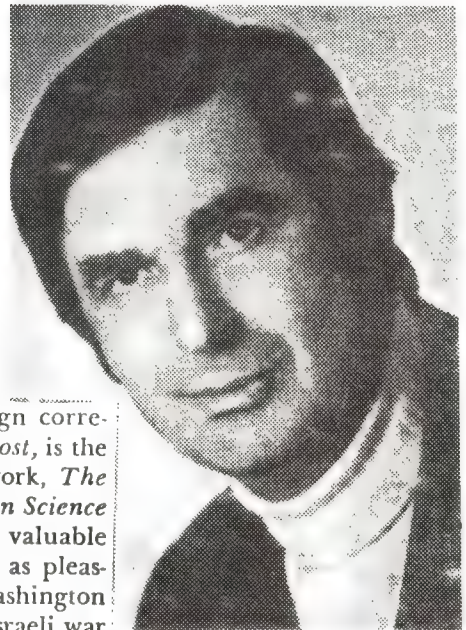
FRAGMENTS FROM THE BOOK:

The Bravest Battle

By Dan Kurzman

*The Twenty-eight Days of the
Warsaw Ghetto Uprising*

DAN KURZMAN, an award-winning foreign correspondent formerly with the *Washington Post*, is the author of five previous books. His last work, *The Race for Rome*, was hailed by the *Christian Science Monitor* as a "monumental work, equally valuable and enjoyable as history, as information, as pleasure." *Genesis 1948* was described in the *Washington Post* as "the best thing on the 1948 Arab-Israeli war that this reviewer has ever read—or is likely to read." James A. Michener called the book "brilliant." Mr. Kurzman's other books are *Kishi and Japan*, *Subversion of the Innocents*, for which he won the Overseas Press Club Award in 1963, and *Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned*. Mr. Kurzman has written or broadcast from almost every country in Europe, Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America, reporting on international politics and more than two dozen wars, revolutions, and upheavals. Boston University has established a Dan Kurzman Collection in recognition of his "important contribution to 20th century journalism and historical literature."



The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising



Josef Lewartowski,
PPR leader in ghetto
(*Yad Vashem*)



Michal Klepfisz, ŻOB
fighter in
Brushmakers'
District (*Beit
Lohamei Haghetaot*)



Pinhas Kartin, Soviet
agent in ghetto
(*Beit Lohamei
Haghetaot*)

PREFACE

Pola Elster, ZOB
fighter in Central
Ghetto (*Beit
Lohamei Haghetat*)



The daily sufferings of the Warsaw Ghetto during World War II have been the subject of a number of fictional and nonfictional works. But this is the first attempt at a full-scale account of the twenty-eight-day armed uprising that grew out of such conditions.

The uprising, when dealt with at all in other books, has usually been telescoped into a few climactic pages. And many of these brief accounts are based more on legend than on firsthand testimony and original documentation. Those few works that do concentrate on the uprising itself are either short, skeletal summaries or records of individual experiences.

Yet the military encounter was one of the most stirring, impossible, and important battles in history. Seldom, if ever, before has a single armed conflict produced greater heroism or more explosive political consequences. Indeed, this conflict, an enduring symbol of resistance to man's inhumanity to man, reverberated far beyond the pale that enclosed it.

Although groups of Jews have at various times revolted against their persecutors, the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, more than any other event, symbolically ended two thousand years of Jewish submission to discrimination, oppression, and finally, genocide. It signaled the beginning of an iron militancy rooted in the will to survive, a militancy that was to be given form and direction by the creation of the state of Israel.

To understand fully that nation's mood and mentality, its pride and policies, and thus the tensions shaking the Middle East and the world today, it is necessary to know the story of the uprising, to glimpse the anguish, the euphoria, the eternal hope of the ghetto defenders, young men and women in love with life yet determined to fight to the death.

For twenty-eight days (according to official German calculation, but actually longer) some fifteen hundred fighters, armed with little more than pistols and homemade bombs and supported by about sixty thousand civilians passively resisting in hidden bunkers, fought off several thousand Nazi soldiers equipped with rifles, artillery, tanks, armored cars, flamethrowers, and aircraft. Whole nations fell under the German yoke in a far shorter period.

This battle lasted as long as it did because, essentially, there was no room for bargaining on either side. The Germans, led by SS Major General Jürgen Stroop, were bound by Nazi ideology to murder all captured Jews, either on the spot or in death camps. The Jews, most of them led by Mordechai Anielewicz, were bound by a pact of honor to die by their own hands rather than surrender. This was truly a battle to the death. And it took time to root out and kill tens of thousands of people.

But not every Jew was a hero as he faced death. One of the great tragedies of the ghetto, as in the concentration camp, was not simply that so many died but that the pressures exerted on the condemned were so overwhelming that some turned into beasts in the insane struggle for survival. Thus from the ghetto cauldron emerged not only the bravest and most altruistic but the greediest and most cowardly, the best and worst in the most exaggerated degrees. The wonder of the Warsaw Ghetto was that under genocidal circumstances the worst represented such a small part of the total. General Stroop attributed many of his difficulties to the willingness of so few Jews to betray their people, even when offered the chance to survive.

The ghetto tested not only the Jewish soul but the Polish heart. A relatively small number of Poles risked their lives to save the Jews, and some, indeed, died in the effort. Another small group of Poles betrayed the Jews and even killed them. The great mass of Poles, traditionally anti-Semitic, were indifferent, and watched the extermination of the Jews with greater curiosity than sympathy. Thus the Poles played no small role in strengthening the argument for Zionism.

GENERAL STROOP ATTRIBUTED MANY OF HIS DIFFICULTIES TO THE WILLINGNESS OF SO FEW JEWS TO BETRAY THEIR PEOPLE, EVEN WHEN OFFERED THE CHANCE TO SURVIVE.

In this book, which took more than two years to research and write, I have tried to tell the story of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising through the participants, focusing in particular on General Stroop and Mordechai Anielewicz. The research task was difficult, not because sources of information were lacking but because they were so scattered, with each witness or document able to throw light on only limited aspects of the revolt.

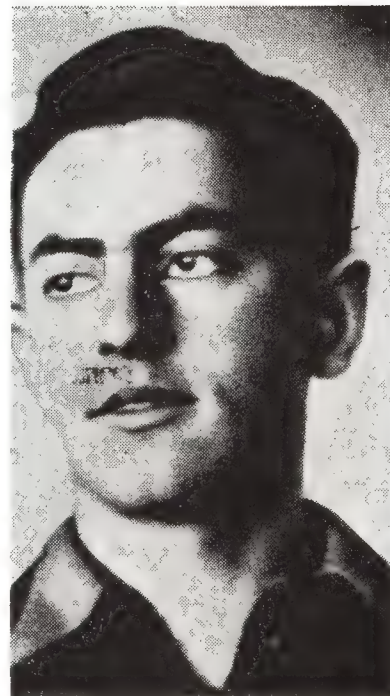
To get as much of the full story as possible I interviewed approximately five hundred people, including most of the surviving fighters, more than one hundred civilians who lived through the uprising, and scores of Germans and Poles who were involved. I tracked these people down in Israel, the United States, Poland, West Germany, and Austria.

I also studied several thousand documents in these countries, dealing with every facet of the subject, and consulted about three hundred books and countless periodicals, many in Hebrew, Yiddish, Polish, German, French, and Spanish, as well as in English.

From this sea of information I fashioned a daily account of the fighting. Since even many of the participants could not recall dates, places, and similar details, I compared verbal accounts with those given in various diaries, memoirs, and other documents in order to reconstruct events accurately. Sometimes I could determine the date of a particular incident only through a long and tedious process of cross-matching and elimination.

Nothing has been fictionalized. All quotations and descriptions, as well as thoughts attributed to characters in this book, come from the writings of the persons involved, from personal interviews with them, or from the records of individuals to whom these persons told their stories. Sources for each section of each chapter, specifically including those of all dialogue and other quotations, are indicated in the Notes.

I first became interested in writing the story of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising while researching another book, *Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War*. Some of the people I interviewed for that work had lived in the Warsaw Ghetto and reminisced about the uprising there. My interest grew while I was working on my next book, *The Race for Rome*, which included material on the destruction of the Roman Jews. After conducting some preliminary research on the uprising, I decided to undertake this project.



EPHRAIM ULCHA
Sector Commander. Fell in the
Warsaw Ghetto Uprising.

I was convinced that the facts were so dramatic, so moving in themselves, they did not need embellishment. My problem was how to bring these facts together, how to impose order on so much raw reality, how to write a humanized history, intended for the general public as well as for scholars, while keeping the details from submerging the central importance of the story—the ways people in desperate conditions acted individually and in concert to express their common humanity and their personal and communal dignity.

It was a melancholy experience visiting the site of the Warsaw Ghetto thirty years after the uprising. The area has been rebuilt, and no hint of the destruction remains. Only a statue commemorating the battle and a large stone at the spot where Mordechai Anielewicz died bear witness to the disappearance of the largest Jewish community in Europe. A small section of the wall that enclosed the ghetto remained as a further reminder until 1975, when the Polish government, which wants the Jewish uprising to be known as a Polish revolt, removed it to make room for a sports arena.

I asked a passerby where the wall had stood. He did not know there had been one. And the synagogue had been locked because too few Jews had been attending services. But the Yiddish theater was giving a performance. If only ten people were in the audience, the show would go on.

The Jewish community was dead, forgotten by those who most need to remember. But the supreme heroism of the ghetto fighters left a mark on every person, and would forever. Their stubborn defiance of the negation of life, in an uprising as timeless and inspirational as those of Masada and Spartacus, reaffirmed the capacity of the human spirit to survive in any circumstances.

D.K.



Josef Pzenny, Home Army officer who helped Jews
(Yad Vashem)



Chaim Frimer, ZOB
fighter in Central Ghetto
(*Beit Lohamei Haghetat*)

PROLOGUE

The day burst forth in a flood of sunlight that illuminated every corner of the dark, dismal Warsaw Ghetto. It was April 19, 1943, the morning before Passover, which celebrates the liberation of the children of Israel from the Pharaoh's brutal grip. The fighters, fondling their pistols, crouched behind windows and on balconies, waiting to greet the troops of a new and even more terrible Pharaoh. At any moment these troops would storm through the ghetto gates to carry out Adolf Hitler's order to deport all the Jews remaining in Warsaw.

But this time the Jews were ready for them. As ready as they could be. While they waited restlessly, eagerly, they inhaled the perfumes of spring and roamed the forests and green fields of their imaginations, bathing in crystal streams, listening to the laughter of children at play amid flowers gaily ablaze and trees damp with dew. How good to be alive on this beautiful April day. Suddenly reverie dissolved in the mocking cruelty of nature.

"Had the city been dark, if a storm had been raging, if gusts of rain had been pouring down, perhaps it would have been easier to accept death," wrote one fighter later. "Yet, it seemed that nature had allied itself with the enemy, and had provoked us the more on the threshold of oblivion."

Lending a grotesque glitter to nature's trick was the "snow" that covered the streets like a thick white rug. The snow of the ghetto: down and feathers from Jewish bedding left behind by the

doomed and thrown out of windows by discriminating Nazi scavengers, together with unusable clothing, kitchenware, furnishings, and other personal articles. The pathetic relics of a community dying after more than a thousand years of vigorous life.

It was in the year 893, according to legend, that the first Jews settled in Poland (earlier, some historical accounts indicate). A group, fleeing persecution in the land of the Franks, were wandering in search of a safe refuge when, one day, as they stopped to pray for guidance, a tablet fell from heaven with the words "Go to Poland!" inscribed on it. The Jews obeyed, and the ruling prince of Poland, an idol worshiper, warmly greeted them: "My land is open to you. You may settle wherever you desire. . . . But you must bring down the rain by praying to your God whenever needed."

The Jews agreed and settled in Poland, and God brought down the rain. The settlers multiplied, especially after the fourteenth century, when Casimir the Great welcomed victims of persecution from Spain and Germany. By 1939 Jews represented ten percent of Poland's population, a vital, hardworking—and unhappy—community.

Not only did most Jews remain poor, but their Polish overlords despised and oppressed them, especially with the growth of Polish nationalism in the nineteenth century. Though the Jews played a role in a number of Polish uprisings against foreign rulers, most clung to their Yiddish language and separate traditions.* They were no longer welcome. Finally, in September 1939, the Germans stormed into Poland and promised to settle the "Jewish problem." They were as good as their word.

In October 1940 they locked all the Jews of Warsaw into a deadly ghetto pressure cooker surrounded by a brick wall ten feet high



Aharon Chmielnicki, ZOB fighter (and baker) in Productive Ghetto
(Aharon Chmielnicki)

*When the Cossacks launched a revolt against their Polish rulers in 1648, the Jews, the chief target of Cossack atrocities, joined the Poles in defending their regime. In Nemirov, the Jewish defenders were overjoyed to see an army with Polish banners approach the city. But when they opened the gates, they found themselves under attack by a Cossack horde in Polish uniforms. The Cossacks thus massacred 6000 Jews—in connivance with the Poles. The Poles also betrayed the Jews in Tulchin. Only in Lvov did the Poles refuse to surrender the Jews, and with their help they successfully defended the city. In 1668, the Poles betrayed the Jews of Uman to the terrible Gonta and his savage hordes. The Jews withdrew to the synagogue and fought to the last drop of blood, either taking their lives or dying in battle.

and eleven miles long with fourteen tightly guarded entrances. Atop the wall were glass splinters embedded in plaster to discourage escape. Shaped like a hammerhead, the ghetto covered 840 acres of slumland in the northern section of the city. Impoverished Poles who had shared with the Jews the solid blocks of nineteenth-century slope-roofed tenements, two to six stories high, now were transferred to the "Aryan side of town," where they were given the homes forcibly abandoned by Jews.

Simultaneously, into the festering ghetto jungle pressed almost a half-million Jews, about a third of Warsaw's population, including many thousands of refugees from other towns. They squeezed into every corner of every brick-and-stucco building and even overflowed into the stairways leading to courtyards from which high arched gateways opened to the street or to courtyards of neighboring buildings. They averaged thirteen to a room, people with hardly any food, with no medicine or hope who would die of starvation and disease at the rate of fifty thousand a year.

Indeed, the Nazi design was not simply to segregate the Jews but to deliberately create conditions that would destroy them. Each ghetto resident was thus condemned to die with an official daily food ration of under three hundred calories, many times less than a human being needed: twenty grams of bread; a spoonful of kasha, or groats; a thimbleful of condensed milk; and sometimes a few ounces of sugar.

Soon, skeletal figures with yellow swollen faces sat propped against the walls of buildings, their puffy slitlike eyes vacant, their gnarled hands reaching out to indifferent pedestrians for bread.* Others, already dead, lay covered with old newspapers along the curbs, awaiting the gravediggers who would haul them off in handcarts to mass graves. Children crawled on all fours, resem-



Sewek Toporek, member
of Rettungskommando
(*Sewek Toporek*)

*When Emmanuel Ringelblum, the Warsaw Ghetto historian, asked one ghetto cultural figure, Shmuel Stupnitski, the reason for the "heartless indifference" with which people walked past corpses in the street, Stupnitski replied, "It is little short of a miracle that people are not depressed and broken by these macabre street scenes, that they do not lose their equilibrium at the sight of large hosts of naked, barefoot, emaciated children in the streets. Were it not for this heartless indifference these encounters in the streets would paralyze all existence, would induce a mood of melancholy and despair causing resignation and decline. For this reason I regard the callousness which the Jews of the ghetto have developed as a positive manifestation. They walk past the dead bodies and continue the battle for existence."

bling monkeys. They snatched packages of food from people on the street, swallowing as much as possible before they could be caught. When one "snatcher," or *khapper* as he was called in Yiddish, dropped a jar of soup, he lapped up the contents, mud and all, hardly aware that the screaming owner was kicking him in the head. One woman even cannibalized her dead baby.¹ And with starvation came typhus, which filled the understaffed hospitals with people fated to die on filthy lice-ridden straw mattresses—often three or four to a mattress—without medical care.

But to the Nazis' rage and frustration, the Jews found ways to survive. House committees were set up in each building to help the poorest. Soup kitchens were opened. Gardens were cultivated on balconies and roofs. And, most important of all, clandestine trade links were established with the Aryan side. Risking instant execution, daredevil amateur smugglers, often children, crawled through sewer pipes and small breaches in the wall to exchange precious family possessions for a pocketful of food. Professional smugglers, Jews and Poles, engaged in more sophisticated operations with key ghetto guards on their payroll. They ruthlessly exploited their starving customers while living lavishly among them. Often they stepped over corpses to enter glittering ghetto cabarets, where they caroused with other underworld profiteers and Nazi collaborators. Yet their services were indispensable.

"Garbage collectors" left the ghetto with refuse in their wagons and returned with food. "Milkmen" funneled milk into a pipe that ran from a rooftop on the Aryan side to another in the ghetto. "Undertakers" hid goods in their hearses. "Butchers" herded live cows and oxen over specially constructed mobile ramps on both sides of the wall. Raw materials were smuggled in to nourish a thriving improvised industrial system that produced goods for sale on the Aryan side. These materials supplemented the tons of waste products collected inside the ghetto for recycling. Dresses, sweaters, and coats were fashioned from rags. Suitcases were made from the fiber of old ledgers. Brushes were created from hair, feathers, and broom bristles. House slippers were manufactured from woven paper and wood.

Thus, most people managed to eat more than they were supposed to, thwarting the Nazi effort to destroy ghetto morale, the will to survive. The Jews even persisted in enriching their minds and souls in the midst of all the horror. The Yiddish theater and



Jacob Putermilch, ZOB
fighter in Productive Ghetto
(Jacob Putermilch)

other cultural institutions thrived, and schools, though forbidden, secretly served child and adult alike in attics, cellars, and public kitchens, courtesy of the youth and welfare organizations.

The Germans decided they must use a more reliable method of extermination. At first, in spring 1942, they depended on SS men like Heinrich Klaustermeyer and Josef Blösche—the latter known to the Jews as Frankenstein—to sap morale and thereby clear the way. This dreaded pair would fire at strollers or people standing in windows, rape and then slay young women, and force some victims to drink poison. This was only the beginning.

By early summer, swarms of people began gathering in little groups behind the housegates, and with frightened eyes and hushed voices they exchanged the latest rumors. The whole ghetto was to be deported! No, that was impossible! Not a half-million people! And besides, many of the Jews worked in ghetto factories, or “shops,” which turned out goods for the Wehrmacht, the German Army. The Nazis needed them. The tension grew, and finally, on July 22, the posters appeared. “Resettlement!” The rumors were true. But where would they be sent?

That day a long line of boxcars pulled into Umschlagplatz, a great square at the northern edge of the ghetto that would be the railhead for resettlement. Amid scenes of chaos and hysteria, thousands of men, women, and children were jammed into the boxcars. Day after day the grisly caravans departed for the gas chambers with their loads of human flesh. But even as reports of their destination spread, the people did not, would not, believe.

And those few who did still would not resist or, in most cases, even try to hide, either fearing discovery and execution or feeling they could not let their loved ones leave alone.

Janusz Korczak, a gentle bearded man who ran an orphanage, knew. But when the Germans came for his two hundred children, he insisted on going with them even though he himself was not yet marked for deportation. He brushed and polished them and dressed them in their best clothes, buttoning the coat of one child, straightening the cap of another, wiping away the tears of a third. No crying! And they must take their schoolbooks so they could study when they weren’t “working in the forest.” Then, holding one child by the hand, he calmly signaled to the others, silently lined up behind him in neat rows, and began marching toward the boxcars.



Dvora Baron, ZOB
fighter in
Brushmakers'
District (*Beit
Lohamei Haghetat*)

Finally, on September 13, the cars ground to a halt. The *Aktion*, as the Germans called their roundups, was over. And the ghetto shrank within the encircling wall, with survivors herded mainly into three areas.

The largest was the Central Ghetto in the north, which had been whittled down to about a dozen square blocks. Here lived the “nonproductive” Jews, the most expendable since only one large factory here was producing goods for the Wehrmacht. Separated from this area by a wall to the east was the Brushmakers’ District, about a single square block where several factories turned out brushes of every kind for military consumption. The third enclave, the Productive Ghetto, was concentrated mainly on three isolated streets to the south and embraced most of the factories. Stone walls stretched around each plant and its workers’ quarters, and Jews had to remain within the walls.

Between the Central and Productive ghettos was the Wild Ghetto, a no-man’s-land uninhabited since the first deportations of summer 1942. Providing shelter for Jews, Poles, smugglers, thieves—almost anyone hiding from Nazi terror—it was a mecca of desperate men. Even the police feared to challenge the ghosts peering from behind the fluttering curtains in the shattered windows.

At the southern corner of the ghetto, separated from the Productive Ghetto by many blocks of deserted dwellings, was nestled the Small Ghetto, where a few thousand Jews worked in a German factory on Prosta Street.

The surviving ghetto population numbered about sixty thousand, a little more than half of them legally registered workers, the rest “wild” Jews who had hidden and failed to report for “selection.” These survivors had been segregated into little knots of humanity, all the easier to scoop up in the next *Aktion*.

It came on January 18, 1943—a total surprise. But by now the people knew that the boxcars dumped their loads in the gas chambers of Treblinka. The fighters among them greeted the Nazis with gunfire, knives, stones, fists, and the Germans slunk away in shock after four days.

The ghetto had fought—and won! But the Nazis would be back. And so the fighters prepared in earnest for the final showdown. They would redeem the honor of their people, who had gone to Treblinka without a fight. The survivors would depart as their



ELIEZER GELLER
ZOB commander in Productive
Ghetto. (Yad Vashem)

THE FIGHTERS AMONG THEM GREETED THE NAZIS WITH GUNFIRE, KNIVES, STONES, FISTS, AND THE GERMANS SLUNK AWAY IN SHOCK AFTER FOUR DAYS.

forefathers had arrived—with a gift of rain. Not water this time, but bullets. They would not give themselves up alive. They would emulate Masada, where two thousand years earlier another group of besieged Jews had slain themselves rather than bow to the conquering Romans.

And so, on this glorious spring morning of the last *Aktion*, in the frivolous glare of sun and “snow,” the fighters awaited their hour of sublime triumph, their moment of death.¹

Captain Henryk Iwanski,
Home Army officer who
helped Jews (*Henryk Iwanski*)



Zachariah Artstein, a
ZOB commander in
Central Ghetto
(*Beit Lohamei
Haghetat*)

Simcha Rathajzer,
ZOB fighter, left, with
Polish partisan;
Yitzhak Zuckerman
follows
(*Simcha Rathajzer*)





German war prisoners at the Brandenburg Gate. This is the end of the 1000 year Third Reich. Credit for this picture is given to the war photographer IVAN SHAGIN.

The Stroop Report

The Jewish Quarter of Warsaw Is No More!

The 1943 Warsaw Ghetto Uprising was a unique instance of organized Jewish resistance to the Nazi program genocide. For 28 days, Jews imprisoned in the Ghetto, with little more than homemade Molotov cocktails for weapons, attempted vainly to withstand an overpowering military siege. THE STROOP REPORT: The Jewish Quarter of Warsaw Is No More! is the official Nazi account of this battle.

THE STROOP REPORT--originally bound in black leather as a memento for SS Chief Himmler--was assembled by SS Major-General Juergen Stroop, who commanded the "grand operation" which liquidated the Ghetto. It consists of an introduction by Stroop himself, 32 teletypes which describe the daily operations in macabre detail, and a series of photographs that depict a nightmarish landscape of death and destruction. This translation and facsimile edition of the original German report brings to our attention a bizarre and vivid document which has been practically unknown in the English-speaking world.

Almost as chilling as the events themselves is the language of THE STROOP REPORT. Andrzej Wirth, who edited the first German facsimile editions of the report, points out in his introduction the gross distortions and misconceptions conveyed by the report's technical, military, and bureaucratic language:

"transfers" are actually deportations to the death camp Treblinka; "fortifications on high ground" are really uselessly barricaded second-and third-floor apartments; "Jews and Polish bandits" are routinely "destroyed" by fire or "transport." Mass murder is abstracted into a statistical quantity: "The total number of Jews apprehended has risen to 55,855." The tally also includes attack and blockade forces, German losses, booty, ammunition, and "bunkers" destroyed.

The reader of THE STROOP REPORT is confronted with a continuous provocation to acknowledge the past, and to ask jarring questions about the relationship of political processes to the uses of language--language that at times is discomfitingly familiar and contemporary.

Jurgen (ne'e Josef) Stroop was a clerk in the land registry of his native province until he joined the Nazi party and the SS in 1932. He was sentenced to death by an American military court for the killing of parachuted airmen but was extradited to Poland, where he was hanged.



Es wurden verwundet

am 19.4.43 H-Ps.Gren. Wilhelm Schneider, geb.25.1.25, 2.H-Ps.Gren.Ers.Btl.
H-Ps.Gren. Friedrich Scholz, geb. 2.6.10, 1.H-Ps.Gren.Ers.Btl.
H-Ps.Gren. Karl Gnant, geb. 31.7.07, 2. H-Ps.Gren.Ers.Btl.
H-Reiter Oskar Reinke, geb.26.8.24, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Reiter Alex Wissinger, geb. 11.11.24, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Reiter Johannes Neugebauer, geb. 6.3.12, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Reiter Anton Ingrund, geb. 22.9.22, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Reiter Günther Reitzig, geb.7.11.24, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Reiter Franz Strobl, geb. 2.3.22, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Strm. Heins Kruse, geb. 4.12.22, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Reiter Anton Müller, geb. 2.12.21, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Strm. Johann Tyreck, geb. 6.2.20, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Reiter Friedrich Böhm, geb. 8.11.16, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Reiter Karl Zechmeister, geb. 5.3.15, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

H-Sturm.scharf. Rudolf Kosmala, geb.31.10.01, Sicherheitspol.
H-Rttf. Fritz Röhrenschopf, geb. 21.8.10, Sicherheitspolizei

Wachmann Paul Nestarenko, geb.17.8.19, Ausb.L.Tr.Trawniki
Wachmann Andrej Dawidenko, geb.31.1.23, Ausb.L.Tr.Trawniki
Wachmann Michael Minenko, geb. 11.2.21, Ausb.L.Tr.Trawniki
Wachmann Nikolai Husulak, geb. 16.3.23, Ausb.L.Tr.Trawniki
Wachmann Borys Roschdestwenskyj, geb.10.4.14, Ausb.L.Tr.Trawniki
Wachmann Andrej Prottschenko, geb.1.10.22, Ausb.L.Tr.Trawniki

poln. Pol.Wm. Franziszek Kluzniski, geb. 30.1.13, 7.Komm.
poln. Pol.Mstr. Wacław Frydrykewicz, geb. 16.5.04, 1.Komm.

am 20.4.43 H-Ps.Gren. Alfons Hausa, geb.10.5.12, 2.H-Ps.Gren.Ers.Btl.
H-Ps.Gren. Valentin Malle, geb. 13.2.13, 2.H-Ps.Gren.Ers.Btl.
H-Reiter Ludwig Schay, geb. 30.11.22, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
H-Reiter Anton Heist, geb. 7.9.21, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

Wm.d.Schp. Wilhelm Clemm, geb.3.2.43, III./H-Pol. 22
Otw.d.Schp. Kurt Spreßer, geb.11.9.07, I./H-Pol. 22
Wm.d.Schp. Rudolf Kreys, geb. 25.10.08, I./H-Pol. 22

Feldwebel Joseph Siegert, geb.17.2.97, Eisenb.Pz.E.Abt.
Pl.Kdo.Rembertow

The following were wounded:

On 19 April 1943

SS Panzer Grenadier Wilhelm Schneider, born 25 January 1925, 2nd SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Panzer Grenadier Friedrich Scholz, born 2 June 1910, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Panzer Grenadier Karl Gnant, born 31 July 1907, 2nd SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Trooper Oskar Reinke, born 26 August 1924, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Trooper Alex Wissinger, born 11 November 1924, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Trooper Johannes Neugebauer, born 6 March 1912, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Trooper Anton Imgrund, born 22 September 1922, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Trooper Guenther Reitzig, born 7 November 1924, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Trooper Franz Strobl, born 2 March 1922, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Private First Class Heinz Kruse, born 4 December 1922, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Trooper Anton Mueller, born 2 December 1921, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Private First Class Johann Tyreck, born 6 February 1920, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Trooper Friedrich Boehm, born 8 November 1916, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Trooper Karl Zechmeister, born 5 March 1915, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Sergeant-Major Rudolf Kosmala, born 31 October 1901, Security Police
SS Corporal Fritz Ruehenschopf, born 21 August 1910, Security Police
Guard Paul Nestarenko, born 17 August 1919, Trawniki Training Camp
Guard Andrej Dawidenko, born 31 January 1923, Trawniki Training Camp
Guard Michael Minenko, born 11 February 1921, Trawniki Training Camp
Guard Nikolai Huzulak, born 16 March 1923, Trawniki Training Camp
Guard Borys Roschdestwenskyj, born 10 April 1914, Trawniki Training Camp
Guard Andrej Prottschenko, born 1 October 1922, Trawniki Training Camp
Polish Police Sergeant Franziszek Kluzniski, born 30 January 1913, 7th Commissariat
Polish Police Sergeant-Major Wacław Frydrykewicz, born 16 May 1904, 1st Commissariat

On 20 April 1943

SS Panzer Grenadier Alfons Hausa, born 10 May 1912, 2nd SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Panzer Grenadier Valentin Malle, born 13 February 1913, 2nd SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Trooper Ludwig Schay, born 30 November 1922, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Trooper Anton Heist, born 7 September 1921, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
Sergeant of the Protective Police Wilhelm Clemm, born 3 February 1943 [sic], SS Police Regiment 22, 3d Battalion
Staff Sergeant of the Protective Police Kurt Sprotte, born 11 September 1907, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 1st Battalion
Sergeant of the Protective Police Rudolf Kreuz, born 25 October 1908, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 1st Battalion
Technical Sergeant Joseph Siegert, born 12 February 1897, Engineers Detail of the Railway Armored Trains—Reserve Division Rembertow

†-Uscha. Sepp Mayowski, geb.23.12.14, Ausb.L.Trawniki

poln.Pol.Wm. Boleslaw Grusnecki, geb. 1.6.14,Gel.u.Wach-Abt.

am 21.4.43 †-Reiter Johann Lebis, geb.6.6.21, †-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

Zugwm.d.Schp. Kurt Szesnik, geb. 9.11.09, III/†-Pol. 22

Zugwm.d.Schp. Erich Pörschke, geb. 30.12.14, I/†-Pol. 22

Wachmann Iwan Knyhynyzkyj, geb. 21.7.23, Ausb.L. Trawniki

am 22.4.43 Zugwm.d.Schp. Otto Koglin, geb. 3.4.11, I/†-Pol. 22

am 23.4.43 Zugwm.d.Schp. Erich Waclawik, geb. 25.4.10, III/†-Pol. 22

Wm.d.Schp.d.R. Karl Neidhard, geb. 14.3.03, III/†-Pol. 22

Wachmann Emil Schmidt, geb. 2.2.23, Ausb.L. Trawniki

am 24.4.43 †-Uscha. Franz Lüdke, geb. 22.10.22, 1.†-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.

†-Pz.Gren. Siegfried Böckmann, geb.14.10.12, 1.†-Pz.Gren.E.B.

Gruppen-Wm. Wladimir Usik, geb. 16.6.17, Ausb.L.Trawniki

am 25.4.43 †-Pz.Gren. Werner Burkhardt, geb., 6.11.06, 1.†-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.

†-Pz.Gren. Walter Schmidt, geb. 13.7.21, 1.†-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.

†-Rttf. Fritz Krenzke, geb. 1.11.12, †-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

†-Scharf. Nieratschker, Hugo, geb.18.6.09, Sicherheitspolizei

am 27.4.43 †-Pz.Gren. Friedrich Czzielung, geb.5.4.07, 1.†-Pz.Gren.E.B.

†-Pz.Gren. Heinrich Meyer, geb. 16.10.10, 1.†-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl

Gruppen-Wm. Jurko Kosatschok, geb.3.5.21, Ausb.L. Trawniki

poln. Pol.Wm. Boleslaw Stasik, geb.18.9.10, 8. Komm.

am 28.4.43 †-Strm. Hans Pörry, geb. 10.4.23, 1.†-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.

†-Uscha. Erich Schulz, geb. 25.1.24, 2.†-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.

Wm.d.Schp.d.R. Oskar Hexel, geb. 15.2.17, III/†-Pol. 22

SS Technical Sergeant Sepp Mayowski, born 23 December 1914, Trawniki Training Camp
Polish Police Sergeant Boleslaw Gruschecki, born 1 June 1914, Field and Guard Division

On 21 April 1943

SS Trooper Johann Lebisck, born 6 June 1921, Cavalry Reserve Division
Train Guard of the Protective Police Kurt Szesnik, born 9 November 1909, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 3d Battalion
Train Sergeant of the Protective Police Erich Paerschke, born 30 December 1914, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 1st Battalion
Guard Iwan Knyhynyzyj, born 21 July 1923, Trawniki Training Camp

On 22 April 1943

Train Sergeant of the Protective Police Otto Koglin, born 3 April 1911, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 1st Battalion

On 23 April 1943

Train Sergeant of the Protective Police Erich Waclawik, born 25 April 1910, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 3d Battalion
Sergeant of the Protective Police Reserves Karl Neidhard, born 14 March 1903, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 3d Battalion
Guard Emil Schmidt, born 2 February 1923, Trawniki Training Camp

On 24 April 1943

SS Sergeant Franz Luedke, born 22 October 1922, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Panzer Grenadier Siegfried Boeckmann, born 14 October 1912, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
Unit Guard Wladimir Usik, born 16 June 1917, Trawniki Training Camp

On 25 April 1943

SS Panzer Grenadier Werner Burkhardt, born 6 November 1906, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Panzer Grenadier Walter Schmidt, born 13 July 1921, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Corporal Fritz Krenzke, born 1 November 1912, SS Cavalry Reserve Division
SS Staff Sergeant Hugo Nieratschker, born 18 June 1909, Security Police

On 27 April 1943

SS Panzer Grenadier Friedrich Czwiellung, born 5 April 1907, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Panzer Grenadier Heinrich Meyer, born 16 October 1910, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
Unit Guard Jurko Kosatschok, born 3 May 1921, Trawniki Training Camp
Polish Police Sergeant Boleslaw Stasik, born 18 September 1910, 8th Commissariat

On 28 April 1943

SS Private First Class Hans Petry, born 10 April 1923, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
SS Sergeant Erich Schulz, born 25 January 1924, 2nd SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion
Sergeant of the Protective Police Oskar Hexel, born 15 February 1917, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 3d Battalion

am 1.5.43 poln.Pol.-Anw. Jerzy Mostowski, geb.21.1.20, Gel.u.Wach-Abt.
 poln. Pol.Wm. Antoni Gladkowski, geb.21.1.04 Gel.u.Wach-Abt.

am 2.5.43 Obw.d.Schp. Robert Linke, geb. 6.3.09, III/4-Pol. 22

am 3.5.43 4-Pz.Gren. Clemens Kapitza, geb.22.11.24, 1.4-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.
 4-Reiter Georg Pöpl, geb. 18.1.24, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
 4-Schütze Andreas Kuding, geb. 25.1.24, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

am 5.5.43 4-Rttf. Fritz Wiek, geb. 15.8.21, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

am 6.5.43 4-Uscha. Hans Forster, geb. 31.5.14, 2.4-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.

am 7.5.43 4-Reiter Ludwig Török, geb. 8.9.24, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

am 8.5.43 4-Uscha. Fritz Vogel, geb. 31.10.20, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
 4-Uscha. Robert Hauschild, geb. 19.3.21, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
 Schütze Otto Kiel, geb. 17.4.24, Eisenb.Pz.E-Abt.PI-Kdo.
 Rembertow

am 10.5.43 4-Mann Johann Nieszner, geb. 23.4.22, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
 4-Mann Hermann Herbst, geb. 26.4.25, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
 4-Mann Rudolf Hörnicke, geb. 27.8.25, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
 4-Reiter Anton Heit, geb. 17.9.21, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

am 11.5.43 4-Uscha. Hugo Mielke, geb. 9.6.12, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
 4-Reiter Werner Erbes, geb. 24.5.24, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

am 12.5.43 -Rttf. Josef Schuster, geb. 15.3.20, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.

am 13.5.43 4-Schütze Johann Barlock, geb.24.12.23, 4-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
 4-Pz.Gren. Otto Döppe, geb. 1.11.24, 3. 4-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.
 4-Pz.Gren. Franz Kosars, geb. 6.1.24, 3.4-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.
 4-Pz.Gren. Alfred Baldt, geb.15.9.06, 5.4-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.

On 1 May 1943

Polish Police Private Jerzy Mostowski, born 21 January 1920, Field and Guard Division

Polish Police Sergeant Antoni Gladkowski, born 21 January 1904, Field and Guard Division

On 2 May 1943

Staff Sergeant of the Protective Police Robert Linke, born 6 March 1909, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 3d Battalion

On 3 May 1943

SS Panzer Grenadier Clemens Kapitza, born 22 November 1924, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

SS Trooper Georg Poeppel, born 18 January 1924, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

SS Private Andreas Kuding, born 25 January 1924, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

On 5 May 1943

SS Corporal Fritz Wiek, born 15 August 1921, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

On 6 May 1943

SS Sergeant Hans Forster, born 31 May 1914, 2nd SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

On 7 May 1943

SS Trooper Ludwig Toeroek, born 8 September 1924, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

On 8 May 1943

SS Sergeant Fritz Vogel, born 31 October 1920, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

SS Sergeant Robert Hauschild, born 19 March 1921, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

Private Otto Kiel, born 17 April 1924, Engineers Detail of the Railway Armored Trains—Reserve Division Rembertow

On 10 May 1943

SS Private Johann Nieszner, born 23 April 1922, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

SS Private Hermann Herbst, born 26 April 1925, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

SS Private Rudolf Hoernicke, born 27 August 1925, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

SS Trooper Anton Heit, born 17 September 1921, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

On 11 May 1943

SS Sergeant Hugo Mielke, born 9 June 1912, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

SS Trooper Werner Erbes, born 24 May 1924, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

On 12 May 1943

SS Corporal Josef Schuster, born 15 March 1920, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

On 13 May 1943

SS Private Johann Barlock, born 24 December 1923, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

SS Panzer Grenadier Otto Doeppe, born 1 November 1924, 3d SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

SS Panzer Grenadier Frank Kosarz, born 6 January 1924, 3d SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

SS Panzer Grenadier Alfred Baldt, born 15 September 1906, 5th SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

For Fuehrer and Fatherland¹

The following fell in the battle to destroy the Jews and bandits in the former Jewish quarter of Warsaw:

On 20 April 1943

SS Panzer Grenadier Paul Jaeger, born 14 January 1925, SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Division

Corporal Joseph Strupp, born 16 March 1907, Light Artillery Anti-aircraft Alarm Battery No. III/8

Private Christian Hohbein, born 23 July 1900, Light Artillery Anti-aircraft Alarm Battery No. III/8

On 22 April 1943

SS Second Lieutenant Otto Dehmke, born 4 July 1921, SS Cavalry Reserve Division

Guard Willi Stark, born 4 April 1920, Trawniki Training Camp

Guard Borys Odartschenko, born 11 January 1923, Trawniki Training Camp

On 1 May 1943

Corporal of the Protective Police Hans J. Bolze, born 9 October 1920, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 3d Battalion

SS Corporal Edmund Lotholz, born 1 November 1904, Security Police

On 6 May 1943

Staff Sergeant of the Protective Police Horst Riemer, born 10 May 1908, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 1st Battalion

Sergeant of the Protective Police Rudolf Hartmann, born 8 June 1909, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 1st Battalion

On 8 May 1943

SS Panzer Grenadier Lorenz Bichler, born 21 October 1924, 2nd SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

SS Panzer Grenadier Helmut Hinz, born 25 April 1925, 4th SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion No. 4

On 11 May 1943

SS Private First Class Heinz Lehmann, born 16 February 1912, 1st SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

On 13 May 1943

SS Panzer Grenadier Heinz Stuwe, born 30 November 1924, 3d SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

SS Panzer Grenadier Gerhard Fritz, born 25 April 1924, 3d SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

In addition, the Polish Police Sergeant-Major Julian Zielinski, born 13 November 1891, 14th Commissariat, was killed on 19 April 1943 while carrying out his duties.

They gave their utmost, their lives. We shall never forget them.

**F ü r d e n F ü h r e r u n d
f ü r i h r V a t e r l a n d**

sind im Kampf bei der Vernichtung von Juden und Banditen
im ehemaligen jüdischen Wohnbezirk in Warschau gefallen:

- Am 20.4.43 H-Pz.Gren. Paul Jäger, geb. 14.1.25, 4.H-Pz.Gren.Ers.Abt.
Gefr. Joseph Strupp, geb. 16.3.07, L.A.Batr. III/8 Flak
Schütze Christian Honlein, geb. 23.7.00, L.A.Batr. III/8 Flak
- am 22.4.43 H-Ustuf. Otto Dencke, geb. 4.7.21, H-Kav.-Ers.-Abt.
Wachmann Willi Stark, geb. 4.4.20, Ausb.L.Trawniki
Wachmann Borys Oartschenko, geb. 11.1.23, Ausb.L.Trawniki
- am 1.5.43 Rttw.d.Schp. Hans-J. Bolze, geb. 9.10.20, III/4-Pol. 22
H-Rttf. Edmund Lotholz, geb. 1.11.04, Sicherneitspolizei
- am 6.5.43 Obw.d.Schp. Horst Riemer, geb. 10.5.08, I/4-Pol. 22
Wm. d.Schp. Rudolf Hartmann, geb. 8.6.09, I/4-Pol. 22
- am 8.5.43 H-Pz.Gren. Lorenz Beckler, geb. 21.10.24, 2.H-Pz.Gren.E.B.
H-Pz.Gren. Helmut Hinz, geb. 27.4.25, 4. H-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.
- am 11.5.43 H-Strm. Heinz Lehmann, geb. 16.2.12, 1. H-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.
- am 13.5.43 H-Pz.Gren. Heinz Stumpe, geb. 30.11.24, 3. H-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.
H-Pz.Gren. Gertraud Fritz, geb. 25.4.24, 3. H-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.
- Ferner fiel in Ausübung seines Dienstes am 19.4.43 der
poln. Pol.-Hptw. Julian Zielinski, geb. 13.11.91, 14. Komm.

Sie setzten Ihr Höchstes, Ihr Leben, ein. Wir werden Sie nie vergessen.

am 14.5.43 ~~H~~-Oscha. Thomas Wachter, geb.12.2.19, 4.~~H~~-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.
~~H~~-Rttf. Josef Posch, geb. 22.7.20, 4. ~~H~~-Pz.Gren.Ers.Batl.
~~H~~-Uschna. Martin Enzbrunner, geb.19.1.22, 4.~~H~~-Pz.Gren.E.B.
~~H~~-Pz.Gren.Hans Räder, geb. 10.10.16, 4. ~~H~~-Pz.Gren.Ers.Btl.
 Zugw.d.Scnp. Alfons Czapp, geb.15.9.11, I/~~H~~-Pol. 22

am 15.5.43 Wm.d.Schp.d.R. Otto Luenen, geb.19.12.05, III/~~H~~-Pol. 23



Mordechai Growas,
 ZOB fighter in Central
 Ghetto
(Beit Lohamei Haghetoot)

Lutek Rotblatt, ZOB fighter in
 Central Ghetto *(Beit Lohamei Haghetoot)*



Mira Fuchrer, ZOB fighter
 in Central Ghetto
(Beit Lohamei Haghetoot)

Masha Glytman, ZOB
 fighter in Central
 Ghetto
(Masha Glytman)



On 14 May 1943

SS Technical Sergeant Thomas Wachter, born 12 February 1919, 4th SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

SS Corporal Josef Posch, born 22 July 1920, 4th SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

SS Sergeant Martin Enzbrunner, born 19 January 1922, 4th SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

SS Panzer Grenadier Hans Raeder, born 10 October 1916, 4th SS Panzer Grenadier Reserve Battalion

Train Sergeant of the Protective Police Alfons Czapp, born 15 September 1911, SS Police Regiment No. 22, 1st Battalion

On 15 May 1943

Sergeant of the Protective Police Reserves Otto Luenen, born 19 December 1905, SS Police Regiment No. 23, 3d Battalion



Regina Fuden, ZOB fighter



Israel Kanal, a ZOB

Tuvia Borzykowski,
ZOB fighter in Central
Ghetto
(Yad Vashem)



Einsatzkräfte

Durchschnitts-
Tageseinsatz

Waffen-#::

W-Pz.Gren.Ausb.u.Ers.Btl. 3 Warschau	4/440
W-Kav.-Ausb.-u.Ers.-Abt. Warschau	5/381

Ordnungspolizei:

W-Pol.-Rgt. 22, I. Btl.	3/94
III. Btl.	3/134
Technische Nothilfe	1/6
poln. Polizei	4/363
poln. Feuerlöschpolizei	166

<u>Sicherheitspolizei:</u>	3/32
----------------------------	------

Wehrmacht

Leichte Flakalarmbatterie III/8 Warschau	2/22
Pionierkommando d. Eisenb.Panzerzug- Ers.-Abt. Rembertow	2/42
Res.-Pionier-Btl. 14 Gora-Kalwaria	1/34

Fremdvölkische Wachmannschaften:

:1 Btl. Trawniki-Männer	2/335
-------------------------	-------

Forces Used*

	Average number of personnel used per day
<i>Waffen-SS</i>	
SS Panzer Grenadier Training and Reserve Battalion No. 3, Warsaw	4 officers/440 men
SS Cavalry Training and Reserve Division, Warsaw	5 officers/381 men
<i>Order Police</i> ²	
SS Police Regiment No. 22 1st Battalion	3 officers/ 94 men
SS Police Regiment No. 22, 3d Battalion	3 officers/134 men
Technical Emergency Corps	1 officer / 6 men
Polish Police	4 officers/363 men
Polish Fire Brigade	166 men
<i>Security Police</i>	3 officers/ 32 men
<i>Wehrmacht (Armed Forces)</i>	
Light Anti-aircraft Alarm Battery No. III/8, Warsaw	2 officers/ 22 men
Engineers Detail of the Railway Armored Trains—Reserve Division Rembertow	2 officers/ 42 men
Reserve Engineer Battalion No. 14, Gora-Kalwaria	1 officer / 34 men
<i>Foreign Ethnic Units</i>	
1 Battalion Trawniki Men ³	2 officers/335 men

* The reader will note that the lists of dead and wounded contain references to units not listed under *Forces Used*.

Andrzej Wirth, born in 1927, grew up in Warsaw and was the cultural editor of the Warsaw weekly Po-lityka. A noted literary and drama critic and profes-sor of comparative literature, he has taught since 1966 at Stanford, the City University of New York, Harvard, and the Free University of Berlin.

THE STROOP REPORT: The Jewish Quarter of Warsaw Is No More! A facsimile edition and translation of the official Nazi report on the destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto. Introduction by Andrzej Wirth. Translated from the German by Sybil Milton.



In the general assembly of the Fighters Assembly, in Yad Vashem square, in Jerusalem – on the right, Deputy Minister Dov Shilanski, chairman of the assembly, Prime Minister Ytshak Shamir, the mayor of Jerusalem Mr. Teddy Kolek, General William Levin, (from the releasers of the concentration camp of Dachau, a member of the American delegation). Aluf Mishneh Azreal Navo – military adjutant of the Prime Minister.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE BOOK:

Courier From Warsaw

By Jan Nowak



ABRAHAM BAND and VASIA on a scout mission in the vicinity of Slonim.



A group of Kovno Partisans after liberation. Left to right: An unidentified woman, A. Pilovnik, S. Rubenson and Y. Ratner.

PAVEL PRONIAGIN (left), NIONIA ZIRINSKI. Pavel was the commander of the Jewish "Schorch" battalion and Nionia a Partisan. Both were fighting heroically the enemy. Photo taken in Omsk, USSR in 1974.



*I*n the first half of 1941, the underground in Poland was a mosaic of large and small political and military organizations. Nobody knows exactly how many there were. Almost every prewar political party continuing its activity in the underground began by setting up its own private "army." In addition to units based on the larger prewar organizations, which had in fact some real strength at their disposal, there were ephemeral groups consisting of only a few persons whose weakness in numbers was often disguised by an imposing name. Under conspiratorial conditions, discovering which were serious groups was often impossible. Genuine ideological motives were quite frequently mixed with the ambitions of individuals planning for their personal and political postwar futures.

While the initiative came from below, so to speak, the multiplication of underground organizations threatened in the long run to waste our efforts in personal intrigues instead of concentrating them on fighting the common enemy. Therefore the creation of a single organization for the military underground became the first task of the ZWZ and its leader, General Stefan Rowecki. All plans and actions of a military nature were to be under one command, although each unit would have full freedom to devise its own political and social programs and to recruit members for them. The Bureau of Political Information (BIP for short) which Adam invited me to join, was to provide background information for the command of the ZWZ so that it could

survey the complicated topography of the political underground and so facilitate the discussions and establish the contacts that would make an amalgamation possible.

Although Adam spent some time persuading me of the importance of this work, I quickly decided that I had no wish to play that part of a political informer. In fact, I did not quite know how to go about it. I lacked political experience, contacts, and access to the various underground political groups. I was anxious to remain in ZWZ but hoped to find another assignment which would suit me better. An opportunity did come, by sheer luck.

Two months after the Nazi attack on Russia, while on a train trip outside Warsaw, I made a discovery which seemed to me at the time to be crucial. I learned from another passenger that, in an army hospital in a small provincial town, a leaflet from a German military underground organization had been circulated. I made furious attempts to lay hands on a copy of it. Throughout the country people had been comforting themselves with false stories like this, but in this case the story did appear to be true. Several reliable people stated categorically that they had read the leaflet, one adding that he was shown it in great secrecy by a German non-commissioned officer billeted in his house. The leaflet, I was told, was distributed by an organization within the Wehrmacht and had been brought back from the Eastern Front. I guessed that it was probably published by a cell of German communists after the outbreak of war with Russia.

The leaflet foretold a speedy defeat for Germany, I heard. For the time being, though, nothing pointed to that, as the Germans were waging yet another Blitzkrieg in Russia. Nonetheless, the news about the German leaflet at once raised the morale of the Poles. "Among the Germans," people said to each other, "there is unrest, and where? In the army. The Krauts have had enough of their victories—they've had a crawl full of them—they want to go home."

When, greatly excited, I told Adam about my discovery, he burst out laughing, to my amazement. "I know that you can keep your mouth shut," he said, "so I won't play games with you but will share one of the best-guarded secrets of the underground: it is *we* who produce these leaflets. One of my closest friends, a very energetic and inventive fellow, is in charge."

"But the leaflet I heard about was printed in Gothic type and was full of typical army slang. And besides how could it pass from



COL. GUSTAW ALEF-BOLKOWIAK was one of the organizers of the Warsaw Ghetto Underground and later was one of the main leaders of the Polish Partisan Movement. Participated in many pitched battles with the enemies. Passed away in the beginning of the 1980's in Poland.

Polish to German hands without causing suspicion?"

"We have plenty of people who speak German better than Polish and who picked up the slang in the German army during World War I."

"But how are these leaflets distributed?"

"Never from hand to hand. Only by being dropped in barracks, hospitals, railway coaches, marked *Nur Für Deutsche* ['Germans Only'], or being sent through the post. The Germans do not even suspect that these menus come from a Polish kitchen. They believe only their own; they reject everything that the enemy says."

"Is it done on a large scale?" I asked.

"It is now only starting, but, knowing the man in charge, I'm sure that it will develop and that he will always come up with new ideas. The cell is known as 'Action N'—'N' for 'Niemcy'" ('Niemcy' being the Polish word for Germany or the Germans).

What a brilliant idea, I thought: in one fell swoop one both demoralizes the enemy and improves the morale of one's own people.

I at once asked Adam to transfer me to Action N, and he agreed. Very soon a blond man of about thirty in a light gray suit appeared at our flat. At first sight he looked like a government clerk. He introduced himself as a seller of fountain pens.

"Have you got Pelican pens?" I asked.

After this exchange of passwords, the stranger introduced himself as "Leszek" (Antoni Szadkowski) and started to talk business. He knew everything about me, including the fact that I did not know much German, that I had lived in Poznan before the war, and that I had a work permit as a housing manager.

Leszek informed me that Action N was in the development stage. For the moment there was quite an efficient distribution network in Warsaw and in the *General Gouvernement*. The Germans, having occupied Poland, had incorporated all the western provinces into the Reich. In the center they created a state that they called the *General Gouvernement*, which was like a vast cage for about 12 million Polish people, completely surrounded by closed and well-guarded frontiers. Poles had no right to cross the frontiers, and crossing permits were issued only those special cases in which the journey of a Pole was in the German interest. Although the leaflets were dropped in trains going to Germany and back or were sent by mail, the lack of distribution outside the *General Gouvernement* area would sooner or



DR. STANISLAW SIERPINSKI-
MARGULIS

from Lvov, came to the Warsaw Ghetto, where he was an inmate till he joined the Underground and became one of the organizers of a special physician detachment in service for the Underground. Resides in Israel.

later lead to the exposure of the scheme. Action N foresaw an extension of its activities both to the west (the lands which had been incorporated into the Reich and the Reich itself) and to the east, the area which included the Eastern Front.

"You have lived in Poznan," said Leszek; "you know people there. Perhaps you could undertake to organize regular drops of N pamphlets in the western territories and in time build up a network for distribution in the Reich itself."

I accepted this suggestion without hesitation, not stopping to consider how the job could be done. Leszek told me once more that, to be effective, Action N must remain unknown not only to the Germans but also to the Polish community and even the other parts of ZWZ, not excepting its intelligence service.

The next meeting was held in my room at the top floor of 6 Krolewska Street, the house that I also administered. That time Leszek brought with him a girl known as "Black Janka," a short, shapely brunette, who was to maintain contact between him and me. From then on each day Janka would appear and produce the secret mail from a capacious bag. She was highly intelligent and consistently cheerful but, alas, hopelessly unpunctual—always late and on each occasion shamelessly blaming someone else for it. She was Jewish, so being on the Warsaw streets from morning till night with compromising documents required special courage.

I started work with great enthusiasm. What was required was not the dropping of Action N literature at random or through friends: a troop of couriers had to be found and conditions created for safe and frequent crossing of the frontier in both directions. It was also necessary to build up, in the western territories, a network of safe people who could handle distribution in their areas or pass material into the Reich. This effort necessitated frequent journeys.

I began by meeting a representative of "The Dairy," a cell that supplied people with false documents. I needed a certain number of frontier permits called *Durchlassscheine* empowering the bearer to cross the frontier between the *General Gouvernement* and the Reich. At the outset I suffered a disappointment. The real documents, produced in Germany, had watermarks which could not be counterfeited. The false papers produced by The Dairy were such bad forgeries that they had gained the nickname "passes to a better world." As for military documents, they obviously could only be

THAT TIME LESZEK BROUGHT WITH HIM A GIRL KNOWN AS "BLACK JANKA," A SHORT, SHAPELY BRUNETTE, WHO WAS TO MAINTAIN CONTACT BETWEEN HIM AND ME. FROM THEN ON EACH DAY JANKA WOULD APPEAR AND PRODUCE THE SECRET MAIL FROM A CAPACIOUS BAG. SHE WAS HIGHLY INTELLIGENT AND CONSISTENTLY CHEERFUL BUT ALAS, HOPELESSLY UNPUNCTUAL - ALWAYS LATE AND ON EACH OCCASION SHAMELESSLY BLAMING SOMEONE ELSE FOR IT. SHE WAS JEWISH, SO BEING ON THE WARSAW STREETS FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT WITH COMPROMISING DOCUMENTS REQUIRED SPECIAL COURAGE.

used by people who spoke fluent German.

"What documents are used by the intelligence?" I asked.

"That you will never learn. Everybody guards his own secrets. Otherwise one piece of bad luck could start a chain reaction."

* * *

Only thirty-three years later, looking through the British war archives which had just been opened to the public, did I discover with amazement that this innocent and completely apolitical radio broadcast was the subject of a behind-the-scenes correspondence between a high official of the Home Service, H. R. Cunnings, and two departments of the Foreign Office. Should a script written by a Pole on the subject of the Polish underground movement be broadcast or not? Eventually it was decided that, after deleting one sentence concerning communication with London, the talk could go on the air. The marginal comment by Allan Douglas of the Central European Department was quite telling: "I think it would be carrying self-effacement and deference to the Russians unnecessarily far for us to object to this." At the center of the British leaders' consciousness, fear of Russia operated like an unseen censor.

The reading of these secret documents in the archives led me to other discoveries. I thought that I was small fry, and was amazed to see voluminous reports and notes from the various people I met and spoke to that had found their way to the Public Records Office. I was astonished that even Eden had sent Churchill a four-page report of my conversation with him. I also found reports from lower-grade officials, experts in Polish affairs who wanted to speak to me soon after

A group of Red Army men,
among them a few Jews.



my arrival in London. Among these were Frank Savery, the former British consul in Warsaw, and Moray McLaren and David Osborne from the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office.

↙ In all these meetings I myself introduced the subject of the extermination of the Polish Jews and the destruction of the Warsaw ghetto. The crime of genocide, the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of people, the scale and methods used, unprecedented in history, seemed matters of the highest importance. Everybody had listened with interest mixed with disbelief. Thirty-odd years later, looking through the notes and reports of those interlocutors, I found all the references to the Jews omitted. Jan Karski, my predecessor, arrived in London from Poland in 1942 with extensive eye-witness information about the fate of the Jews. Before he left Poland Karski, posing as an Estonian policeman, risked his life by getting into the concentration camp at Majdanek to see with his own eyes what was happening to the Jews sent there. Karski met with Anthony Eden on his return to London and told me that at his audience he described at length the systematic and progressive extermination of the Jewish population. The undersecretary of state considered the conversation so important that a report on it was circulated to all members of the war cabinet. I looked this up at the Public Records Office and was astonished to find everything Karski had said about the extermination of the Jews omitted from the document. Why?

One explanation occurred to me. Soon after I first came to London, when the microfilms I brought with me had been developed and sent to the people interested, I was invited to meet Ignacy Szwarcbart, a Zionist activist who sat on the Polish National Council in London as representative of the Jewish minority. I was the first emissary to arrive in the west after the annihilation of the Warsaw ghetto.* Although I was in Sweden during the ghetto rising, I could give Szwarcbart tragic information about the martyrdom of the Jews which had been collected by various witnesses and which I had seen myself. Szwarcbart listened intently. Whenever he covered his eyes with his hands, I wondered whether he still had family in Poland and



HANA GRINSPAN

was a heroine. She crossed the Front-lines three times. Later on was parachuted into Galicia Poland, and made contact with the polish leader Wincenty Vitos. Her husband lost a leg inflicted during the war. They survived.

*Walter Laqueur refers to my role as an emissary who brought information and documents about the ghetto rising and the Holocaust to London; see *The Terrible Secret: Suppression of the Truth about Hitler's "Final Solution"* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1981), pp. 237-38.

whether presenting my report, monstrous in its bald facts and figures, was not an act of cruelty to this man. But Szwarcbart, as if guessing my thoughts, insisted that I tell him all I knew. He interrupted me only when I said that when I left Poland only a few hundred thousand Jews out of three million survived. "I beg you," he cried, "when speaking with the British, do not use these numbers!"

"But why?" I asked, amazed. "I did not invent them."

"Because they won't believe it. They are more likely to believe you when you tell them about those three Jewish children who escaped from the ghetto and were shot by some German civilians because the little ones could run no more—they might believe that. If you tell them that the Germans have exterminated a million or two million Jews in gas chambers, no one will believe you, *no one*—listen—the Jews themselves don't believe it."

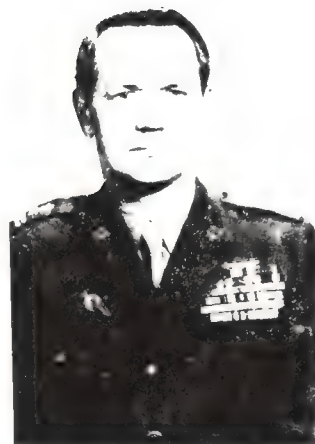
"Is it simply distrust of the Poles?" I asked. "We have the reputation of wanting to impose the most severe conditions on the Germans when they are defeated. Polish sources may be suspected of deliberately exaggerating German atrocities."

Szwarcbart denied this: "The Polish government and the underground movement in Poland are our principal sources of information, but not the only ones. Besides, the Poles pass on to us reports and documents that come from Jews themselves."

"Do you think that if, in place of myself, a Jew had just arrived from Warsaw with this news, they would disbelieve him too?" I asked.

"They would not believe him either. An emissary of the Jewish organization BUND, Szmuel Zygielbojm, reached the West. His comrades in Poland kept sending him reports here through the Polish underground. One report said that seven hundred thousand Jews had already been exterminated. One of the leaders of the Polish Socialist Party, Adam Pragier, who is himself Jewish by origin, told Zygielbojm that this was propaganda which nobody would believe, that one zero must be erased and one must say that *seventy* thousand Jews have been killed. Then public opinion in the West would accept it as possible." Zygielbojm, he said, could not bear the fact that even world-wide Jewish organizations cared nothing for his warnings. In the end he committed suicide from despair.

In the rest of the conversation it transpired that Szwarcbart had been informed of these events even before my arrival in London.



COL. ADAM KARNECKI

participated in the defense of Poland and later on fought in the Red Army. By Stalingrad he was wounded and hospitalized for 5 months. After recuperating, went back to the army, where he was parachuted in the vicinity of Kielce, Poland and fought many battles against the enemy. He and his men killed hundreds SS men with their collaborators. Survived.

By radio and courier the underground authorities had seen detailed documents, photographs, and figures about the course of the extermination plans. The Polish government passed these on to the British and to the world Jewish organizations.

I had several conversations with Szwarcbart and with other Jewish leaders to whom he introduced me. On one occasion I suggested that, in order to save what was left of the Jewish population, the British or Americans, via the BBC, should threaten reprisals against the Germans. German cities were being bombed anyway, so why not say that the raids were reprisals for the genocide? This would at least bring moral relief to that doomed people. Szwarcbart assured me that he and other Jews had made all sorts of like suggestions but always came up against a wall of disbelief.

I understood that this skepticism was itself another Jewish tragedy. The very victims of this horrible slaughter, up to the moment when they stood in front of them, would not believe that their lot was to be the gas chambers. The murder of three million people organized like a factory on a kind of conveyor-belt principle was beyond the ordinary human imagination. For a long time the Jewish population thought that perhaps, if it avoided desperate acts of violence and any kind of armed resistance, only a few thousand would die and the rest might be saved, but that if there were armed resistance all would perish. When at last the Jews in Poland understood that they had nothing to lose but their human dignity, and did take up arms, neither their brethren in the West, nor the Western leaders, nor the public could believe that the sentence of total extermination had been handed down and executed.



Polish Jews proceeding to the
Monument of the Unknown Soldier
in Warsaw, Poland.

A War Without A Cause

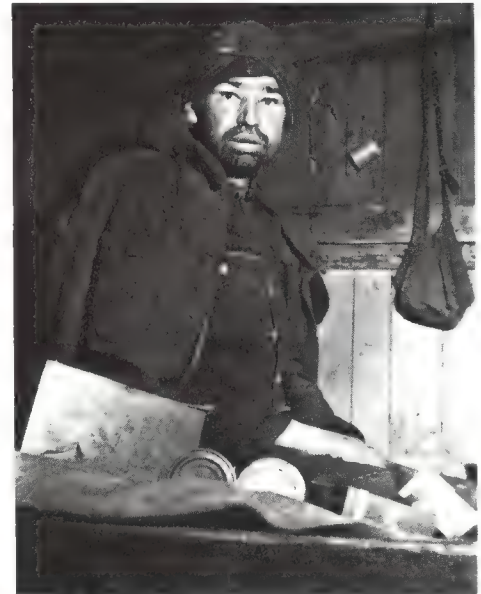
By Sally Weinrib

*The doctrine or belief that the evil in life
outweighs the good,
Applies to the event of World War Two.
When the Nazis were raging across Europe
With great force, violence and intensity,
As if ownership was their's by virtue of
birthright.
And the plan of a complete annihilation of
the Jews began.
Like a net dragged along the bottom of a river
for catching fish,
So was their organized system for gathering in
made-up criminals,
Without regard for basic principles or eventual
consequences.
As a wave with its crest broken into gray foam,
So were our spirits bending downward as a stem.
When being left destitute by the war,
Where means for mere subsistence was lacking.
Many times one's life has been put on the line,
And many times one's heart missed a beat,
When being tired and scared beyond measure,
Of a war and killing without a cause.*

Note: Sally Weinrib's short biography was printed in the first volume.



SALLY WEINRIB



An American prisoner of war in Lazarett,
with Red Cross package

Western and Soviet Views

By Graham Lyons

Fragments from my book: "Russian version of the Second World War."



A group of former Jewish Partisans in Italy, 1946.



PINICK BERMAN
was fighting in the Kruk division,
which was under the command of Gen.
A. Brinski, "Dadya Petya." He
received many Medals.

SUMMARY OF THE WESTERN POSITION

The Poles were the first victims of the Second World War. Fifteen days after Germany invaded Poland's western frontiers, the Soviet army crossed the eastern border. They met with very little resistance not only because the bulk of the Polish Army was engaging the German army, but also because the area eventually occupied (or liberated, depending on your point of view) was largely inhabited by Ukrainians and Byelorussians. Poles at that time were in fact a minority of the population of Eastern Poland. Nevertheless, in the wake of the Red Army advance 300,000 Polish soldiers were made prisoners of war, tens of thousands of civilians were deported and, later, over 12,000 Polish officers, leading statesmen and intellectuals were murdered in the Katyn forest on orders of the Soviet Government.

Some of the leading politicians had managed to escape both the Russians and Germans and make their way to London where they came together to form a broad-based Government. This Government looked after Polish affairs and co-ordinated policy with the Allies while their country was under foreign occupation. Every Polish patriot considered that this Government truly represented their interests. An underground military organization, taking its orders from the leadership in London, was immediately set up inside Poland. This was called the Home Army (*Armija Krajowa*).

On 22 June, 1941, the invasion of Soviet Russia gave the Poles and the Russians a common cause: the defeat of Germany.

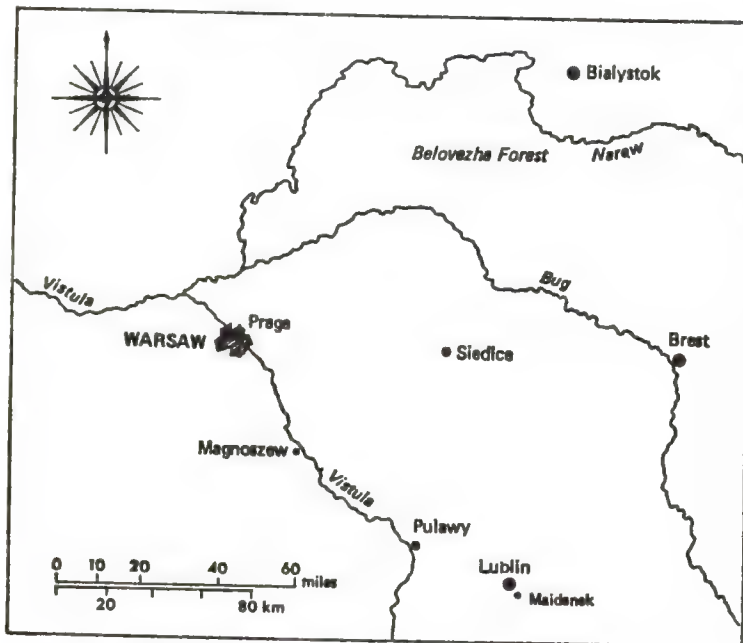
In the second half of 1943 the German army in Russia suffered an almost continuous series of defeats. In 1944 the Red Army crossed the border with Poland and began to liberate Polish territory from German occupation. By this time the Home Army had grown enormously and its thousands of members were well armed, had established good communications with each other and with London, and were organized within an efficient command structure. All this had been achieved in conditions of extreme secrecy and under ever-present threat of death and torture.

As the German troops withdrew, the Soviet Government



ISAAC FLEISCHER
commander of a "Betar" fighting group in Warsaw Ghetto.

created a civil administration consisting of Polish Communists to govern the newly liberated areas. This was called the National Liberation Committee which set itself up as a serious rival to the existing Polish Government in exile in London. The Home Army, while welcoming Red Army help in freeing Poland from German occupation, was determined not to allow a Russian-sponsored Government to be forced on Poland after the war.



On 30 July the Red Army reached Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, about twelve miles from the centre of the city and on the east of the Vistula. Red Army radio stations called on all Polish patriots to rise up and free themselves from the Nazi invaders. In response to these broadcasts, the whole Army, followed by every underground (including Communist) resistance group fiercely attacked German occupation troops and quickly captured key points in the city. Large areas of Warsaw came under Home Army control. Although the Warsaw Poles had only four days' supply of ammunition, they reasoned that within that time the Red Army



Hela Schipper, left, ZOB fighter in Central Ghetto, with unidentified woman (*Beit Lohamei Haghetat*)

would have entered the city and together they would be able to repel any German counter-attack.

However, for twenty-eight days the Red Army made no move to help the insurgents. The Germans were therefore able to assemble a number of divisions well equipped with tanks, heavy artillery and flame throwers and surround and assault the Polish position.

Desperate pleas for help from any quarter were made by the leaders of the uprising. Churchill sent Stalin a number of telegrams telling him of the severity of the fighting in Warsaw and asking for any help they could give. On 14 August he telegraphed to Eden:

It will cause the Russians much annoyance if the suggestion that the Polish patriots in Warsaw were deserted gets afoot, but they can easily prevent it by operations well within their power. It certainly is very curious that at the moment when the Underground Army has revolted the Russian armies should have halted their offensive against Warsaw and withdrawn some distance.

For them to send in all quantities of machine-guns and ammunition required by the Poles for their heroic fight would involve only a flight of 100 miles.

The Russians neither advanced their Army, dropped supplies nor gave fighter protection to counter the constant bombing of the Polish positions by the Luftwaffe.

The nearest airfields in Western hands were in southern Italy. To drop supplies meant a flight of 1,000 miles over enemy-held territory without fighter protection. Nevertheless between 13 and 16 August, seventy-nine aircraft flew on supply missions to Warsaw and only twenty were able to make their drops. Thereafter the position became worse, as German anti-aircraft measures increased on the supply route. The Russians even refused to provide for refuelling and repairs on their airfields to British and American aeroplanes. This would have enormously increased the survival ratio of the aircraft and crews on these flights.

Warsaw was destroyed: 250,000 Polish soldiers and civilians killed and the Home Army ceased to exist. One can only assume Stalin had a political motive for wanting their destruction. The leaders of the Home Army would have formed the nucleus of the leadership of a free and democratic Poland after the war. With



MAJ. JACOB MIKONOWSKI (Pseu. JASHA)

was one of the heroic Jewish officers of W.W.II. Fought in the war from 1939 until the end. He became a prisoner of war when Poland was defeated.

Escaped from a POW camp. A second time in a POW camp as a

Soviet soldier escaped and managed to cross the front lines. Later on he was parachuted as a saboteur into occupied territories of Poland.

Before his death he revealed to the Jewish historian Shlomo Strauss-Marko, that he should write, that his name was Jacob

Ben Shlomo.

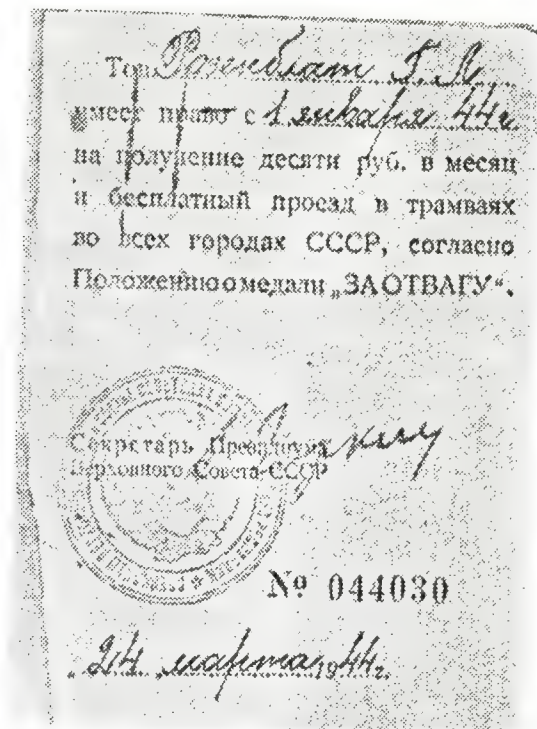
them out of the way, the Soviet inspired National Liberation Committee could take over the government of Poland without an organized rival.

The Germans had done Stalin's dirty work for him.

THE CAMP

THEY APPROACHED THE CAMP
AND THEIR EYES WERE DAMP
FOR THEY CAME TO FREE
BUT HORROR DID SEE
THE RESULT OF ONE MANS HATE
AS THEY OPENED THE GATE
SOME SAID THEY WERE ALL JEW
BUT THERE WERE OTHERS THERE TOO
THEY ALL MET THE SAME FATE
BECAUSE OF ONE MANS HATE
THE AGONY AND PAIN
MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN
THE WORLD MUST CARE
THE SHAME IT MUST BEAR
NEVER FORGET OR FORGIVE
AS LONG AS WE LIVE
WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO
BE YOU CHRISTIAN OR JEW
FOR IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU
AND YOU AND YOU.

G. MacRae. 1976



A document that spells out, that the Partisan Commander Grisha Rosenblat is distinguished for his courage in action.

Resides in Israel.

THE SOVIET VIEW

On entering Poland we were at once faced with a multitude of complex problems. In the liberated territory, which by now extended to the Vistula, there were many armed Polish groups who had fought the occupying forces: the Gwardia Ludowa, Armija Ludowa, Armija Krajowa, Bataljone Chlopskie. There were also mixed guerrilla groups led by Soviet officers who had been stranded or landed on enemy-held territory. The different groups embraced people of every conceivable political affinity drawn together in the struggle against the common enemy.

Now, with the coming of our troops, they received the opportunity of merging into a powerful force.

The Polish civilian population gave the Red Army a very warm welcome. They were obviously glad to see us and did all they could to help rout the Nazi invaders as speedily as possible. As it advanced, the Polish 1st Army swelled rapidly with volunteers from among the local population. Units of the Gwardia Ludowa, Armija Ludowa and other resistance forces joined it. Only the AK—the Armija Krajowa—kept aloof. Our first meeting with representatives of this organization left an unpleasant impression. On receiving information that a Polish formation calling itself the 7th AK Division had occupied the forests north of Lublin, we decided to send out several staff liaison officers to contact them. At the meeting the AK officers, wearing Polish uniform, held aloof and rejected our proposals for combined operations against the Nazis, declaring that the AK took its orders only from the London Polish Government and its emissaries. They defined their attitude towards us in the words, 'We shall not use arms against the Red Army, but we do not wish to have any contacts'. A sticky situation, to say the least.

Meanwhile the Polish National Liberation Committee assumed control as the central authority of the People's Government, and with it the responsibility for handling all such ticklish problems.

At the Polish Government's invitation I visited Lublin, where I met most of its members. They were all patriots of their country and at the same time internationalist revolutionaries. They were shouldering a heavy burden, but were optimistic and in high



CESIA LANDAU-BUDINSKA (Pseu.
BANDALOWSKA)

was active as a camouflaged arian girl and participated in mimeographing anti-Nazi literature. She and her husband Wladek were apprehended by the Nazis and sent to various concentration camps. They survived.

spirits. I attended a parade of units of the Polish 1st Army and a demonstration of the working people of Lublin. From that time on we maintained the closest contact with the Polish Government.

On 2 August, our intelligence agencies received information that an uprising against the Nazi occupation had started in Warsaw. Startled by the news, the Front HQ immediately went hunting for information to assess the scale and nature of the uprising. It was so sudden that we were quite at a loss, and at first we thought that the Germans might have spread the rumour, though we could not understand its purpose. Frankly speaking, the timing of the uprising was just about the worst possible in the circumstances. It was as though its leaders had deliberately chosen a time that would ensure defeat. These were the thoughts that involuntarily came to the mind. At the time, our 48th and 65th Armies were fighting more than a hundred kilometres east and north-east of Warsaw. Our right wing had been weakened by the withdrawal of two armies to GHQ Reserve, though we still had to overcome strong opposition, reach the Narew and gain a foothold on its western bank. The 70th Army had just taken Brest and was engaged in mopping-up operations in that region. The 47th Army was fighting at Siedlce, its front facing north. The 2nd Tank Army was bogged down on the approaches to Praga, the Warsaw suburb on the east bank of the Vistula, and was busy repelling the counter-attacks of the German armour. The Polish 1st Army, 8th Guards and 69th Armies had forced the Vistula at Magnoszew and Pulawy, south of Warsaw, and were seizing and widening bridgeheads on the western bank: this was the main task of our left wing, a task within their capacity which it was their duty to carry out.

Such was the position of our forces when the uprising began.

Certain carping critics in the Western press did at one time charge the First Byelorussian front and, of course, me as its Commander, with deliberately failing to support the Warsaw insurgents, thereby condemning them to death and destruction.

The Byelorussian campaign had been without parallel in scope and depth. On the front's right wing the advance had exceeded 600 kilometres. Fighting all the way, our forces had strained to the utmost to carry out the tasks set by GHQ. Warsaw, however, could have been liberated only in a new major offensive operation—which was launched later on. In August, 1944, many



CAPT. SHALOM LAUFER (Pseu.
STEFAN)

was a Partisan in the vicinity of Baranowicze, Poland. He and his men massacred a German unit which was proceeding on the highway. They earned eleven rifles, ammunition and destroyed three trucks.

important measures would have had to be taken to capture Warsaw, even if only as a large bridgehead.

The fact of the matter is that those who had instigated the people of Warsaw to rise had had no intention of joining forces with the approaching Soviet and Polish armies. On the contrary, they had feared this. They had been concerned with other things. For them the uprising had been a political move with the objective of assuming power in the Polish capital before the Soviet troops entered it. These had been their orders from the people in London.

In their mighty westward movement, sweeping aside all obstacles placed in their path by the enemy, the troops of our front had more than fulfilled their tasks by gaining footholds to prepare for a new operation. But it required time to launch it.

To be sure, Warsaw was close, we were engaged in heavy fighting on the approaches to Praga. But every step cost a tremendous effort.

With a group of officers I watched the 2nd Tank Army in action from an OP on the top of a tall factory chimney. We could see Warsaw. A pall of smoke hung over the city, houses were burning amid the flashes of bombs and shells. Obviously, heavy fighting was going on in the city.

So far, however, we had had no contact whatsoever with the insurgents, though our intelligence agencies had made every effort to get in touch with them.

The Polish comrades from Lublin did much to untangle the Warsaw events. We soon found out that the uprising had been organized by a group of AK officers and had begun on 1 August, following a signal from the Polish émigré government in London. The uprising was headed by General Bor-Komorowski and his assistant, General Monter, Commander of the Warsaw Military District. The Armija Krajowa had played a leading part, its units were numerically the strongest, best armed and organized.

All patriotically-minded inhabitants of Warsaw, people burning with hatred of the Nazi invaders and eager to throw the oppressors out as quickly as possible, had joined the uprising. With arms in hand the people of Warsaw tried to smash the enemy. That was their only thought.

However, those who had initiated the Warsaw uprising in that exceptionally unfavourable situation ought to have considered before venturing on this move.



LT. SHIMON FAJERSTEIN-
KONARSKI

was active in the Underground in Bialystok Ghetto. He and his girl friend Sarah Jungerman left for the forest, where they joined the Partisans and participated in many battles. They survived the war.

From all that I had succeeded in gleaning from the Polish comrades and the information that had reached the Front HQ, the only conclusion that suggested itself was that the leaders of the uprising were doing their best to isolate the insurgents from any contacts whatever with the Red Army. As time passed, however, the people began to realize that they were being betrayed. The situation in Warsaw deteriorated, bickerings broke out among the insurgents, and it was only then that the AK leadership finally decided to appeal to the Soviet Command—via London.

The Chief of the General Staff, A. I. Antonov, established contact between us and the insurgents immediately on receiving the message of request. On the second day after that, 18 September, the BBC broadcast a report from General Bor-Komorowski to the effect that the insurgents' actions were being co-ordinated with Rokossovsky's HQ and Soviet planes were continuously dropping arms, ammunition and food for them.

Getting in touch with the First Byelorussian front's command presented no difficulty at all. Only the desire was needed. But Bor-Komorowski had decided to contact us only after the British attempt to help the insurgents with supplies from the air had failed. One day eighty Flying Fortresses escorted by Mustang fighters appeared over Warsaw. They flew over in groups at an altitude of 4,500 metres, dropping their load. Naturally, from such a height the cargo was scattered over a large area and much of it failed to reach the insurgents. German AA guns shot down two planes. After that the Allies made no further attempts.

In describing all this I have run somewhat ahead. I shall have the opportunity to return to the Warsaw events again. Now I should like to get back to the fighting in which our troops were engaged.

The enemy had detected a weak point in our positions between Praga and Siedlce, and decided to strike at the flank and rear of the troops that had forced the Vistula, south of the Polish capital. He had concentrated several divisions on the eastern bank in the Praga area, specifically, the 4th Panzer, 1st Hermann Goering Panzer, 19th Panzer and 73rd Infantry. On 2 August, the Germans counter-attacked, but were met on the approaches to Praga by units of our 2nd Tank Army coming up from the south. A fierce head-on engagement ensued. The German troops, with the strong Warsaw defence area behind them, were in a better position.



MAJ. ALEXANDER SKOTNICKI
(ZEMSTA)

was a professor at the Lemberg University, and an officer in pre-war Poland. He became a Partisan commander and annihilated hundreds of Germans, in the vicinity of Lublin. Fell in Battle.

It was a situation in which the Warsaw insurgents could have tried to capture the bridges over the Vistula, and take Praga by attacking the Nazis in the rear. This would have been a great help to our 2nd Tank Army, and who knows how events might have developed. It, however, ran contrary to the plans of the London Polish Government, which had three representatives in Warsaw, as well as to the plans of Generals Bor-Komorowski and Monter. They had performed their evil mission and disappeared, leaving the people they had provoked into this gamble to pay the price.

The Second Byelorussian front on our right was lagging somewhat behind, while the 65th Army, failing to encounter any appreciable enemy resistance, quickly negotiated the Belovezha Forest—on emerging from which it landed in a trap and was attacked from two sides by units of two panzer divisions. They steam-rollered right through the middle of the Army, carving it up into several groups and for a while cutting the commander off from most of the formations.

At the same time, farther to the west the 4th Guards Cavalry Corps had been forced back to the River Bug north-west of Brest and surrounded there.

These setbacks were reversed by timely and skilful action by the army commanders together with the sending of reinforcements to the threatened areas.

The first half of September saw extensive, protracted fighting often going on well into the night. The enemy strove to destroy our bridgeheads on the Vistula and Narew at all costs. As usual he used Panzers in force, wave after wave attacking Chuikov's troops on the Vistula and Batov's on the Narew. But it was all in vain, and his attacks were repulsed. After losing hundreds of tanks and self-propelled guns and tens of thousands of men, the German Command was forced to concede defeat and assume the defensive.

A breakthrough on the Vistula-Narew line would open the road into Germany proper. That is why the German Command continued a steady build-up of forces and means, striking at our bridgeheads and stubbornly defending their positions on the right bank of the Vistula, with occasional counter-attacks. It was a difficult situation. A powerful enemy group was concentrated in front of Warsaw. It comprised the 5th Viking SS Panzer Division, the 3rd Totenkopf SS Panzer Division, the 19th Panzer Division



CAPT. JAN RAK (ZBYK)
was a Partisan commander in
the vicinity of Lublin. Par-
ticipated in many battles
against the enemy. Survived.

and up to two infantry divisions. We could not allow this threat to continue and when the 70th Army came up, it was decided to try and rout the enemy forces holding the territory before Warsaw and capture Praga, its suburb. The 47th and 70th Armies, units of the Polish 1st Army, the 16th Air Army, and all the reinforcements that could be spared from other sectors of the Front, were committed to this operation.

On 11 September, the fighting began, and by the 14th the troops had routed the enemy and taken Praga. The infantrymen, tank crews, gunners, engineers and airmen fought with great courage along with the gallant men of the Polish 1st Army. We also received great help in the street fighting from the people of Praga, many of whom gave their lives in the common cause.

This was when the uprising in the Polish capital should have started. A joint strike by the Soviet Army from the east and the insurgents from Warsaw, taking the bridges, could have succeeded in liberating and holding Warsaw, though even in the most favourable circumstances that would have been just about all the front's troops could do.

Our forces cleared Praga of the enemy and came out on the eastern bank of the Vistula. All the bridges joining Warsaw with the suburb were gone.

Fighting still continued in the capital.

Hostilities also continued in the Modlin sector, north of Praga. A relative calm had settled over the Narew bridgeheads, but fierce clashes flared up on the western bank of the Vistula. The troops holding the Magnoszew bridgehead were especially hard-pressed. I must say that we succeeded in holding it largely because the defence was led by General Chuikov, Commander of the 8th Guards Army, who remained in the very midst of the inferno all through the fighting. To be sure, the front command did all it could to give timely help with reinforcements and aircraft.

The tragedy of Warsaw kept worrying me, and the realization that it was impossible to launch a major rescue operation was agonizing.

I spoke with Stalin over the telephone, reporting the situation at the front and everything relevant to Warsaw. Stalin asked whether the front was capable of immediately launching an operation with the object of liberating Warsaw. When I replied in the negative he directed us to give all possible help to the



NATALIA SZULC-DROZD

was a child when the war broke out. She was hiding by a Polish family by the name Drozd. Later on she joined the Partisans and participated in many battles in the forest in the Lublin vicinity. Survived.

insurgents so as to ease their plight. He endorsed all my proposals concerning how we could help them.

I have mentioned that, starting with 13 September, we had begun to supply the insurgents by air with weapons, ammunition, food and medical supplies. This was effected by our Po-2 night bombers, which dropped their loads from low altitudes at points indicated by the insurgents. In the period between 13 September and 1 October, 1944, front aircraft flew 4,821 sorties in aid of the insurgents, 2,535 of them with various supplies. Our aircraft also gave air cover over districts indicated by the insurgents and bombed and strafed German troops in the city.

The front AA artillery also helped the insurgents with cover from enemy air attacks, while our ground artillery suppressed enemy artillery and mortar batteries. We parachuted several officers into the city for liaison and fire adjustment and succeeded in stopping enemy air raids over insurgent positions. Polish comrades who managed to cross over to us spoke with great appreciation of the effectiveness of our air and artillery operations.

Various insurgent organizations gladly welcomed our liaison officers and fire adjusters. But the Polish patriots warned us that the AK refused to have any dealings with us, and their leadership was behaving extremely suspiciously, fanning hostile sentiments against the Soviet Union, the Polish Government in Lublin, and the Polish 1st Army. It seemed strange that Bor-Komorowski had never even tried to establish direct contact with the front HQ, although the General Staff had provided him with the code. It was obvious that the politicians were prepared to do anything except co-operate with us, and shortly this was confirmed.

For the purpose of extending more help to the insurgents, we had decided to ferry a strong force across the Vistula, to Warsaw. Organization of the operation had been undertaken by the Polish 1st Army HQ. The time and place of the landing, the plans for artillery and air support and co-ordination with the insurgents had all been agreed in advance with the leaders of the uprising.

On 16 September, units of the Polish Army embarked to cross the Vistula. They landed at points on the bank supposedly held by insurgent units, which was what the whole plan had been based upon. But then these footholds were found to be in Nazi hands!

The operation developed haltingly. The first assault succeeded in gaining a foothold with great difficulty. More and more forces



DORA GOLDKORN

was one of the very active members in the Warsaw Ghetto Underground. She was Editor and colporteur of the underground publications. Fought in the Ghetto and later retreated through the sewers to the forest. As a Partisan she was sent to Warsaw and was apprehended by the Germans. Not knowing that she was a Jewish Partisan, was sent to various concentration camps in Germany and miraculously survived. She was killed in an accident after the war in Poland.

had to be thrown into action, and casualties began to soar. Yet the insurgent leaders, far from giving any help to the assault forces, did not even try to contact them.

In such circumstances it was impossible to hold on to the western bank, and I decided to call off the operation. We helped the assault party to return, and on 23 September these units of three infantry regiments of the Polish 1st Army rejoined the main forces.

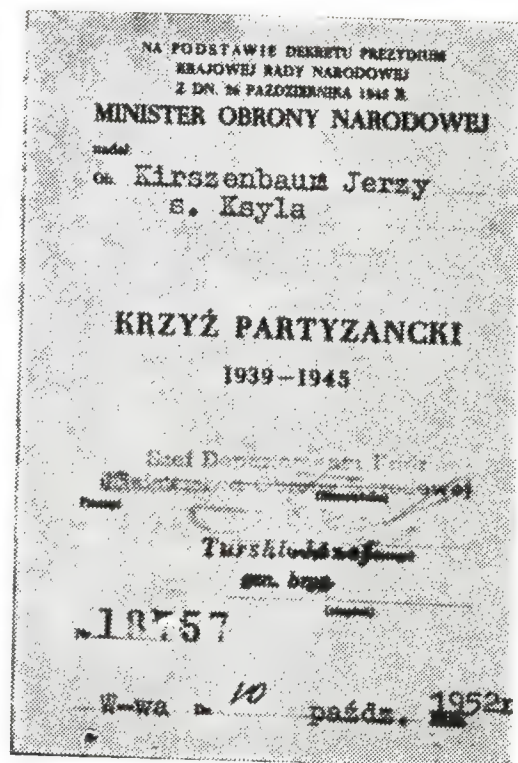
In undertaking their heroic assault, the Polish soldiers had consciously embarked on a mission of self-sacrifice to help their compatriots. They had been betrayed by men who held the interests of the 'powers that be' above those of the country. Soon we learned that, on instructions from Bor-Komorowski and Monter, the AK units had been withdrawn from the riverfront suburbs into the heart of the city. Their place had been taken by Nazi troops. Among those who had suffered had been units of the Armija Ludowa, whom the AK command had not warned of their intention to withdraw from the riverfront.

From that moment the AK leadership began to prepare for capitulation, which is confirmed by fairly extensive archive materials. Our offers to help those desiring to escape from Warsaw to the right bank were left unheeded. After the capitulation only a few dozen insurgents managed to cross to our side of the Vistula.

The Warsaw uprising thus reached its tragic conclusion.

SOURCE:

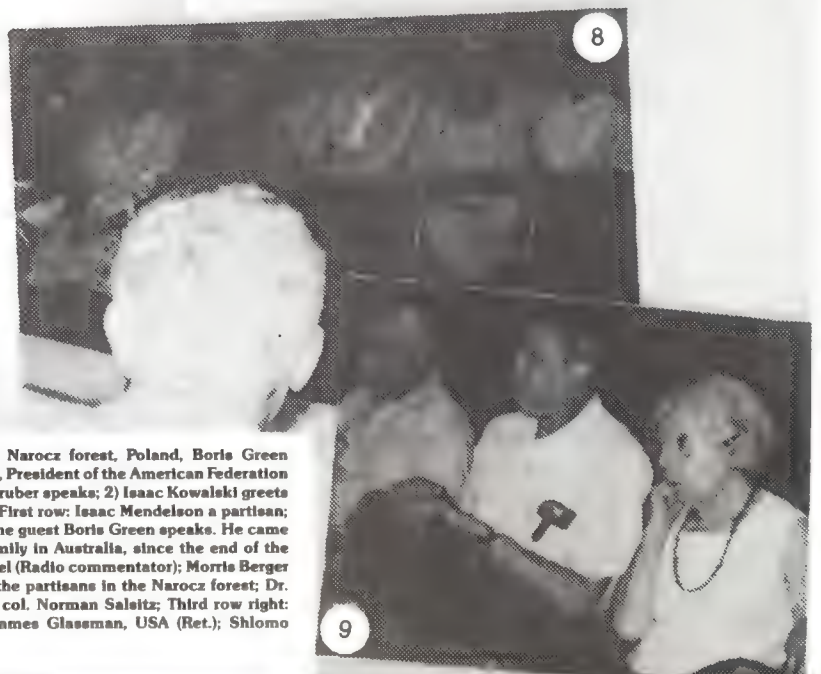
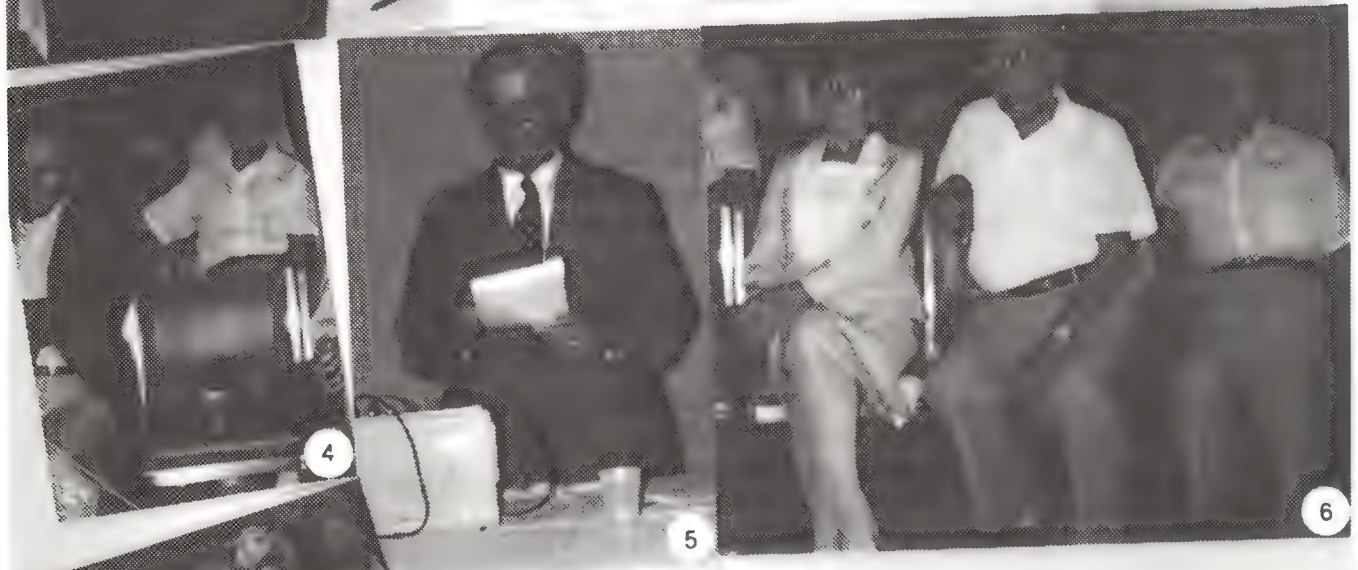
A Soldier's Duty by K. Rokossovsky. Translated by V. Talmy. Published by Progress Publishers, Moscow.



Certificate of acknowledgment that Jerzy Kirszenbaum is the bearer of a Partisan Medal. Later on he joined the regular Polish Army and fought many battles on the German territory.



At a meeting of Jewish Front Fighters in 1946 in Lodz, Poland.



At a get-together with a former partisan commander from the Narocz forest, Poland, Boris Green (Greinman) on August 8, 1984 in New York City. Capt. Sam Gruber, President of the American Federation of Former Underground anti-Nazi Fighters, presided the event. 1) Gruber speaks; 2) Isaac Kowalski greets the guests; 3) Aaron Oshman a partisan, was the main speaker; 4) First row: Isaac Mendelson a partisan; Tuvia Bielski in white shirt a partisan commander and others; 5) The guest Boris Green speaks. He came from Melbourne for a visit to the USA. Green resides with his family in Australia, since the end of the Second World War; 6) Sonia Oshman a partisan; Shlomo Ben-Yisroel (Radio commentator); Morris Berger a partisan; 7) Dr. Leonard Pace (Pelsachowicz), chief surgeon by the partisans in the Narocz forest; Dr. Halina Jagendorf a partisan; 8) Second row right: Mania and Lt. col. Norman Saleitz; Third row right: Shimon and Chaya Palewski, partisans; 9) From left: Lt. Col. James Glaseman, USA (Ret.); Shlomo Kowarski and Dina Abramowicz, partisans.

CHAPTER V

**Partisan Short
Stories**

EDITOR'S NOTES

Col. Norman Salsitz, was an excellent fighter in those tragic days, and describes it in the story on page 474.

I. Shmulewitz (page 485), a professional writer, describes Jewish girls, who were among anti-Nazi fighters in occupied Europe.

Dov Lorber (page 489), at the beginning of the story is a small partisan picture that tells how this group caused sleepless nights to the Germans, which Dov and the other partisans forced upon them. The Partisans who appears in the picture killed hundreds of Germans and blew up trains with army men and ammunition, which were on their way to the front.

A.A. Kazaryan's story on page 495, in a Soviet publication, tells about a fellow Jew inmate, who helped them continuously.

Yisroel Puchtik (page 505), was an assistant to the great commander Kruk. Yisroel was the father of Dr. Nusan Porter, who wrote about Jewish Resistance and published valuable books on this thematic.

A.A. Andreyev; Ottoman Oskalin; Gregory Linkov and others. Those are names of great Gentile Partisan Commanders who fought the enemy. They described how Jewish co-fighters helped them in combating the common foe.

While omitting some authors from the Yizkor Books, I am coming to the end of the chapters with my comments. About each story which is included in this book could have been written lengthy essays or even books, but this can naturally not be done in an Anthology.



A group of Jewish Partisans in Eastern Europe.

I Got My Revenge...

By Lt. Col. Norman Salsitz



Note: Lt. Col. Norman Salsitz's biography
was printed in the first volume.

While survival was my full-time occupation in 1944, during my "leisure" hours, when I was not fighting or running, I had plenty of time to think. The one thing that occupied my mind more than anything else was how I would get my revenge. In my mind I made up a list of those I would punish. Each day that list grew longer and longer as I witnessed or heard firsthand accounts of yet another sickening atrocity. Each one only intensified my desire for revenge. I would have choked on the injustice of it, had I not committed myself to seeking retribution.

Day and night I dreamed of the satisfaction I would experience watching these murderers die, crying out for mercy. I would give my soul a small measure of relief to know that my family and friends' deaths were being avenged; that justice, if only a miniscule portion, was finally being administered.

One day while I was hiding in the attic awaiting a shipment of ammunition from our comrades the Kraut brothers (whom we renamed Kapusta for cabbage in Polish) my dreams for retribution came one step closer to being realized.

The Kapustas were discussing a well-worn topic of theirs the difficulty of procuring weapons - when something in their conversation set off a signal in my brain.

"What did you say?" I shouted, jumping up.

They looked at me with annoyance. "We were just saying that you shouldn't get your hopes up about us being able to get any useful weapons now that the new Scharfuhrer and his helper Vacek are in control of the Pustkow region. That new SS man would just as soon kill his brother as swat a fly."

"Tell me more about this Scharfuhrer", I demanded. "What did he look like?"

"Just another German son of a bitch. This one likes to drink, alright. He has all the signs - bloodshot eyes, a red nose and a raspy voice. He's a real boozier."

"And his assistant, Vacek, the one in charge of arranging his appointments?" I asked with growing excitement.

"Oh yes the Pole Vacek. A spine made of rubber, that one has. He's so accustomed to bowing to his master's wishes that he can't even stand up straight anymore," Michal Kapusta said with scorn.

I knew then without a doubt that this military of-



LT. AIDLIS E. PEISACHOVICH
fought on various fronts in
the Ukraine. Missing in action.

ficer was the same man whom I had marked for retribution two years ago. The thought that he might be within grasp was tantalizing. I begged the Kapustas for more and more information. Where was he living? How many men did he have under his command? Whom did he have killed lately for no reason?

This Scharfuhrer was near the top of my list of those with whom I wished to settle scores. Among all the vicious and inhuman men I had encountered since the war began, this man was up there with the worst.

My first encounter with this bastard was in the summer of 1942. I was then a member of a group of 100 strong young men who had been removed, while awaiting a transport, to work on a special assignment. I later learned that the people on this transport were sent to the Belzec death camp.

I had volunteered for this assignment because I wanted to help those from my hometown who had remained behind. I soon found out, however, that no one was left. Our first task was to demolish what had become the Ghetto of Kolbuszowa.

One by one the Ghetto houses came down. In a way this demolition work was more painful than the burial of the dead the day my father was shot. This time it was not individual people being killed, but rather hundreds of years of Jewish life being wiped out forever. Entire generations who passed down their cherished traditions from father to son, from mother to daughter, were being erased from the face of the earth, as if they had never existed.

From the attics of the houses we threw down such things as old cradles in which our great-grandfathers had slept from the time they were born until the time they were able to stand up on their feet, and which were handed down in every family. Most of the items we came across attested to the poverty of the Jews who lived there. People who were so poor that they never replaced anything: kneading through, brass tubs, washboards, old rusty buckets, old broken crates, moldy barrels used to kosher kitchens for Passover, clusters of dried out branches used for flailing one's flesh in the steam bath, wrought iron stoves that we huddled against in the long, cold winters.

It was junk to the Germans, but to us it was a part of our existence, the substance of our childhood that



COL. MIECZYSLAW BRONES

fought on many fronts. Received the Polish Grunwald Medal, Gold Medal, Silver Medal, Bronze Medal and Berlin Fighting Medal. Resides in Denmark.

we were forced to destroy. As each object crashed to the ground, sending up clouds of dust, we shivered. Three hundred years of Jewish life in the small town of Kolbuszowa were being obliterated.

Most heartbreaking of all was the destruction of the Holy Books. Even for someone like myself, who had long since abandoned the life of the observant, the Torah and Talmud remained Holy and beloved. Thousands of Holy books had accumulated over the years in the old shul in Kolbuszowa, where old and torn books were never discarded, but instead stored in the attic.

During the war there was a great shortage of paper. The Poles, whenever they ransacked a ghetto, helped themselves to a great many books. At the marketplace once I saw an old Pole wrapping salt pork in the pages of an old volume of the Talmud. Every once in a while I would see pages from our prayer books, with their familiar black, square Hebrew script, scattered in peasants' yards or on the side of the highway.

Some peasants made slippers or shopping bags from the Torah parchment. Most shattering of all, however, was stopping in a washroom in an inn and finding there instead of toilet paper, the book "Messillat Yesharim," (The Path of the Righteous) by the 18th Century mystic Moses Hayim Luzzatto, one of the most revered books of Jewish ethics I had ever studied. Seeing this book so humiliated made me realize the depths to which the world had sunk.

After we had tossed everything out of the houses, our next job was to take apart the walls, roof beams, shingles. Sometimes we would come across some money, gold coins or other valuables hidden in the wall or some corner of the house. Some people hoping to return, left some of their valuable property hidden for some future time when they might need it. Some of us took whatever we could hide on our bodies. Others reasoned it was not worth getting caught and shot.

After all the heaps of antiques were thrown out, we were ordered to put everything in separate piles. I tried whenever I could to save the photographs I came across. To the Germans, everything was raw material to be recycled. "From old material you make new material" was their slogan. So nothing was discarded. Paper was put in one pile, brass in another, lead in a third and so forth. We were then ordered to convert Lemel Beller's (the

POLSKA RZECZPOSPOLITA LUDOWA

LEGITYMACJA Nr 6042

Warszawa, dnia 26. 09. 1967 r.

MINISTERSTWO OBRONY NARODOWEJ

Na podstawie art. 1 ust. 3 ustawy z dnia 21 kwietnia 1966 r.

nadaje

Ob. **płk Brones Mieczysław**

s. Włodzimierza

MEDAL ZA UDZIAŁ W WALKACH O BERLIN

MINISTER OBRONY NARODOWEJ

Mp.

Marian SPYCHALSKI
Marzalek Polski

Medal certificate for his participation in the Battles for Berlin.

relatively "well-off" tailor) house next to the shul into a warehouse. Each room in this house was used for storage for various items.

One day when we were thus engaged in sorting out and hauling furniture, a Scharfuhrer of the SS suddenly showed up. He needed some brass. He was a tall, strong man, who was known to be vicious. The way he walked it was apparent that he was intoxicated. His bloodshot eyes testified to his love of alcohol. I had learned that this officer was only half German, because he was from a district near the Polish border. This half-Polish officer was very useful to the SS because he understood and spoke Polish fluently. He was followed by an assistant, a young Pole named Vacek whom I knew from before the war. I remembered him being a slimey and gutless fellow so I wasn't surprised to see him aiding the Germans.

"Tough work, eh men?" the SS man said in a hoarse voice.

No one said a word.

He beckoned to Vacek to come over, and, pointing to one of us, a easy-going young boy from Cracow named Motek Weiss, said in Polish:

"Wez tego chlopaka i copni go az pod sama matke boska."

(Take this boy and hit him in the ass until he reaches the Mother of G-d).

I had never heard that expression before, but I was about to see the ferociousness of this vile curse in action.

Vacek eagerly grabbed a two-by-four and began to hit Motek following orders from his master, who directed him: "to the right, to the left, in front:"

Motek soon fell on the ground. We were ordered to get him back on his feet. Vacek then renewed his efforts; going at him again and again with great gusto. Again Motek fell. He was beaten to a pulp, a bloody, black pulp of raw flesh.

His craving for physical violence momentarily satisfied, the Scharfuhrer turned his attention to the business at hand. He announced that he needed someone to help him get the brass we had collected. Since I was standing next to Vacek, Vacek volunteered me for the assignment. I couldn't refuse. I felt that I would suf-



IOSIF BORISOVICH AYZIN was an officer in the Soviet Army (tank division). Received 12 decorations, including, the Red Flag, Alexander Nevski, For Bravery, etc. Resides in the USA.

fer the same fate as Motek.

I had been loading an old mirror onto a truck when the Scharfuhrer arrived. I was still standing there stunned by what had happened when Vacek called out my name. The S.S. man told me to look in the mirror.

I did as I was told.

"I want you to see what good cannon fodder you are," he said.

Without saying a word I showed him to the warehouse where the brass was stored. As soon as the Scharfuhrer's back was turned, some of the boys in our group carried Motek's limp body to his bed in the shul. He died there a few days later.

We had just entered the foyer of the house when the commander shouted, "Wait. What's in there?"

He pointed to one of the rooms.

"Paper," I said. "Old books."

"What kind of books?"

"Religious books," I replied.

He walked into the room. I followed behind. Thousands of books were stacked up on either side of the room with a narrow path in the middle.

There was a high window at the end of the path. Through the window, a shaft of sunlight penetrated the darkness of the room, illuminating the particles of dust in the air, forming a bright square of light on the floor next to us. For a moment, it seemed to me as if this shaft of light was the pillar of fire and cloud that the Lord set before the Israelites to lead them in the desert. The German seemed to have similar thoughts. He placed himself inside the square of light. Looking up at the window, he shouted:

"Jehovah, Jehovah, wo bist du?" (Jehovah, Jehovah, where are you?).

Silence.

(Jehovah, Jehovah, why aren't you helping your children,)

Silence.

At that moment I was certain that G-d was there. That G-d had heard this German murderer and that the shaft of light would strike him, perhaps chopping off his hand, his leg or even his head or cause his tongue to become paralyzed.

But no such thing happened.



CAPT. SARA M. STEINBERG

a Medical Doctor was in the Army through the duration of the war. Decorated with the Medal of the "Red Star" and others. Resides now in Sochi, USSR.

"You see," the German Pole or Polish German said, looking at me with his bloodshot eyes. "Your Jehovah is too old. He is so old that he has become completely deaf. He can't hear a thing!"

Nothing happened. His challenge was not answered. There was only silence - nothing but silence.

He spat on the floor and walked out.

At that moment I vowed that I would get that man. He could not get away with such an insult to my G-d.

It was almost a full year since that incident in Kolbuszowa. A year in which I had escaped from the labor camp and life became one harrowing experience after another. I had little time to think about the vulgar Scharfuhrer as my list of those I intended to deal with grew.

The day the Kapustas mentioned the Polish-German officer and his lackey, I again relived that traumatic experience in Kolbuszowa, as if it had heppened yesterday. Once again the consuming desire to destroy this man along with his contemptible sidekick occupied all my thoughts. The possibility of revenge was the one bright spot in my dreary existence.

In talking with the Kapustas I found that there were many others who shared my hatred for this man. As manager of the confiscated farms in the Pustkow region, the Scharfuhrer had drawn the fury of the entire population of the area.

He had been assigned the duty of administering all the fields in the Pustkow area between Mielec Radomysl and Kolbuszowa. The peasants who inhabited this area were forced to leave their meager farms because the Germans decided that this area was perfect for weapons testing.

The wide basin where the Vistula and San rivers meet and run together north to Warsaw was known as Puszcza (the wilderness) Sandomierska prior to the 19th Century. For centuries it was an uninhabited area, where the only people who ever ventured into its forests were hardy hunters or fugitives from the law. Few people outside of Poland had ever heard of this region and yet the Germans chose this part of Poland to launch experiments that would change life on this earth and beyond. It was here that the Germans tested their first V - 1 and V - 2 rockets, which, at the close of World War II, would usher in a new age of rockets and

*AT THAT MOMENT I VOWED
THAT I WOULD GET THE MAN.
HE COULD NOT GET AWAY
WITH SUCH AN INSULT TO
MY G-D.*

missiles, with unlimited possibilities in warfare as well as in peaceful pursuits.

In a village called Pustkow, in the southern part of Puszcza Sandomierska, the Germans established a forced labor camp in 1940 for Poles and Jews who, unknowingly were working to advance the development of the rockets. That camp was later converted into a concentration camp where the Germans tried out their first portable gas chambers and crematoriums and found them to be effective in the mass extermination of human beings. I had been an inmate of the Pustkow labor camp for six weeks in 1940, until I escaped.

Among those peasants who were forced to work for the S.S., the Kapustas found a few willing to sell them food and give them shelter.

Michal Kapusta informed me that the Scharfuhrer and Vacek had taken over a large house in the area where parties were held practically every night. All the S.S. men attended along with some local peasant girls. The parties on Saturday night, Kapusta said, were the largest and noisiest. On Saturday, the liquor flowed most freely and the bravado was more pronounced.

I told the Kapustas of my desire to raid this house. Although they didn't believe it could be done, each time I met with them they provided additional information about the houses location, those friendly with the Scharfuhrer, his schedule, and the weapons he and his men carried.

Despite the Kapustas eagerness to gain revenge and fearless reputation, they counseled against my plan to eliminate the Scharfuhrer, arguing that we simply didn't possess the resources to accomplish such an ambitious undertaking.

I had more success convincing Karol, a member of our group who literally rose from the dead. Karol had been a manager of the estate where the Scharfuhrer now lived. He was in the Rzeszow Ghetto in July, 1942, when the Germans rounded up 6,000 Jews and forced them to walk to the forest near Glogow where ditches had been prepared for them. They were then ordered to undress, lined up on the edge of the ditches and moved down with machinegun fire. Many people who fell into the ditches were still alive. The bullets had missed or only maimed and injured.

Karol was one of those whom the bullets missed,



HIRSH RUBIN

was a Partisan in the vicinity of Bryansh, Byelorussia, with his sister Dora. They smuggled weapons for the Partisans and were active in propaganda against the enemy. He fell in Battle.

but he was buried alive under a pile of corpses. It took him three days and three nights to make his way up to the top. On the fourth night he ran naked into the woods until he reached an area where some members of our group were hiding. That is how he became a member of our group. Karol had been with the partisans long before I joined.

When I told Karol about my plan to raid the Scharfuhrer's home, he immediately seemed interested and promised to do what he could to convince the Kapustas to help us. Karol never got the chance to fulfill his promise. The two brothers had been captured and betrayed by one of their friendly Poles, "Klimek." They had been killed by a peasant who had gained their trust by selling them food. I added Klimek to my list for revenge.

The death of the Kapustas caused us to suffer a great setback. They had been the suppliers of guns and ammunition and, perhaps even more important, they knew how to repair them. Their ability to procure weapons for us had given us a sense of power. We had felt like soldiers. Now we were again merely fugitives.

It wasn't long, however, before the relentless passage of time yielded up fresh hope.

The news of the Germans' loss of ground filtered to us along with rumors that Russian partisans were nearby in the spring of 1944. German troops were also sighted coming into our territory and we feared we would soon be in the center of a battle zone.

Despite these dangers, I was obsessed with doing away with this Scharfuhrer. Refusing to heed my brother and the other partisans who urged me to give up my plans, I remained obstinate. I had to get this man.

I found out where the Russians were hiding and walked the couple of miles by myself. When I entered the Russians' camp-ground, I was stopped. A young man about my age ordered me to raise my hands, while he pointed a Russian Pepesha submachine gun at me.

In halting Russian, I told him I was a Polish partisan and I was looking to make contact with the Russian partisans. He told me to come along with him.

We walked about five hundred yards further into the woods when we came to a clearing. I saw about 80 men milling about with almost as many horses.

The young partisan took me to his commander, a short



LT. N. TAERSTEIN
was as KAROL TAIEWSKI fighting
the enemy since 1939. First
with the Polish Army and later
with the Kosciuszko Brigade in
the U.S.S.R. Saw Battle in Po-
land, Russia, Baltic and Ger-
many. Was wounded in a hand
and foot in the Battle of Mag-
denburg. Resides in the USA.

husky man with curly black hair and a small mustache. I repeated the same story to him.

"So now that you have seen us, tell me, what is it you want?" asked the commander.

"We are a small group," I began, deliberately omitting to mention that we were Jewish. "We have a certain plan of attack which we cannot carry out by ourselves and I thought that perhaps you might be interested in joining us."

"What kind of plan did you have in mind?" he asked suspiciously.

"Have you heard of Pustkow, which is not far from here?" I said.

"Yes. We know about the German's testing of the V-1 and V-2 rockets," he said with interest.

"Well, there is an S.S. substation near here which controls all the confiscated farms. We know where the S.S. men are living. They are the ones responsible for most of the atrocities around here. They have mercilessly killed many of our people. On Saturday night they usually gather in one house near the forest and we could easily surprise them," I said struggling to choose the right words that would appeal to the Russian.

"I like the plan," the commander exclaimed. "But first we'll have to go out there ourselves and take a look."

I was filled with excitement with the Russian's reaction to my plan. I was also greatly relieved that he had asked so few questions about our group. When I told the other partisans in our group about my meeting, they couldn't believe it at first. After I had repeated the exchange for what seemed like the 20th time, they finally began to share my excitement over the possibility of getting rid of these important German officers.

The next night Karol and I went back to the Russians' hideout. I introduced Karol as an expert in the topography of the area. We remained with the mission for two days. Satisfied that he had adequate intelligence, the commander picked two of his partisans for the surveying mission.

They mounted their horses and invited Karol and I to join them as passengers in the saddle.

It was Thursday night. When we rode up to the house we could see that the Scharfuhrer had company. The din of drunken conviviality drifted down to us in the still of



CHAIM ROSENZON

was a commander in a Jewish Partisan detachment, in Tyumen, Byelorussia. In one of the encounters with the enemy, he killed six Germans. Fell in Battle.

the night. I yearned to get closer; to see with my own eyes at close range the man I had marked for execution. Riding quietly around the farm buildings we could see that it would be easy for us to accomplish this mission.

When we returned to the Russians, the two partisans reported that my plan was indeed feasible and the commander drew up plans that very night to attack the farm two nights later - on Saturday. They had calculated that there would be no moon out that night.

For two days my life was full of anticipation as I enlisted five men in my group for the mission. I couldn't contain my excitement. I was like a cripple who had learned to walk again. By loaning us men, horses and automatic guns, the Russians were making it possible for me to realize my personal fantasy. The scenario I had enacted in my mind so many times was about to become a reality.

On Saturday night we all gathered to ride to the farm. There were 21 of us, 15 Russians and six from my group. It took us about two and one-half hours to reach our destination in the totally dark evening. I and four others wore German uniforms so as not to arouse any suspicion. We were the first to come close to the farm buildings. The rest followed behind.

Everyone of us had his assigned place and instructions. We left our horses in the woods. The five of us in German uniforms crept into the barn opposite the main farm house. The others surrounded the house from the rear and both sides.

There were lights on in all four windows. I could see them sitting inside drinking and flirting with the girls. I saw the huge figure with a jowly red face and bulbous nose that I recognized as the Scharfuhrer. He was conversing with some S.S. men.

I had little time to stare because following the next stage in our operation a Russian climbed up the telephone pole and cut the phone wires. Seconds later the five of us in German uniforms moved closer to the illuminated windows and threw hand grenades into the house. The explosions lit up the sky. The Germans started to shout from inside the house. The lonely distinct sounds of a single revolver shot pierce the air. We added the noise of the Russian submachine guns as we shot through the windows of the front and side of the house.

SECONDS LATER THE FIVE OF US IN GERMAN UNIFORMS MOVED CLOSER TO THE ILLUMINATED WINDOWS AND THREW HAND GRENADES INTO THE HOUSE. THE EXPLOSIONS LIT UP THE SKY.

I had been given a submachine gun from the commander and had hugged it all the way there. Now I could squeeze it. I fired salvo after salvo into the house. It was exhilarating. Moments later the Germans grew quiet. They had stopped firing. The main building was blazing.

After the shooting stopped, we set fire to the storage house next to the main house and the car and motorcycles parked outside. We took along with us the German horses from the stables.

We left as the flames were licking the sky. Nobody had escaped alive. Their party was over. At this moment, with the gun still hot in my hands I no longer felt like a victim. I had settled my score with the Scharfuhrer and my pact with my G-d who had let me down so many times.

THEIR PARTY WAS OVER. AT THIS MOMENT, WITH THE GUN STILL HOT IN MY HANDS I NO LONGER FELT LIKE A VICTIM. I HAD SETTLED MY SCORE WITH THE SCHARFUHRER AND MY PACT WITH MY G-D WHO HAD LET ME DOWN SO MANY TIMES.

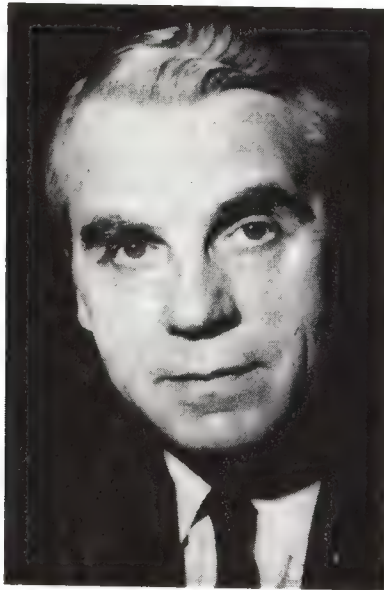


SERG. NATHAN ARTENSZTAJN fought in the ranks of the Polish Kosciuszko Brigade in Poland, Russia and Germany. Received Medals for Valor. Resides in Australia.



NACHUM ALPERT (right), ZAVEL GENDZELEWICZ, CHAIM BITENSKI, Red Army men, participated in the defense of Slonim, Smolensk, Viazma and Moscow. Photo was taken in 1942.

Jewish Heroines



By I. Shmulewitz

I. SHMULEWITZ is a renowned Jewish journalist, and long time writer for the Jewish Daily Forward. He is well known for his many articles about the Jewish Holocaust and Resistance during the Hitler period. I. Shmulewitz writes extensively about the lives, activities and problems of the survivors. He is also active in Survivors' organizations. He is a member of the National Executive Committee of the American Federation of Jewish Fighters, Camp Inmates and Nazi Victims.

Following the liberation in 1945, Mr. Shmulewitz lived with his family in Paris, France, where he was the Forward correspondent. He traveled throughout Europe and chronicled post-Holocaust Jewish life in various countries. He has lived in the United States since 1954.

I. Shmulewitz also writes extensively about books which deal with the Holocaust and Resistance, and has reviewed countless Memorial Books published by LANDSMANSCHAFTEN. Mr. Shmulewitz also edited the monumental Bialystoker Memorial Book which was published in 1982 by the Bialystoker Center in New York.

The articles of I. Shmulewitz also appears in Jewish newspapers throughout the world. He is also president of the Yiddish Writers Union of America.

Very little is written about numerous Jewish heroines during the Hitler years, who sacrificed their lives in helping and defending the Jewish people with courage and dedication unknown in the annals of mankind.

The famous scholar Dr. Emanuel Ringelblum, who was murdered by the Germans wrote in his diary in the Warsaw Ghetto: "The heroines girls Chayke, Frumke and others in the villages and towns of Poland... They encountered every day danger and death... They went from town to town alone, reached places where members of organized Jewish organizations could not reach... The Jewish woman wrote a golden page in Jewish history in the tragic days of the Second World War. Some day the historian will discover them, and will write about them and their heroic deeds, their valor will be an example for generations to come, the eternal light for humanity at large. In these days of remembrance of extending honor to Jewish martyrdom we will pay tribute to a few.

Rosa Robota 22 years, born in the Polish town of Czechanow was together with her family and the other Jews in the Ghetto that the Germans established in Czechanow. Upon the liquidation of the Ghetto Rosa was transported to Auschwitz, to this terrible death camp. Rosa was before the war a member of the Zionist youth movement "Hashomer Hatzair," has demonstrated extraordinary heroism.

In Auschwitz from the inmates the Germans selected a group who they called "Sonder Komando" they used to burn the gassed bodies. After a few months the Germans killed the "Sonder Komando" crew and appointer a new group to do the ghostly work.

In autumn of 1944, a group of Jews of the "Sonder Komando" that were working in the crematorium number 3 decided to revolt and escape if possible, before the Germans will kill them. The only problem was, the inmates had no weapons.

* * *

In the revolt by the Jews in the crematoria number 3 in Auschwitz, Rosa Robota played a heroic role. In this death camp functioned a ammunition factory that produced weapons for Hitlers army. The produc-



ROSA ROBOTA

tion went on for 24 hours in 3 shifts. The women slave workers separated from the men, labored in the Birkenau camp producing weapons. Rosa Robota worked in the clothing division and she organized a group of 20 Jewish girls that were working in the "gun-powder-pavilion" to smuggle some explosives for the "Sonder Kommando" Jews in the crematorium number 3.

* * *

Rosa Robota collected the explosives and sent it to the inmates that were working in the crematorium. They in turn hid the explosives, and a few guns they bought by Poles, in ammunition factory operated by Jewish slave workers before they were gassed.

In October of 1944, the revolt in Auschwitz crematoria organized by Jewish workers broke out. Many Jews joined the rebellion which was estimated as over 600 participants, mostly Polish Jews. The Jews succeeded to destroy the crematorium number 2, and killed a number of Nazis. The Germans killed most of the inmates 60 Jews managed to escape, but were hunted down and killed by the Poles who lived in the vicinity of Auschwitz. The Germans in the camp conducted a vicious investigation including horrible torture and found out that Rosa Robota supplied the explosives to the Jewish prisoners.

* * *

For weeks the Germans tortured the young Rosa Robota, The German depraved friends have torn mutilated her body. The frail girl but mighty in spirit did not succumb to those unspeakable sadistic horrors and did not betray the others who helped in her underground resistance in the death camp Auschwitz.

On the 6th of January 1945, shortly before the German murderers were defeated all the inmates from Auschwitz were ordered to assemble and witness the hanging of Rosa Robota. The Germans called it "execution" as a punishment for Jewish resistance. Rosa Robota could not walk unaided to the gallows, the German sadists made sure of it. Her spirit was strong, and her voice resounded sure and clear: "The eternal people of Israel will avenge my death."

* * *



ESTHER IZKOVITZ
was a Partisan in the "Kirov"
Brigade. Participated in many
actions against the enemy.
Resides in Israel.

Another heroine was Zipora Birman a underground resistance fighter of the Bialystok Ghetto. Shortly before the Jews from the Ghetto Bialystok went out in open rebellion fighting the German barbarians where she fell in battle, Zypora Birman left a testament. She wrote: "We are prepared to die fighting knowing that the Jewish people will live forever. The House of Israel will arise again and will flourish and avenge the heroes of Israel that fell in battle. We call upon you survivors to avenge us. Our blood that was spilled in every corner of this cursed continent will see that the people of Israel will avenge the innocent..."

Komisja Likwidacyjna "SPÓWSKIEJ ORGANIZACJI BOJOWEJ" okręg
Bredy stwierdza, że tow. SAMUEL W E I L E R był od 12. listopada
1942 r. do 21. sierpnia 1944r. szefem sztabu Ż. O. B. okręg Bredy
i w tym charakterze kierował walką podziemną z niemieckim okupan-
tstwem.

SZTAS /Mgr. Marusch József/
 [Signature]

488

Memoirs of a Commander



By Dov (Malinka) Lorber

Left to right siting: BERL (DOV) LORBER, known as MALINKA and ALEXANDER ABUGOV, standing DAVID DICHTER, VOVA (ZEV) VERBA, ISAAC (YITZCHAK) KUPERBERG, ISAAC AVRUCH.

BERL LORBER, partisan name "Malinka," commander of a Jewish partisan unit, from September 1942, till May 1944. He was in active combat in the vicinity of Rovno, Wolyn.

Berl Lorber's partisan unit consisted of a few hundred fighters, who escaped the massacre in the town Maniewicz. They hid in the forests, where they later established three Jewish partisan units.

The unit under the command of Lorber was very successful in inflicting heavy loses upon the Germans. The main activities consisted of destroying railroad tracks, trains with troops, cutting down electric poles and ambushes.

Lorber left the Soviet Union in 1945, went to Lublin, Poland and became a leader of the "illegal" emigration of Jews to Palestine (Israel). He maintained a close contact with Itzhak (Antek) Zucker- man, and together smuggled out hundreds of Jews to the Jewish homeland.

Lorber was decorated with numerous medals for bravery and heroism. He resides in the United States.

In September 1942, I met a Ukrainian whose name was Kanishczuk Kruk from the village of Griva. He proposed that I go with him to the forests and organize a partisan unit. I decided to accept his offer. I, and a group of ten other people, went with him to the forest and we began to organize a partisan unit. Kruk took us deep into the forest to a small island in the mud which was covered with twisted bushes. We were all very depressed about how slim our chances were of surviving the ordeal. But, Kruk kept telling us that we would find a way out. He told us we would have to obtain weapons and that he knew many peasants who had weapons and would help us arm ourselves. Kruk had a rifle and a gun with him. He gave me the rifle and he kept the gun.

During the first week of our ordeal, Kruk acquainted us with the area, showing us all of the side roads and how to reach the surrounding villages. We stole food from the fields and gardens and we also made contacts with friendly peasants. Because it was hard for everyone to go out every night, we decided to split into two groups. One night I would go out with one of the groups, and the second night Kruk would go out with the second group. We destroyed the German's food supplies--grain which the farmers prepared for them. We began to feel we were gaining ground and each day we became more aggressive and eager to take revenge on our enemies.

After two weeks in the forest, we learned that all of our families were dead--murdered by the Nazis. A gloom befell us and tears ran down our faces. Each of us wondered why we were still living when everyone else had perished.

In September of 1942, two days before Rosh Hashanna, the Nazis with the help of the Ukrainians, murdered all of the Jews from the town of Manie-vicz and its surrounding villages. There were four thousand people. Several hundred of them managed to escape into the surrounding woods. Some of them knew we were already there. After a few weeks, we totaled more than two hundred people. We nominated Kruk as commander and I was nominated second in command. Kruk and I decided to divide our group into



COL. HENRYK ZYTOMIERSKI
(BIRENZWAJG)

as an Artillery officer fought in Zytomierz (Ukraine) and Chelm Lubelski, where he rose in the ranks of the Army from a Private to Colonel. Bearer of Medals. Victory and Freedom; Victory against Nazi Germany; Grunwald and Silver Medals. Resides in Stockholm, Sweden.

UCHWAŁA RADY PAŃSTWA

odznaczony(a) został(a)

.....ppłk. ŻYTOMIERSKI.....

.....Henryk s. Giecela.....

SREBRNYM MEDALEM
„SIŁY ZBROJNE
W SŁUŻBIE OJCZYZNY”

SEKRETARZ
RADY PAŃSTWA

M. Rybicki
(Marian Rybicki)

Award Certificate of one of
his Medals, issued to him by
the Polish Government.

two separate groups which would be located in two different camps relatively close to each other. Due to the lack of weapons, we decided this situation would be more suitable. One group was organized as the fighting group while the other was a civilian group for the elderly and women.

In time we took many guns and rifles from the peasants and carried out acts of revenge against those peasants who had collaborated with the Nazis. Six weeks later we met a group of Russian partisans who were located near us and we decided to operate together against our enemies. Their commander's name was Nasekin. The peasants in the surrounding areas were afraid because they heard a large army of partisans were nearby. They told this to the Germans seeking their protection. But the Germans did not move from their spot and instead barricaded themselves in with tight security. They feared Jews with guns. We also learned that a second group of Russian partisans under the command of commander Kartuchin was located near the village of Povorsk and that many of our Jewish friends were joining the group.

In the meantime, a colonel Brinski, Dadya Petya, came to our group. He was sent by chief headquarters in Moscow to install military discipline. I knew Dadya Petya quite well. He was interested in us Jewish fighters and some thought he was Jewish himself, though he never admitted it. With the arrival of some Ukrainians and Russians to our unit, various new functions were created. Some Russians didn't like having a Jew as their commander. Once, while returning from a mission, they told Kruk that I tried to sabotage the mission. Kruk removed me as commander and I was replaced by a Russian. Kruk reported this change to Dadya Petya. A few days later, Kruk received an order from Dadya Petya to reinstate me as commander and our unit would be made up completely of Jewish fighters. My aides were Joseph Blasteim, Yitchok Kuperberg, Yova Yerba, and Aba Clurman.

My first areas of operation were between the villages of Vibzer and the cities Kamen Koshirsky and Kowel. I placed mines along the road daily and blew up many trucks and cars transporting war materials and soldiers. Many soldiers were killed. Once we



MAJ. JAKUB SCHNEIDER
as a volunteer saw action from 1942 until the end of the war in the Polish Army. Participated in the Battles among others, in Warsaw and Berlin. He was wounded. Received Medals: For Warsaw; For Victory; Victory Cross; Silver, Bronze and other Medals. Resides in Chorzow, Poland.

blew up a car containing a general and several aides. The general was seriously wounded and several of the aides were killed. On one of the other missions, we blew up twelve trains carrying war materials and soldiers. Several hundred soldiers were killed. We also blew up the viaduct in Kamen Koshirsky. It was a very risky job and many of my aides tried to dissuade me from doing it. But I felt that as a Jew I was responsible for my brothers in the unit to fulfill my duties. After we blew up the viaduct, the trains between Kamen Koshirsky and Kowel stopped running. I didn't lose one fighter in this mission.

After a few months of operating in this area, we successfully completed our job and we were transferred to another location between the cities of Brick and Pinsk. This was the major road connection to White Russia and the Germans used it to transfer men and materials to the front. It took us two weeks to get there. However, we found many sympathizers along the way. But it was hard to hide since there were no forests along the way.

The Germans guarded the railroad tracks well. nevertheless, our missions were successful. We blew up fifteen trains loaded with heavy weapons--tanks, artillery, guns and many soldiers. Because of our activities, the Germans stopped using the tracks at night and guarding them more heavily. We kept tearing them up at night and they kept trying to fix them. Finally, they stopped sending the trains.

In the summer of 1943, the Germans began retreating and our acts of sabotage helped the Russian army. We partisans waited for our final victory even though we had no family left. We knew that Jewish life was dead and we understood that with freedom came pain. However, we fought with pride and defended our honor, and we will never forget this.

In the spring of 1944, we entered the city of Rowno and were reunited with the Russian army. eventually orders came that all partisans should join the Russian army. I was offered the rank of lieutenant and I was decorated with the medals of first and second fatherlands war, the Red Star and Lenin, being considered a hero I was paid several thousand Rubels and I was sent to the draft headquarters.

After all of this, I decided that I had nothing

WE BLEW UP FIFTEEN TRAINS LOADED WITH HEAVY WEAPONS--TANKS, ARTILLERY, GUNS AND MANY SOLDIERS. BECAUSE OF OUR ACTIVITIES, THE GERMANS STOPPED USING THE TRACKS AT NIGHT AND GUARDING THEM MORE HEAVILY. WE KEPT TEARING THEM UP AT NIGHT AND THEY KEPT TRYING TO FIX THEM. FINALLY, THEY STOPPED SENDING THE TRAINS.

more to fight for and took a train back to my home town of Maniewich. When I arrived, I found all the houses were empty. My family and friends were gone. There was no life. The Nazis had put a wooden sign in the center of the town saying the town was "Juden rein". I went to the graves where our people were murdered and I cried very hard.

Soon afterwards I met Lisenko, former secretary of the communist party. He asked me to take a party position but I refused. I took a job as a manager of all of the industrial plants in the region. After working for one year, I left Russia and came to Poland. In the meantime I had connections with the Zionist movement in Poland and I was appointed by Antek Zukerman from Warsaw to take a job in the city of Lublin to send the Polish Jews coming from Russia to Palestine. After working there for six months, I was transferred to Riga, Chechoslovakia. From Riga I went to Budapest, Hungary, and from Budapest to Graz, Austria. In Graz, we founded the movement Pachach (Partisan Chajal Chalutz) with L. Lidowski, Moshe Kaganowich, and Ischok Kuperberg and others from Graz. Then I was transferred to Milan, Italy. I arrived in Italy in 1945 and worked there in the Bricha as a representative from Pachach preparing and sending our members to Palestine. I left Italy in 1950 and went to the United States, for personal reasons. Most of my friends are living in Israel helping to build our country.

CORP. ITSIK SCHWARTZ (I. KARA)
graduated from the University
of Rumania in Biology. A His-
torian and a Yiddish writer.
Served in the Soviet Army and
distinguished himself in Bat-
tles. Received Medals: For Bra-
very and Victory for the
Conquest of Koenigsberg.
Resides in Rumania.



„ЗА ПОБЕДУ НАД ГЕРМАНИЕЙ
В ВЕЛИКОЙ ОТЕЧЕСТВЕННОЙ ВОЙНЕ
1941—1945 гг.“



Certificates of Medals for
Naftali Tzivian.

„ДВАДЦАТЬ ЛЕТ ПОБЕДЫ
В ВЕЛИКОЙ ОТЕЧЕСТВЕННОЙ В
1941—1945 гг.“



УДОСТОВЕРЕНИЕ

ЗА УЧАСТИЕ В ВЕЛИКОЙ
ОТЕЧЕСТВЕННОЙ ВОЙНЕ

NAFTALI TZIVIAN
was a Sailor with the Baltic
Fleet and saw war at Kornstadt
and Leningrad. Was badly
wounded, left him an Invalid. СССР от 9 мая 1945 года
Resides in Israel. НАГРАЖДЕН МЕДАЛЬЮ



„ЗА ПОБЕДУ НАД ГЕРМАНИЕЙ
ОТЕЧЕСТВЕННОЙ
1941—1945 гг.“

ВИДИУМА ВЕРХОВНОГО
ССР МЕДАЛЬ ВРУЧЕНА

1945 г.
и Райвоенком
нное звание и подпись лица,
ручившего медаль

УДОСТОВЕРЕНИЕ

от 7 мая 1965 года
НАГРАЖДЕН ЮБИЛЕЙНОЙ МЕДАЛЬЮ
„ДВАДЦАТЬ ЛЕТ ПОБЕДЫ
В ВЕЛИКОЙ ОТЕЧЕСТВЕННОЙ
ВОЙНЕ 1941—1945 гг.“
ОТ ИМЕНИ ПРЕЗИДИУМА ВЕРХОВНОГО
СОВЕТА СССР МЕДАЛЬ ВРУЧЕНА
7 мая 1965 года

НАГРАЖДЕН ЮБИЛЕЙНОЙ МЕДАЛЬЮ
„ДВАДЦАТЬ ЛЕТ ПОБЕДЫ
В ВЕЛИКОЙ ОТЕЧЕСТВЕННОЙ
ВОЙНЕ 1941—1945 гг.“

ОТ ИМЕНИ ПРЕЗИДИУМА ВЕРХОВНОГО
СОВЕТА СССР МЕДАЛЬ ВРУЧЕНА
7 мая 1965 года

Председатель Прохладского
райисполкома:
ручившего медаль

For A Righteous Cause

By A.A. Kazaryan

A fragment from the book: "Avengers."



NATHAN LIKER (right) a heroic Partisan, with his daughter and a co-fighter
MURAT NADZEYEV. Picture was taken after the war. Nathan passed away in
1976 in Brisk, USSR.

HYMAN SHEINER
saw war in Europe and Far East.
Participated in the invasion
of Okinawa and was with the
first ship that anchored in
Tokyo. Decorated with several
Medals. Resides in the USA.



When the war broke out I was chief of intelligence of 19th Army's air arm. After a series of hard-fought defensive battles near Vyazma our army found itself surrounded. In groups we tried to break out of the enemy ring, time and again engaging the enemy at close quarters. In this fighting I was wounded in the head and then in the neck. At the same time that I got the wound in my neck I was shell-shocked, and while still unconscious I was taken prisoner. At first I was put in a so-called hospital for war prisoners in the town of Vyazma and then initiated in all the horrors of war prisoners' camps in Orsha and Borisov. At the beginning of May 1942 I and other prisoners were transferred to a camp in the small Polish town of Benjami-novo, some tens of kilometres from Warsaw. It was a large camp containing nearly 20,000 Armenians, Georgians, Azerbaijanians, Kazakhs and Uzbeks. All of us suffered terribly from hunger.

I had already made three unsuccessful attempts to escape when I was in other camps, but I was determined to try it again. I studied the men around me, planning to form an underground group. One of my fellow prisoners was a man named Stepan Yagjyan, whom I knew in the infantry school. He fell in with my plans and we set to work. At the outset we received inestimable assistance from Jan, a true Soviet patriot and a Jew by nationality, who was the camp interpreter. Thanks to his efforts Soviet patriots were assigned to all the key positions all the way from the kitchen to the camp police. The chief of the camp police, for example, was a former member of the Soviet counter-intelligence and an Abkhazian by nationality. His deputy was a former political worker. This enabled us to keep abreast of all camp affairs.

AT THE OUTSET WE RECEIVED INESTIMABLE ASSISTANCE FROM JAN, A TRUE SOVIET PATRIOT AND A JEW BY NATIONALITY, WHO WAS THE CAMP INTERPRETER. THANKS TO HIS EFFORTS SOVIET PATRIOTS WERE ASSIGNED TO ALL THE KEY POSITIONS ALL THE WAY FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE CAMP POLICE.

Our underground organisation, which we called the Anti-fascist Underground Patriotic Organisation, became active at the close of May 1942. The leadership was provided by a bureau consisting of Stepan Yagjyan, Vagan Vartanyan, David Minasyan, Avetis Karapetyan and me. We carried on anti-fascist propaganda, sustained the morale of the war prisoners, talked to them individually and kept alive their faith in the victory of Soviet arms. The members of our bureau kept a watch on how food was distributed, helped the sick and wounded and hid Jews and political workers from the Germans. We paved the way for getaways. One of the men whom we helped to escape was Panzer Lieutenant Ruben Galustyan, who was entrusted with contacting Polish Communists or partisans.

We had to act with extreme caution. The organisation was divided up into small groups and each man knew only the members of his group. The bureau met only in emergencies.

In mid-August 1942 all Armenians were transferred from Benjaminovo to Deblin, Georgians to Milan and Azerbaijanians to Ligionovo; Kazakhs, Turkmenians and Uzbeks remained in Benjaminovo. In this period of reorganisation our bureau enlisted men of other nationalities and arranged for the continuation of underground activity in other places. I spoke to the Georgians and Ossetians while majors Yagjyan and Minasyan arranged matters with the Kazakhs, Uzbeks and Turkmenians.

In the small town of Pulau near the Deblin camp the Germans set up a training centre and proceeded forcibly to form an Armenian legion. Men who refused to join it were barbarously punished and some were even shot. The training centre drew recruits from the camp in Deblin.

Our bureau had to decide what to do in these circumstances.

"We are Soviet soldiers and our duty is to get away from here immediately. I cannot put on the enemy's uniform. Death is better than this disgrace," David Minasyan said earnestly.

"All right, supposing we agree with you and lead part of the war prisoners out of the camp. What about the others? Have we the right to leave them to their fate?" Stepan Yagjyan argued.



MICHAEL D. GORDON

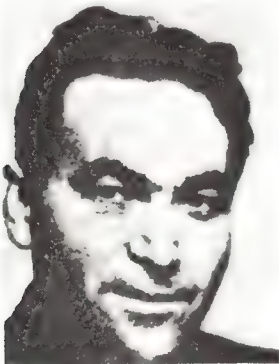
Participated in the Defense of Warsaw in 1939. After the defeat of the Polish Army escaped to the Soviet Union. Joined the Red Army where he fought on several fronts. Was wounded by Polock in 1944, after recuperation was sent back to the front. Awarded the Distinguish Grunwald Medal. Resides in the USA.



Partisans

Dr. Broino Kiveloff's Document.
(Translation, below, next page).

MEYER MEVORAH (left) and IRVING MARCUS were two Marines on the Battle ship Harding. The ship was the first to arrive to the shores of Normandy and fire at the enemy. Meyer and Irving are credited for shooting down a Japanese suicide plane during the mission in Okinawa. Both were decorated with various Medals. They reside in the USA.



DR. RUDOLF VRBA (WALTER ROSENBERG)

escaped from the notorious Auschwitz concentration camp and made his way to Slovakia. He alerted the community leaders of the genocidal activities that were going on in the camp. Later on He became a fearless Partisan in Western Slovakia. He received many Medals for his heroic achievements. He survived the war. Resides in the USA.

[Handwritten text in Cyrillic script, likely a translation of Dr. Broino Kiveloff's Document. The text is dense and appears to be a transcription of a handwritten document.]

[A circular stamp is visible at the bottom left of the handwritten text, containing the text "ОДБОРО ПОМОЩИ" and "ПОМОЩЬ" in Cyrillic.]

Before the war the Jew Giltchik was the manager of "Zagotskot" a government meat plant in the town of Kapulye. At the very first days of the German occupation he ran away towards the forest near the town of Rayawsk and joined a small Russian partisan unit of communist activities. He later became the commander of the Jewish battalion "Zhukov."

In a very short time "Zhukov" battalion counted 200 men of them 130 Jews, 70 non-Jews. By 1943, this partisan unit had 11 heavy pieces of artillery 23 automatic weapons and 136 hand guns. The battalion "Zhukov" was led by the commander Gelchik, a Russian Commissar - Martinov, for special problems officer Weiner from Kapulye, staff officer was a Jewish teacher from Kapulye, commander of the first brigade Moshe Fisch, a former officer of the Polish Army and organizer of the uprising in the Ghetto of Kletzk, supply to material was Maze Ozer.

The Jewish battalion "Zhukov" from the region Kapulye was instrumental in organizing the escape of 170 Jews from the forced labor camp in the town of Swierz, they all joined the partisans.

THE RESISTANCE IN KAPULYE

Right after the Germans imprisoned all the Jews behind Ghetto walls, there was immediate attempts fight and resist. There was a total of 2500 Jews that included the Jewish communists from Pesotchne, Baboyne and a few others. A day did not pass with out horrible atrocities committed by the Germans against the helpless Jews. We began to organize an underground, the main problem was weapons... With great difficulties we acquired a few weapons. Elie Peker bought a machine gun, we also received a few hand guns and grenades.

CERTIFICATE

Given to the partisan of the Detachment of Special Assignment Broino I. Kiveloff.

During his stay in the Partisan Detachment of Special Assignment of Captain Davidow, Kiveloff carried out the function of physician. Beside his duties of physician Doctor Kiveloff actively participated in fighting operations. Participated in sabotage demolition by explosion of two military echelons of the enemy. Conducted a big work in the demoralizing of the German garrison in the small town of Dworetz, County of Baranowitz. All the tasks of the command of the detachment fulfilled exactly and responsibly always has been one of the most disciplined fighters of the detachment.

Signature and Stamp. June 21, 1944. Translated from Russian.

IN A VERY SHORT TIME "ZHUKOV" BATTALION COUNTED 200 MEN OF THEM 130 JEWS, 70 NON-JEWS. BY 1943, THIS PARTISAN UNIT HAD 11 HEAVY PIECES OF ARTILLERY 23 AUTOMATIC WEAPONS AND 136 HAND GUNS.

A few houses were converted to underground hiding places and escape routes, we also made "double-walls" to hide in emergencies. The Germans somehow suspected the preparation activities in the Ghetto, and in March of 1942, arrived a strong party of SS, they selected 1200 Jews and incarcerated them in the so called "cold-synagogue." For three days the blood thirsty Germans continued the orgy of torture and massacre till all perished, only 11 escaped. The eleven survivors became the nucleus of the organized Jewish partisans. They obtained weapons, and also maintained a close contact with the remaining Jews in the Ghetto of Kapulye. It was also agreed that on the day of the Ghetto uprising, the Jewish partisans will assist them in attacking the Germans from the rear.

Who were the 11 partisans? Sosin - a student; Godl Zhurawitzki - lector at the university of Minsk; Hozberg - a railroad laborer; Meir Wiener - a shoemaker; Chayim Menaker - a technician; Liove Gilchik - commander-in-chief.

The Germans began to feel the heavy hand of the partisans, the battalion of Giltchik had a few hundred armed men, the chief of staff was the Jewish teacher from Kapulye, Itche Berkowitz. In the forests of Zwolke, Laver and Starotz, they established their partisan bases. The group united together attacked the enemy. The Germans became wild murderers, took revenge upon the innocent in the Ghetto, they took hostages and hanged them from telephone poles to terrorize the population.

Finally they came to destroy the Jewish Ghetto at Kapulye. From almost every house they were met with strong resistance, some of the barricaded bunkers the Germans could not even approach. Especially heroic was the battle of one single Jew Elye Peker. He installed a machine gun in the attic of his house, protecting his wife, children and his mother-in-law. Single handed he received the German murderers with a heavy barrage of bullets. He fought to the last bullet, then the Germans burned his house, but they collected 48 German corpses.

THE GERMANS BEGAN TO FEEL THE HEAVY HAND OF THE PARTISANS, THE BATTALION OF GILTCHIK HAD A FEW HUNDRED ARMED MEN, THE CHIEF OF STAFF WAS THE JEWISH TEACHER FROM KAPULYE, ITCHE BERKOWITZ.

SINGLE HANDED HE RECEIVED THE GERMAN MURDERERS WITH A HEAVY BARRAGE OF BULLETS. HE FOUGHT TO THE LAST BULLET, THEN THE GERMANS BURNED HIS HOUSE, BUT THEY COLLECTED 48 GERMAN CORPSES.

The households of the tailor Zecharye Kahan, Golder Manus, Moshe Kahan and many others fought the Germans with arms, killing many of the murderers, before they perished themselves. After a whole day battle the Germans destroyed the Ghetto throwing dozens of barrels with gasoline. From the estimated 700 houses 500 were burned. Only 70 Jews survived the battle in the Ghetto of Kapulye and later joined the partisans in the forest.

In Kapulye Jews fought the Germans from their homes. The ritual-shochet Meir Wiener, was able to hide in the slaughter house, he joined later the partisans fighting the Germans, with a gun in hand, he fell in one of the many battles.

From the Slutsk Yizkor Book. Published by the Society in Israel, 1962. Reprinted with permission of the Society.

THE TAILOR ZECHARYE KAHAN, GOL-
DER MANUS, MOSHE KAHAN AND
MANY OTHERS FOUGHT THE GERMANS
WITH ARMS, KILLING MANY OF THE
MURDERERS, BEFORE THEY PERISH-
ED THEMSELVES.

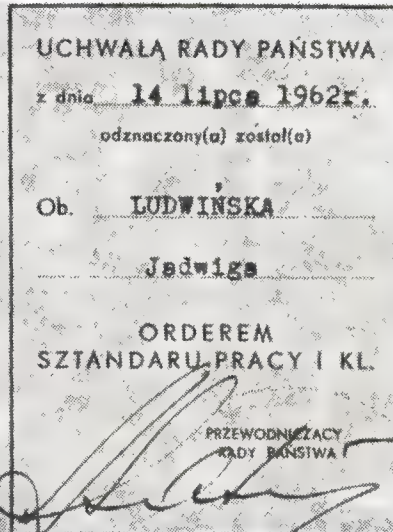
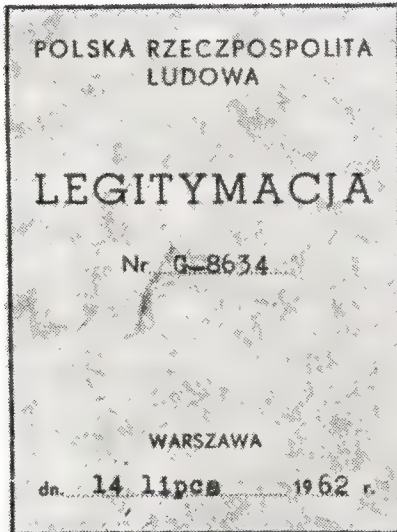


A group of Soviet officers. From right to left: Major Osherowitz, third, Israel Rushko and fifth, Major Dr. Krasnosielski.

The Partisan David Mudrik



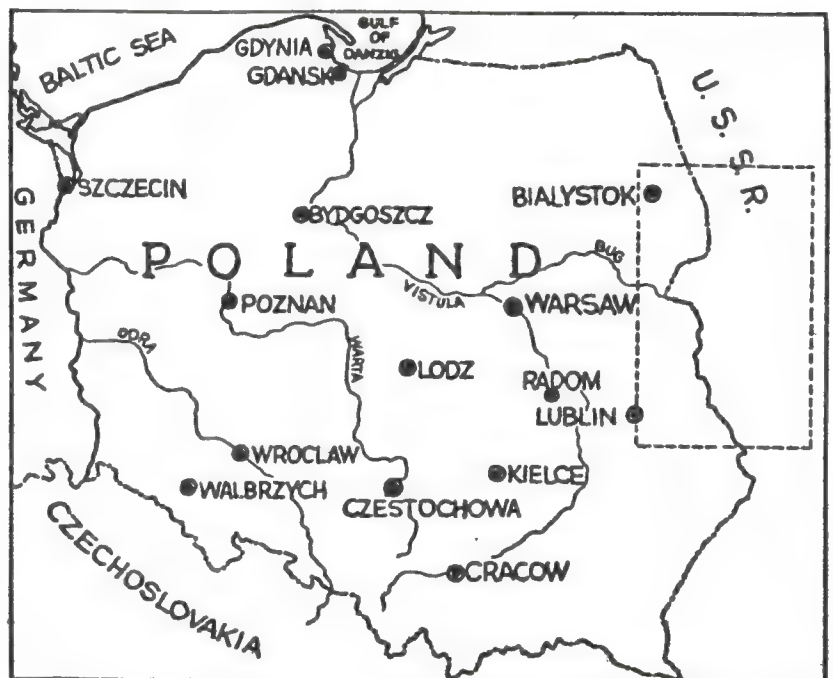
SABINA LUDWINSKA-GOLDSZLAK was a typical Underground worker in Nazi Europe. An organizer of many groups and an agitator against the Germans in the vicinity of Cracow. Survived.



Certificate that JADWIGA LUDWINSKA-GOLDSZLAK was decorated with the Medal of Workers Flag 1st Class.



JACOB J. GURDUS from Warsaw, Poland, fought with the British Army against the enemy. Resides in the USA.



Map of Poland, with Polesie shown in area at right by broken lines.

I am David Mudrik born in the town of Dombrowitz, when World War II broke out I was only 8 years young.

We were a family of five, father, mother, my brother, sister and I, when the Germans came we hid in the fields. The Germans began rounding up Jews, at the beginning some were able to bribe the officials, and were released. Later it became more difficult, and the harassment continued daily till the final liquidation of all Jews in the neighboring town of Sarne, where the streets were covered with murdered Jews.

My father was intelligent and skillful and was able to find a hiding place in the mountains where we survived all through winter...My father pretended in public to be a gentile and a partisan, he visited Ukrainian homes, inquired about German raids. We managed to form a small partisan group, my sister became the cook.

The Germans behaved brutally towards the peasants, they went from farm to farm taking the harvest and all the food. Our partisan group made a surprised attack recovered some of the loot even the livestock, and returned it to the peasants, our status was enhanced. Our weapons were butcher knives and spears, later we were able to acquire firearms by killing Germans.

We were hiding during the day, harassing the Germans during the night and securing food. Once the forest warden discovered our camp, we wanted to execute him, he pleaded for mercy, and we let him go. Out of gratitude he became our supporter and friend helping us to fight the Germans.

We succeeded to contact the Russian Army, and they sent us a monthly supply of needed articles and products. In the spring of 1944 my father and mother went deep in the forest, in search for berries, they were ambushed by Ukrainian murderers and killed.

Our group decided to move on to the swamps of Pinsk. We were now a strong partisan group, that even the Germans respected our might. They did not dare to enter the village to confiscate food from the peasants. We controlled the village and dared to sleep in the peasants huts...

As the Soviet Army came near, our partisan group left the swamps, in an attempt to join them. I and another partisan stayed in place. We later decided to go on our own...It was a bitter cold winter, the forest was covered with mountains of snow. We found friendly peasants that helped us find our way, however we were short of food and felt the pangs of hunger.



ISAK TALVI

born in 1921, in Sofia,
Bulgaria. Partisan, fell in
battle on May 31, 1944.

during the 2nd World War was a Partisan in Otriad "Denisov" Brigade in Byelorussia from 1942-44. Fought many Battles against the enemies. Was decorated with 2 Medals. Resides in Haifa, Israel.

From one of the writers Azriel Eisners' stories.

Утман

Саломон

Рагнхроби

ОТ ИМЕНИ ПРЕЗИДИУМА ВЕРХОВНОГО
СОВЕТА СССР МЕДАЛЬ ВРУЧЕНА

14 : 90000 1046

Литеский' в х'воинном

(должность, военное звание и подпись лица,

М. П. Калинина Зинаида - ч. худоб.
(вручившего медаль)

504

Mahmed-Melamed

By Yisroel Puchtik



BRONISLAV LUNKE, a Polish famous graphic-artist, called his moving painting: "Execution in the Ghetto Ruins." The drawing represents a Destroyed House in the image of a murdered person.



At left a hero of the Soviet Union B. Pavlov, placing a mine at a railroad track. Picture below: Another mine is placed...



PAVEL SEGAL (SUSKI)
was parachuted in the vicinity of Gdansk and became a leader of a Diversant group. Participated in many pitched battles against the enemy. Survived.



The first German patrol, thirty men on motorcycles, wearily entered the town of Manievich. The Ukrainian population gave them a festive welcome. The Germans left their arms unguarded by the "Kauntor," confident that they were among a sympathetic population -- Ukrainians and Poles.

The Ukrainian police quickly organized and inspected the stolen goods and booty of the town's Jews.

Six weeks passed, and 375 Jews, mainly heads of families, were forcibly gathered together and led to their deaths, into pits that had been prepared beforehand by the local peasants in the "Horses' Graves" sector. We do not have much evidence on what happened in the valley of death. From peasants who took part in this action, and from others who were spectators, we learned that the Ukrainian police beat people with beastly cruelty. All were stripped naked, dragged by the neck, and then pushed into the opening of the pit.

There were attempts at escape and struggle. It was told that Binyamin Eizenberg, a locksmith, killed two policemen, but then a third emptied an entire magazine into Binyamin's body -- he was still walking until he fell dead, wallowing in his own blood, into the pit.

After this "action," the Jews were called upon to organize a Judenrat that would direct the affairs of the town's Jews, and would strictly concern itself with implementing the Germans' directives.

I left this place and went to my hometown of Horodok. The town's peasants intervened on my behalf, so that the Gavitz Komissar permitted me to stay with my wife, two children, and mother. My father had been killed in an "action."

* * * * *

At the beginning of our time in the forest, we carried out a number of punitive operations against Ukrainian nationals (zlinovtzim), the Ukrainian police force, and other collaborators. But our dream was to carry out a serious operation against the Germans themselves. The opportunity for such an operation soon arrived: a mine, that was sent from Moscow to the partisan command, was brought to our company. A Soviet partisan also arrived, who taught us how to activate the mine on railroad tracks. Six Jewish partisans and the one Russian went out to execute the operation on the railroad tracks in the vicinity of Manievich-Tzruveka. We attached the mine to the tracks, rigged up a long wire, and hid ourselves in a grove, ready to detonate the mine by means of the wire the instant the train passed. All of a sudden, we spotted from afar German troops coming directly toward us, and the young, strong partisan, "Vlodya" Zweibel was ordered to quickly dismantle the mine.

*But our dream was to
carry out a serious
operation against the
Germans themselves.*

The mine exploded in Vlodya's hands, and he cried out for help. The Russian officer blocked our way to him, pointed his gun at us, and ordered us to quickly retreat to the forest. Our helplessness to save our friend and our abandoning him on the railroad tracks jolted us into shock. Vlodya's cries echoed in our ears for a very long time.

The next day a Ukrainian liaison informed us of Vlodya's fate. The mine had severed his leg and wounded his entire body, but he hadn't lost consciousness. The Germans cruelly tortured him, but he did not betray his comrades nor did he reveal the location of the partisan base.

After this tragic event with the mine, the anti-Semitic chief of staff, Kartuchin, decided not to give the Jewish brigade any more mines, based on the claim that they were cowards. This attitude caused a bitter mood to fall on the company, especially since we knew that the one who was at fault for the failure of the mission, and the loss of a dear partisan was the Russian instructor.

During this time, there was on the staff a captain by the name of Mahmed -- he was dark-skinned, tall, and handsome. He had served during the years 1939-41 in the townlet of Poboresky in an artillery unit with the rank of captain-engineer. As the Russian's retreat, he decided to remove the cannon shells, so the Germans would not be able to make use of them. With the help of his soldiers, he buried them in pits in the surrounding forests. He himself was captured, but escaped and wandered about the forests alone, until he organized a unit of partisans. Once, when they were near the town of Kovel, they were attacked by Germans and caught in thick and continuous fire. Captain Mahmed successfully covered his men until they extricated themselves from the siege. This was one of the outstanding operations of Mahmed, but even this act of heroism did not serve to elevate him in Kartuchin's, the anti-Semite's, eyes. Kartuchin was suspicious of him because he was a Jew, although this was never proven the entire time he was in the forest.

Mahmed was transferred to the Jewish company called Kruk.

Here, too, Mahmed did not reveal his identity, assuming his Kavkazit identity. In spite of this, he

He himself was captured, but escaped and wandered about the forests alone, until he organized a unit of partisans.

did not refrain from proving to his Gentile friends the great ability of the Jewish partisans. Mahmed organized the removal of cannon shells and their transport to Kruk Otryad, and under his personal supervision and direction, the extraction of explosives from the cannon shells and the preparation of mines began.

This work was carried on intensely, with great expertise and no tools by Jewish youths from the civilian camp ("the family camp"). The process of melting down the explosive material was a very dangerous one. It was necessary to take apart the front piece that was made of copper and to remove another three metal rings to reach the metal explosive, that was as hard as cast cement. All of this work was done using only a chisel and hammer, thus creating a high risk of an unwanted explosion; accidents did in fact occur. Two youths, Syomkeh and Feyskeh were torn to pieces by explosions. They put the cannon shells in a barrel of boiling water, heated them until the hard explosive material melted, and then baked them into wooden molds that were smeared in a paste of flour and water so that the liquid would not stick to the wood. They baked sabotage-bricks that weighed two to five kilograms and used the explosive materials for mines. The girls of the camp made detonators from flashlight batteries they had obtained from Polish "Konductors" in exchange for pork and other commodities.

Mahmed significantly improved the extraction of explosives and the activating of mines, making it no longer necessary to use a long wire to detonate the mine. Instead, a clock was used, and the danger in this operation was greatly reduced. These types of mines were activated with great success by Malenka (Dov Lorber), Vova Verba, Itzik Kuperberg, and many others from the Kruk Otryad; the bombings of twenty trains, bridges, boats, and more were credited to these "cowards." In light of these operations, many partisans, our "comrades at arms" were compelled to recognize the ability of the Jewish company and to change their attitude toward them. The Jewish partisans and the "civilian camp" knew how to set up Mahmad's operation in every situation, and his contributions were always for their benefit.

With the victories of the Red Army and the approaching of the battlefront to our area, many partisans from the otryad joined the army, among them Zev Bronstein, Avraham Merin, Zecharia Viner, Schmuel Lupa,



MOSHE FINKEL
A Partisan.

Avraham Gorodetzer with his two daughters, and many others. All of them died a hero's death in the capture of Konigsberg, Warsaw, and Berlin. (Gorodetzer's two daughters live in Israel.)

Mahmed, too, joined the army and went to the ford at the Bug River, while the Germans continued to hold the city of Kovel, where they had been for several months.

My wife and I settled with partisans in the township of Rafalofka. One day in the train station, I saw Mahmed in a major's uniform of the Red Army. In the forest his rank had been that of captain, even before the war. I ran over to him and called out excitedly, "Mahmed, Mahmed! What a hero of a soldier you are -- already a major!" The officer looked at me in amazement. "Who are you? I don't know you." I apologized. I told him of the strong resemblance between him, the major, and Mahmed the Kavkazi, the captain that was with us as partisans.

The officer did not leave me and asked that I tell him even more about Mahmed. I told him briefly all that I knew of him. "He is my brother," the major cried excitedly, tears welling up in his eyes. "His name isn't Mahmed, it's Melamed. Our family lived in Kavkaz before the war, and he's my twin brother. We assumed that he was no longer living, and, here, he's alive and goes by the name of Mahmed." We parted with a handshake, shalom aleichem and "God be with you." The Jewish officer Melamed from Kavkaz was forced to conceal his Jewish identity not only from the Germans, but also, and especially, from his comrades at arms -- the Russian partisans.



AVRAHAM GORODETZER
from Marx's group and the
family camp. Fell in Battle in
the Russian Army near Berlin.



FELDMARSHAL KEITEL Signs Unconditional Surrender
in the name of Germany to the Allies.

*"He is my brother," the
major cried excitedly,
tears welling up in his
eyes. "His name isn't
Mahmed, it's Melamed."*

The 16 Year Old Partisan Izie Katzowitch

By Dov Katzowich



THE JEWISH FAMILY MAKSIMOV. Parents in uniform were in the war as doctors during its duration. Left is the grandfather. Lt. Lev Maksimov participated in the Battles as a pilot in Europe and Japan. Was decorated with Medals for the Defense of Moscow, Victory over Germany and Victory over Japan.

(Center is Lev in pilot uniform and in civilian clothes).

In spring of 1942, two men with weapons arrived into the Ghetto of Glubok, Friedman from Dolhinev, and the second from Postav, they were partisans. They suggested that we join the partisans, however, they refused to accept Izie, he was too young and too small. I told them that without Izie we want go, in the same evening a group of ten left the Ghetto of Glubok for the forest, including Izie.

The little Izie surprised us all, the partisans loved him for his courage and sense of justice. In the winter of 1943, our partisan Otriad left for the vicinity of Minsk, and from there they were transferred to Otriad "Bolshevik", near Lahoyisk, they were 6 Jews and Izie age 16...

Near Lahoyisk was entrenched a German garrison. The Commander of the "Bolshevik" decided that the garrison should be destroyed, and Izie went with the Otriad. The partisans were divided into two groups, one to attack the garrison and the other to wait in ambush. Izie was assigned to ambush, he pleaded with the Commander and was also sent to attack. The garrison with the Germans was destroyed, Izie conducted himself with bravery. On the way back Izie volunteered to drag along the heavy gun that weight 24 kilograms. He later confided to me: "I wanted to shut their mouths, they always make fun of the Jews. They are much older than I, but I wanted to show them the strength of a young Jew."

Indeed the other partisans were impressed with Izie's accomplishments, he participated in the most daring operations.

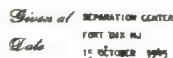
In June of 1944, the Germans felt their approaching defeat. They mobilized a large group of army men to clear the forest from the partisans. We left a small group in our base, the main force decided to go in the direction of the Berezin swamps, to break through the German ring of fire and steel.

Izie asked to march with my group, he was not allowed, the group he was assigned to marched for about 15 kilometers in the forest, near Tleshtenitz and Lahoyisk, where they encountered a strong German force. Izie distracted their attention from the main group by opening a strong barrage of fire, the partisans became



IZIE KATZOWITCH

INDEED THE OTHER PARTISANS
WERE IMPRESSED WITH IZIE'S AC-
COMPLISHMENTS, HE PARTICIPATED
IN THE MOST DARING OPERATIONS.

[illegible]

GUNTHER G. SCHLOSS
saw war with the American Army
from 1941-45 in Europe.
Served in the Signal Corps,
(Signal Intelligence and
Radio Interceptor), through
the duration of the European
Campaign. He received Medals:-
For the American Defense ,
European, African, Middle
Eastern and others. Resides in
the USA.



AS THE GERMAN GRABBED HIM, IT
EXPLODED, KILLING HIM AND THREE
GERMAN MURDERERS.

In Zembin there were many Germans and a strong guard over the Berezina bridge. In the vicinity of Zembin there are many forests and swamps, in one of them operated the general staff of the partisans in the Borisov-Minsk region. The Germans surrounded the forest and maintained a daily heavy bombardment. We lost a lot of fighters, those who were riding horses managed to escape. The German encirclement became stronger, our battalion fell apart. Izie's boots disintegrated, his clothes torn in rags, he was without food or water for days. When the Germans surrounded him, they wanted to capture him alive, to torture and extract information from him. He stood in the forest behind a tree, the Germans came nearer and nearer, he removed the pin of his last grenade, and put it under his body, as the German grabbed him, it exploded, killing him and three German murderers. Later a group of partisans found his body, but they were pursued by the Germans and had no time to bury him. Izie the 16 year young Jewish partisan died a hero's death. Izie's memory is a blessing, the survivors of Dokshitz will always remember him and the partisans.

From the Dokszyce Yizkor Book. Published by the Society in Israel. Reprinted with permission of the Society.

Kalushin Partisans

By The Brothers Shinolecki *(Israel)*



A group of Jewish Partisans in
the vicinity of Slonim.



David Shinolecki, second from right with
Partisans in a hospital after the
liberation.

In the summer of 1942 Jews from Kalushin were driven to Mrozi on the way to the death camps in Treblinka. Among them was the family of Yankel Shinolecki (Tzubik) his wife Tzirl, and their four children: Naftali 15 years, Dovid 13, Yechezkel 4, and Yisroel one year old. We already knew at that time the meaning of Treblinka. A short time prior to that action, we gave a non-Jew a big sum of money, he should save us.

We experienced many actions and developed a skill how to escape. Once when they apprehended a group of Jewish youth from Kalushin, transported to Shedlitz, on the way to Moukebid to the stone mines—with the threat to be killed for any minor violation, we escaped.

We went over to a Polish Policeman asking him permission to get a drink of water. We quickly departed—hid in the fields and went to the village of Alshewitz where they lived only three families: one of these - the one that took the money for our father, he refused to save us. He gave back the money, and we went hiding in the forest. From far we could hear the shots in Mrozi—as the Jews from Kalushin were forced into the death wagons on the way to Treblinka.

It was very difficult with our brother Yechezkel, 4 years old. He cried for father and mother, and asked for a warm place to sleep. Not once were we forced to leave him all by himself, at the outskirts of the forest covered with an old overcoat, in deadly fear of each sound.

In 1943 we were joined by two Jews that escaped Treblinka during a Jewish rebellion, there. They did not stay with us long. The very week of their escape one went with my brother Israel to bring some food, the Polish peasants handed them over to the Police. We found them shot with their hands tied. The other escape from Treblinka was shot by a Pole for refusing to let him extricate his golden tooth. The peasants told the Germans about our “bunker” in the woods—we escaped.

*In 1943 we were joined
by two Jews that escaped
Treblinka during a
Jewish rebellion, there.*

We retreated deep in the forest, and were witness to the transportation of the last Jews from Kalushin. The Germans tricked them promising food and resettlement. We did not believe the Germans.

In 1944 we settled in the region of Kupler forests, one day we left our “bunker” and noticed an armed German in our vicinity. We started to run, to our amazement we heard him call to us in Yiddish: “Come here, I’m a Jew from Kalushin.”

We asked him to put down his weapon, indeed he was Yeheshua Berman clad in a German uniform. We found out that not far from us existed a strong group of Jewish partisans from Kalushin. We

were hungry, we were emaciated, we did not have the strength to carry our weapons.

That very night they collected for us clothing, and thus began a new interesting and active life in the larger group of Jewish partisans.

We were assigned to plaster the railways with mines between the towns of Shedletz and Tzeglov,—we did this until the end of the war. Right after liberation we wanted to join the Polish Army, but the doctor of the military commission sent us to take a rest. When we returned “home” to Kalushin the local non-Jewish population “received” us by murdering our comrade Shmuel Lev, it became clear to us that we cannot stay anymore in Kalushin.

That very day we smuggled the boundaries and entered Czechoslovakia, from there we reached “illegally” the land of Israel, where we participated in the “War of Liberation” - the Jewish homeland.

From the "Sefer Kalushin." Published by the Kalushin Societies in Israel, USA., Argentina, France and other countries. Reprinted with permission of the Societies.



Jewish soldiers from Vilna in the Polish Army.

The Holocaust Chronicle Kartuz-Bereza

By Joseph Friedman



JOSEF FRIEDMAN, a native of Kartuz-Bereza, was only 20 years old when he worked in a ammunition depot in 1942 during the German occupation. Together with two other young Jews Leyzer Kolodner and Nachum Friedman smuggled parts of weapons to the ghetto. It was a very dangerous enterprise. Nevertheless, they were able to assemble a small arsenal. With that, Josef Friedman organized a group in the ghetto, and escaped to the forest in the region of Marmezshwe 7 kilometers from Kartuz-Bereza. They became partisans and fought against the Germans.

In the year of 1942, I was 20 years old. I was involved in underground work, and did not tell my mother of my secret plans. As she came home, I left the house and in the company of my two friends Leyzer Kolodner and Nahum Friedman approached the barbed-wire around the ghetto. As the German guard changed, we climbed over the gate, and after wandering a few days we reached the river Yasoltze.

With weapons held above our heads we swam the river, and passed two bridges. The German patrols kept on throwing high powered reflectors upon the river, occasionally they even added a burst of machine gun fire. For a while we could not move, had to float till the firing stopped. At the end of the river, we had to walk through swamps, and one dragged the other out the swampy earth.

In the morning we arrived in the village of Marmezshwe, which is 7 kilometers from Kartuz-Bereza. We entered the home of a peasant who maintained a contact with partisans, at the same time serving as the local magistrate for the Germans...The peasant led us to the partisans, after a long imploration, the partisans agreed to receive us. From that moment, we began fighting the Hitlerite German killers.

On July 16, and 17, 1942, the Germans perpetrated the first massacre of the Jews in the ghetto of Kartuz-Bereza. A few months later on the 15th of October 1942, during the High Holidays, the ghetto was again surrounded by the German S.S.-bandits and the local police murderers.

The despairing Jews realized then, that the killers came to slaughter them all. The Jews collected all of their moveable property, everything of value to the enemy and burned it, 40 houses were also burned down to the ground. A number of Jews and their families barricaded their homes and fought with hand made weapons the Germans and their local collaborators and shameful traitors. In the morning 1.800 Jews many seriously wounded and burned, were driven by the murderers to the Smolark forest about 4 kilometers from Kartuz-Bereza, where they were machinegunned into a mass grave. In this atrocity perished my parents David and Reyze Friedman, and my dear seven brothers and three sisters.

The oldest of our family of 12 children my brother Shmuel was 32 years old, the youngest Chayiml only 2 years young. Besides me, also survived my brother Shepsel, residing with his family in Florida. The evening that I left the ghetto, I saw my brother Aryel and his wife Feygel, and their 2 weeks old Berele born in the ghetto.

THE JEWS COLLECTED ALL OF THEIR MOVEABLE PROPERTY, EVERYTHING OF VALUE TO THE ENEMY AND BURNED IT, 40 HOUSES WERE ALSO BURNED DOWN TO THE GROUND. A NUMBER OF JEWS AND THEIR FAMILIES BARRICADED THEIR HOMES AND FOUGHT WITH HAND MADE WEAPONS THE GERMANS AND THEIR LOCAL COLLABORATORS AND SHAMEFUL TRAITORS.

I asked them to join me in the escape, it was too difficult for them with an infant...

The bloody murderers of the Jews of the ghetto Kartuz-Bereza were: S.S. killer Weitzman, Shultz, the Polish thug and bandit of the militia Olszewski, the Polish and Ukrainian murderers in uniform Radsheug, Pomeranshczug, Shidlowski, and other beasts of pray.

From the partisan base I made an attempt to rescue my family in the ghetto. The commander gave me permission to go to the ghetto, and assigned another partisan to help me. After marching about 20 kilometers through dangerous areas, we came to the ghetto of Kartuz-Bereza. The German guards saw us as we tried to enter the ghetto, and began shooting. We were able to hide behind a barn. The barn was a pigsty and very dirty, the Germans did not search here, and that saved our lives.

It was evident that this barn was used as a hiding place by other Jews. We found here-bread, and bottles of water. We were hiding for more than a day unable to leave. The police commander Olszewski and a group of Germans with dogs searched for us. We had a few grenades, and we were prepared to explode them should the Germans discover us. From our place of hiding we were able to see, how the Germans and their collaborators were destroying the ghetto house by house and killing the Jews. They were joined by the local population who robbed the empty houses. We came too late to rescue my family. In the middle of the night we were able to abandon our hiding place and escape from the Germans.

In the winter of 1942, I was sent by a partisan Otriad that had its base in the forest around the town of Pruzhena to make contact with the ghetto of Pruzhena. It was a difficult mission, as the ghetto was surrounded by a wall of barbed-wire, and heavily guarded. Nevertheless, I was able to enter the ghetto without being noticed.

In the ghetto, I found shelter with a Jewish men named Lipshitz, that did everything possible to protect me. The German patrol noticed foot steps in the snow leading outside to the ghetto. The German began a search in the ghetto, promising a large sum of money, for anyone that will denounce the person.

I had to leave the house of Mr. Lipshitz. In the morning I joined the forced labor group of the Jews of Pruzhena in my pocket I carried a revolver. In the evening I was given shelter in the home of Moshe Roytkop and Yoseph Unterschultz, I remained with them for a couple of weeks.



SHIEL FISHER
was a Partisan and fought many
battles in Byelorussia.

During that time I was able to accumulate a few weapons, and organize a group of Jews to leave the ghetto and join the partisans. At that time the Germans were engaged liquidating the ghetto and sending the Jews to Auschwitz. In the ghetto of Pruzhene I was able to meet my brother Aryeh, his wife and child died in Auschwitz.

I succeeded to lead a group of Jews from Pruzhena to the partisans. On the second rescue mission I was accompanied by the Christian partisan Ostrofchuk, he helped me to obtain more weapons and defend ourselves against the German pursuers.

At the end of 1942, the Germans began their final action against the ghetto in Pruzhena. I was able to rescue and lead a number of Jews to the forest. Among them: Yosef Unterschultz, Moyshe Rotkop and his wife are now in Israel, Tovya Breitbart and his brothers are now in New Jersey, Leyzer Izraelit, Moyshe Rawicki, Yankev Rosenbeim, Hershel Dinerman and others. We had 20 hand-guns, 26 guns, 2 field guns and a number of grenades.

WE HAD 20 HAND-GUNS, 26 GUNS, 2 FIELD GUNS AND A NUMBER OF GRENADES.

When I entered the ghetto, Pruzhena as a representative of the partisans, I was able to rescue many Jews that survived and live now in the United States, Israel and other countries. The surviving Jews of the ghetto Pruzhena remember very well the young partisan age 20, Yuzik- Joseph Friedman, who in 1942, risked his life many times to save Jews from the ghetto.

From July 1942, till April 1944, I with other partisans fought the German murderers. Later we were able to join the Red Army in the vicinity of Pinsk, from the 100 partisans more than one third perished fighting the Germans.



Orientation instructions are given by Fiedka, Chief of Staff of "Vilnius" unit, before combat.

They Were Many

The following five stories are from the books: "Jewish Partisans,"
Edited by Dr. Jack Nusan Porter.

By Nikolai Konishechuk

Commander of the "Kruk" Partisan Detachment


WOJSKO POLSKIE

Tymczasowe zaświadczenie Nr 17132

Okazja *Herzogowie Tencer*
Szef *Ksiel S. Mozes*
Szef of the *Podporucznik*
Mission *4-46*

odznaczony *Rozkazem Personalnym Naczelnego Dowódcy*
Najwyższego Polskiego Nr 377 z 2 czerwca 1945

**ZA BOHATERSKIE CZYNY I DZIELNE ZACHOWANIE SIĘ
W WALCE Z NIEMIECKIM NAJEŹDZCĄ**

Orderem, medalem *Krzyż Grunwaldu III klasy*
Szef *3-go Referatu*
Podpis *Wierbiński Jan*
Zaimowane *Wierbiński Jan*

M. p. *19 czerwca 1945 r.*



PVT. KOSIEL TENCER

was decorated for Heroic Combat against Germany.
(Document is in Polish).

Until the war began I was the chairman of the Village Council in the district of Kameen-Kashirsky, in the Region of Volyn (Western Ukraine). On July 28, 1941, I began to form a group of partisans. Quickly I made connections with the Jews from the village of Gryva and the small town of Maniewicz. Our partisans succeeded in rescuing about two hundred Jews from the village and the nearby settlements--men and women who, afterwards, joined my unit. I will tell about several of them who especially excelled. The scout Avraham Blaustein came upon a group of twenty Germans. He fought against them until he fell with a severe wound. The Germans grabbed him and brought him, dripping blood, to the Gestapo headquarters in Kameen-Kashirsky. Here, they tortured him cruelly: they stripped his flesh and broke his ribs. The Germans demanded that he point out the location of our camp, "The Jewish Unit" as the fascists called my unit. But Avraham bore his suffering with supreme bravery and did not reveal anything to the Germans. He died a true partisan, a loyal and devoted son of his Soviet homeland. Avraham's brother, Hershel Blaustein, also fell in battle against the Germans.

Among other partisans there was Asher Flash from Maniewicz who was a guard at the partisan camp, as was Sender Lande, who was also a guard at the nearby civilian camp that was protected by the partisans. Susel Shepa also of Maniewicz went out on numerous missions and blew up train tracks and bridges.

Pinick Berman, who fought under the command of Anton Brinsky ("Dadya Petya") in other groups as well as mine, won many medals for his heroic deeds. The nephew of Asher Flash, Moshe Flash, was a brave fighter and also went out on many missions during his time in the partisans.*



MIETEK HAJMAN

was a revolutionist all his life. Under the German occupation he was a radio-telegraphist in the Underground. One day walking in the street he was recognized by the police and they tried to arrest him, in a bitter shoot-out he killed a few policemen and after killed himself with the last bullet he possessed.

Commander O. Saburov with a Partisan detachment wading a river in the hinterland of the enemy in 1942.



Volodia Zweibel was an excellent partisan saboteur. He died a hero's death. His murder cost the Germans dearly: in his last stand he wiped out six of the fascists.



Three children Partisans. From left to right: Alan Rubin, Yideleh (Jack) Melamedik, and Berl Finkel.

Abba Klurman, along with his group, blew up eight trains, killing two hundred Germans who were heading toward the front. Aside from this he destroyed twelve tanks and no fewer cars. He was an alert scout and an excellent commander of his unit.

Joseph, the brother of Avraham and Hershel Blaustein who were both killed, blew up eleven German trains and destroyed eight cars and several tanks.

Itzik Kuperberg, along with his unit, blew up seven trains carrying military equipment and wiped out approximately eighty Germans.

Berl Lorber (called "Malenka") was the commander of a unit composed solely of Jewish partisans. This unit destroyed twenty four German trains, eighteen engines, forty coaches, four large bridges, and three hundred Germans. Lorber and his fighters also ruined twenty eight kilometers of telegraph and telephone lines.

Miriam Blaustein, a daring scout, took part in the partisan struggle from 1942 onwards. She helped carry out many acts of sabotage, blowing up German trains which were heading toward the front.

Itzik Zafron was born in 1928. This young partisan joined equally with all the rest in the attacks upon German garrisons and trains. He carried out the most difficult and most dangerous missions assigned to him.

Shaya Zarutsky was always in the most dangerous places during a battle. When an especially important mission had to be undertaken, a mission requiring extreme courage, Zarutsky was one of the first to come forth and volunteer. More than once he went out to scout three hundred kilometers away to check the places where we could capture arms and military equipment.

Isaac Avruch was one of my most devoted and loyal partisans. He accepted every difficult assignment no matter what it entailed and took part in many acts of sabotage against the German conquerors.

Vaveh Avruch was our mine technician. He emptied German bombs which did not explode in order to equip our unit with explosive material. He thus supplied us with a large quantity of explosives from the German booty we captured.

Israel Puchtik* (called "Zalonka") appeared in our unit with his own weapons. He killed several Germans with his own hands and took their rifles. He was appointed to lead one of our units and, along with his comrades-in-arms, he blew up eight German trains. Many times he went out on scouting missions, attacked German command posts, and destroyed bridges.

Hirsch Greenberg, like Vaveh Avruch, extracted caps from air bombs which didn't explode. In this way we obtained explosive material which was sorely needed. Greenberg invented an original method which simplified and speeded up this work. Many German bombs thus became the source of death for the Germans themselves.

Lena Blaustein also worked in our "mine factory." She prepared approximately one thousand mines, using very primitive methods. This courageous girl also went out on scouting missions armed with her weapon. She fell during an air-attack on our brigade.

Luba Flaum was our radio broadcaster. She coordinated the communications with other partisan groups and also with central headquarters in Moscow. He also worked actively on making our mines and took part in many battle operations.

Joseph Zweibel was the leader of a division. Together with other partisans he blew up trains carrying Germans and destroyed bridges. Also, Yankel Zweibel led a unit which blew up ten German trains.

Shimon Wolper was one of the organizers of our unit. Once I assigned him a mission to go to Maniewicz to save the Jews who still remained there. Wolper returned with thirty-two men and three women. All of them became active fighters in our fighting force.



VAVEH AVRUCH
was a Partisan in
"Kruk" Battalion.

* This is the editor's father. He was awarded the "War of the Fatherland" medal, First Class. (ed.)

I have mentioned the names of a small number of the Jewish partisans--those who fought and headed my unit. This small list could be expanded tenfold. There were many like these "Avengers of the People." With entire families Jews escaped from the preying teeth of the enemy, penetrated into the forests, and fought a life-and-death struggle against the conquerors.*

* Konishchuk is correct: a great many other fighters, both men and women, all of them Jews, could have been added to his list. His group is significant because, as noted, it was even labeled by the Germans themselves as a "Jewish Unit"; this was unusual, because most Soviet partisan groups were mixed groups. (ed.)



TATIANA B. AIZIN
Courier between the "Big Land" and Caucas. Participated in many battles. Received the Order of the "Red Star." Died in Moscow in 1964.



Near the Sarchov Woods, Volynia



Children from Kamin-Kashirsk, Young Partisans.
On the right is the late Yaakov Shuster of Tel Aviv.

The Partisan Filmmaker

A. Savitch



Veterans of the Palestine (Israel) Jewish Brigade proceeding to the Cemetery to Honor the Fallen Comrades in W. W. II. in Rodino, Italy.

For one entire year Michael Glieder fought in the partisan camps under the command of Major-General Alexei Feodorov and also at the camp of High Commander Sidor Kovpak.

In describing his life as a daring fighter, Feodorov wrote:

"Comrade Glieder, fighting shoulder-to-shoulder with other fighters behind enemy lines, accomplished his missions with great success, attacked enemy companies as a fighter while also fulfilling his duty as a photographer. In his active participation in blowing up railway tracks which served for German transportation, he sometimes came as close as fifty paces from the tracks and there lay in ambush for the German train and all the soldiers and ammunition it was carrying, in order to see with his own eyes its approach and explosion and to photograph the entire event at once."

Sidor Kovpak describes Michael Glieder both as a photographer and a fighter:

"Michael Glieder demonstrated extraordinary heroism at the camp. He also did a highly significant work by directing his camera at the combat activities of the camp, as well as at the acts of cruelty of the Germans against the peaceful population. Documentary evidence is attached to his work as a battlefield photographer. He was also a courageous fighter against the German enemy. On May 12, 1943, during one of the hardest battles, he stayed at the forefront all the time, organized the crossing of the camp over the river Pripet, and served as an example to the other comrades. At the same time fighter Glieder filmed with his movie camera the accomplishment of this difficult and dangerous task." (From Einekeit, June, 15, 1944)

* * * * *

The first year of the war of the fatherland and half of the second year were spent by Michael Glieder, a movie-technician, in the Red Navy. In March, 1943, he was called to Moscow to make a documentary film on the activities of the partisan movement. The man

On May 12, 1943, during one of the hardest battles, he stayed at the forefront all the time, organized the crossing of the camp over the river Pripet, and served as an example to the other comrades.

required for the job had to be deeply familiar with the Ukraine. Without asking many questions, Glieder agreed to drop over the combat area of a partisan company behind enemy lines. He did not reveal, however, that he had never dropped by parachute before and that he had only seen it done by others. Thus, Michael Glieder was to arrive in Sidor Kovpak's famous unit.

The unit was having a very hard time. The Germans had surrounded it and were endeavoring to drive it into the triangle between the Pripet and the Dnieper rivers. The partisans attempted a breakthrough by crossing the railway tracks. That was the first partisan battle in which Glieder took part. As he could not do any filming in the dark, he fought as an ordinary soldier. The breakthrough did not succeed. The partisan forces were heavily outnumbered. Kovpak decided to cross the Pripet, and the preparations for the crossing went on all through the night. At this point the width of the river was two hundred and forty meters. The current was so strong that a temporary bridge could not meet the requirements, as it had also to withstand the passage of fieldguns, vehicles, and food supplies. All went into the cold water. The bridge was almost ready, but the ropes did not hold. Then Glieder remembered how bridges of this kind were thrown over the River Amur, and he suggested that wedges be driven into the bottom of the river and fastened with wires so that each beam should have its own supporting point. After that had been accomplished, the bridge was ready by dawn. The partisans carried the loads and the field guns safely across. When the Germans eventually realized what was going on, the partisans had put some distance between them and the bridge.

A few days later Glieder filmed the historical discussions between the commanders and commissars of the five largest partisan brigades in the Ukraine, with the participation of the secretary of the Communist central committee, D.S. Korochenko, and the chief of staff of the Ukrainian partisan movement, Major-General Strokach. Some time later Glieder was attached to the unit of A.P. Feodorov.

Feodorov's was a fastmoving unit. Its men marched for sixteen hours on end. On their way they saw villages which the Germans had put to the torch. Here it was not the local population that provided food supplies for the partisans. On the contrary. It was the partisans that gave the inhabitants food from their



MICHA GAZIT
A child Partisan.

own provisions. After the unit had defeated a German garrison in a battle in which Glieder took part, both as fighter and cameraman, it proceeded to the region around the railway tracks running between Kovel and Sarni. It was necessary to disrupt in this region all German communication lines which carried troops and arms to the front. Once the partisans were encamped in the forest, they at once went out on sabotage missions.

Glieder wanted to film at any cost an actual blowing up of a train by the partisans. Twelve times he went out on missions which resulted in ten blown-up trains, but only once did he succeed in filming such an event. In the meantime he had turned into a remarkable photographer of sabotage activities under the guidance of such a skilled artist as Pavlov, hero of the Soviet Union. The explosions shot by Glieder from a distance of sixty meters from the embankment have remained unique in the annals of movie photography.*

Feodorov's men fulfilled their mission: they totally stopped all enemy movement in their region, and the Germans were thus forced to send reinforcements through Rumania. No night passed without demolition explosions. Feodorov was proud of his saboteurs. People used to say that German trains "run only with their wheels upwards." In the intervals between one sabotage operation and another, Glieder filmed the everyday life of the company. He succeeded in shooting some four thousand pictures.

With the approach of winter the partisans started digging pits for the camp earth huts. But the Germans surrounded the camp and forced them to leave the place, cross the river Styr, and engage in battle. The Germans bombed the surrounding woods in their search for Feodorov's people. Along with the unit fighters, there was a civilian camp made up of Ukrainians and Poles who had been saved from certain death.

In the meantime Glieder learned how to lay mines and to read traces; he learned everything: the tactics



COL. MICHAL WROBLEWSKI was an inmate in the Warsaw Ghetto and worked with Janusz Korczak in the same Orphanage.

He was also active in the Ghetto Underground. Managed to get out from the Ghetto and lived on Aryan papers. Volunteered into the Soviet Army near Kiev and later transferred to the Polish Army, where he rose to the rank of Colonel. Resides in Sweden.

* His films rest in the archives of the Lenin State Library in Moscow. (ed.)

of partisan warfare, reconnaissance work, how to build earth huts without using nails, and, also, the art of interrogating German prisoners.

* * * * *

Not everyone who took part in the prolonged events of the partisan war remembers all the details necessary for recreating a vivid picture of past happenings. The power of observation, a phenomenal memory, and the diary he kept helped Glieder in postwar days to write an excellent book on Feodorov's unit.* In this book he gives a detailed account of how the partisans celebrated at their camp on the 7th of November, 1943, the First of May, and Red Army Day; and how they received the new year, 1944. He describes the celebrations, the parades, the evening of "personal activities." In his book on the battles and the sabotage operations, Glieder does not forget to give the accounts of individual fighters who contributed their share toward the final victory. He delineated a pageant of vivid partisan characters, their commanders, and their commissars: Kovpak, Feodorov, Rodniyev, Drozhinin, and others. On roads, sabotage missions, and in newly liberated population centers, the partisans met many civilian citizens, rural and urban, old and very young, men and women. The great suffering that fell to the people's lot under the yoke of the German invaders did not destroy the belief in the victory to come. In each and every place young people and adults joined the partisan camp. The women were ready to give everything they had to feed the fighters, and the children did all they could to help along. When the Red Army front was approaching Feodorov's region of operations, it was decided to move the wounded across the front line, along with the sick and the "civilian camp." But it turned out that the wounded and the sick did not want to be separated from their companies. They had made fast friends among their comrades, and they had been dreaming of one ceaseless struggle until victory was achieved. Even some of the civilians found it difficult to be separated from the main force; they were leaving their saviors behind enemy lines.



Alexander (Szika) Grushka (Agas), also known as Zashka, from Kartuchin's Partisan Group

* See his memoirs, Skinoapparatom v tylu vraga (With a Motion Picture Camera in the Rear of the Enemy), Moscow: Gosknoizdat, 1947. (ed.)

All these situations were captured by Glieder on his movie film.

Glieder succeeded in shooting a particularly spectacular event: In January, 1944, a Red Army patrol penetrated for the first time into Feodorov's region of activities in order to establish contact with the partisans. Naturally both the Red Army soldiers and the partisans were apprehensive of a possible mistaken identity and thus gingerly approached each other. But when the partisans saw the stars on the headgear of the strangers and recognized the Soviet automatic rifles, they fell into each other's arms shouting, "Comrades, dear comrades!" Then the Soviet troops embraced the partisans, and the latter hugged the welcome Red Army soldiers. Many wept. The tears disturbed Glieder the photographer.

The Red Army soldiers and officers spent the night at the unit's headquarters. They were fed well. The partisan girls washed their underclothes. In the evening a concert was given in their honor.

However, it was not easy for Feodorov's men to be united with the Soviet army. The days of ordinary activities returned to the partisans: blowing up of railway tracks, roadside ambushes, insignificant skirmishes. Unexpected rains came in that season of the year. The earth huts were wet, and it was impossible to move along the roads. The last large-scale operation in which Glieder participated took place in 1944, on the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Soviet army. On that night the partisans noiselessly dispatched the front guards of the Germans and entered the village of Nesokoyzishieh where there was a great concentration of enemy forces. The battle was long and hard. The partisan ground scouts were heavily outnumbered by the Germans, some of whom were firing from stone-built houses and properly sited firing positions. Nevertheless, only a few scores of Germans came out alive. About one thousand German soldiers and officers were either killed or taken prisoner. Feodorov's men captured enemy storehouses full of military equipment.

Following that battle the partisans made a breakthrough to their camp, reaching it after twelve days. They marched only in the dark, covering about forty kilometers in a single night. The Germans tried to follow them, and enemy planes dropped bombs on the roads and forests lying on their path. But the parti-



SENDER (SAM) LANDE
was a Partisan in the Ukraine.
Resides in the USA.

sans arrived safely back at their camp, bringing all their wounded along with them.

In March, 1944, Feodorov and unit commissar Drozhinin were called back to the center in Kiev. Glieder crossed the front line back to Moscow. His photographs were published in scores of movie journals. They were included in the movie on the Ukraine produced by Duzhenko and went into movies on the partisans which were produced by Beliyev.* But in Moscow Glieder was to hear of his great tragedy, his only son, his brother, and his son-in-law were among those who fell at the front.

But in Moscow Glieder was to hear of his great tragedy, his only son, his brother, and his son-in-law were among those who fell at the front.

Before long Glieder accepted an offer to go out to the Slovak Corps: Producer Kupalin was shooting a film on Czechoslovakia. Thus Glieder was to become the movie-technician of the second brigade of the paratrooper air force. He filmed the brigade in training and, later, its first battle near the Polish village of Pelniya. In this battle Glieder pulled out from under a hail of enemy fire eighteen wounded, a field gun, and four vehicles.

At the same time an insurrection broke out in the Slovak army which had been set up by the Germans and its quisling government. A "liberated zone" was formed near the towns of Banska, Bistritza, and Zbulin. The front command thus sent the second brigade of the paratrooper air force to aid the insurgents.

The first group with which Glieder flew landed safely in the liberated zone. But owing to bad weather, there was some delay in airlifting the entire brigade. In the meantime the situation of the insurgents was worsening. The area under their control was not large enough and the insurgents were still inexperienced soldiers under equally inexperienced commanders.

The German attack was not late in coming. The brigade was moved into battle one part at a time, and so its full force was not brought to bear on the enemy. In the first encounters the insurgents had the upper

* Again, it is a private hope of the editor that one day, these films will be available to Western audiences. (ed.)

hand, but the Germans received great reinforcement, including airplanes. A great panic spread among the insurgents, and gaps began to show in the front itself. Elements of the brigade and the partisans put up a heroic fight, but they did not have the strength to withstand the pressure exerted by the enemy. The Germans captured Banský Stupava. It was then necessary to leave the "liberated zone."

All the roads were blocked with numberless troops and refugees who had escaped from the advancing Germans. The road was hard and mountainous. The Germans bombed the roads with singular ferocity and disrupted all communications between the units that stood in their way.

In the tumult of retreat, brigade commander Priekšis called Glieder to him and said: "Although I am a veteran soldier and have seen no few battles in my life, I am not familiar with partisan war tactics. We are now expecting a highly unusual war, far beyond our strength. You are the only one among with the necessary experience. There is no other way but for you to take part both in command and in tactical operations."

The brigade numbered only one hundred and twenty fighters at the time. It was mandatory to move them away from the battlefield at once as the Germans were by now close at their heels. Glieder buried his movie camera in the ground. A difficult forced march began over the mountainous terrain, but a heavy downpour saved our lives by making it difficult for the Germans to bomb the retreating forces. The going was singularly tough over those steep hills with the arms and food supplies. The horses fell down. On our way we met soldiers from other units. They joined the retreating column.

At long last, high up on some mountain peak, in the earth hut of the commander of the partisan company, a meeting was held between the brigade commanding staff and the headquarters of the partisan movement in Slovakia, with the participation of members of the Czechoslovak parliament. In the course of discussions it was decided that the brigade should serve as a combat unit. Its commander was advised to take in troops from other units, besides volunteers from the civilian population, and switch to partisan tactics. Glieder was appointed commissar of the brigade. There was no



SHIMON MIROCHNIK
a Partisan of
Maniechik Max's
group.

time for arguments. Glieder said: "Thanks for the honor and your faith in me" and went straight to work.

The brigade by now numbered five hundred and sixty fighters and thirty-two officers. Glieder addressed them briefly. In his speech he did not try to hide from them the difficulties of the struggle ahead and asked all those who had doubts, fears, or misgivings to fall out of line. No one budged.

Once again they headed for the mountains, which were now clothed in thick fog and swept by strong winds. The fighters slipped, fell down, rose to their feet, and later rested and warmed themselves by the fire. The Germans cordoned off all the villages that lay in the valleys to prevent the brigade from passing through them. One battalion was instructed to move in another direction. The partisans had to eat their remaining horses; and as they had almost run out of bread, each one was given only one hundred grams.

The only way out was through the high mountain of Khabenyech with its permanent cap of snow. They kept on the ascent under a hail of fire. Snow kept falling. Strong winds threw the marchers down as they walked. Their clothes were covered with sheets of ice. But they did not come down from the peaks. They let the wind erase their footsteps behind them.

Then the descent into the valley began. Even now the people would slip and fall. Glieder felt that he could not move one step farther. He was saved by a soldier called Sidor, who pushed a stick into the commissar's hands and pulled him behind him. They crossed a number of streams and rivulets. In the dark the people fell into icy water. Parliament member Schvirman was exhausted from the effort and passed away in the valley.

The main column suffered relatively few casualties, but out of the second group, which numbered one hundred and three persons, only twenty reached the valley. The rest froze on the way. All the survivors had their weapons with them.

The people stopped at a mine known by the name of Lum. Down below spread the villages of Dolniya and Gorniya Legota. The commander sent a group of partisans to these villages to fetch some food supplies, and the villagers gave them generous amounts of food. The



NIKOLAI KONISHCHUK
a Ukrainian leader
of the Kruk group.

next day another partisan group blew up two tankers at the Lupei station, captured a seed storehouse in the village, and handed the stock to the villagers.

New groups of soldiers and volunteers from the nearby villages kept joining the brigade. Glieder held talks with representatives of the local authorities. All were on the side of the people. Armed battalions quickly formed in the villages. The local population provided the brigade with food supplies and gave its commanding staff valuable information.

On several occasions the Germans announced that the brigade had been beaten, that it had dispersed, but at the same time they put up a reward of half a million Kronen on the heads of commanders Prikrila and Glieder. Once, when all the battalions had gone out on missions in various directions and the brigade headquarters were left without cover, the Germans mounted a sudden attack on them. A fire exchange ensued. The Germans were only twenty meters from Glieder's earth hut, and so we had to escape into the forest. Luckily, we suffered no casualties.

On the following day the command staff succeeded in joining one of the battalions. But the joy was shortlived. The Germans repeated their attack, and once again we had to move away. A few officers tried to persuade the commander and the commissars to stop the struggle. The answer was a categorical "No!" To turn a regular army brigade into a partisan one is no easy matter. This was particularly difficult for the officers, who had been taught according to the old school of strategy and tactics. The brigade command staff demanded operations that were usually carried out behind enemy lines. To bring together dispersed, temporary units, with mostly incomplete cadres into one army unit at combat level, whose duty it was to spearhead the battle of the people in that region, was not easy.

The brigade headquarters were now stationed in an isolated hut high in the mountains. Communications were gradually established with all the units, and provisions were supplied regularly. The local inhabitants helped in everything. They succeeded in establishing contact with the patriots in the neighboring towns, including the people of Bratislava. The runners became everyday heroes in their devoted work. Many presents were received from the local population for Christmas.



ANNA SHIMAJTIS
helped Jews. Survived the war.

In one village the presents were collected openly, ostensibly for the German troops, and then delivered to the brigade. The Germans were then told that the partisans had attacked the vehicle that was carrying the gifts to them.

With the help of the brigade, a resistance movement was organized against the Germans in various settlements. The headquarters had contacts with twenty-one local authorities and ten underground armed organizations. On the first of January, 1945, the brigade comprised three full battalions. There were enough arms for all the fighters.

The healing of the wounded was a serious problem. The brigade medic, Regach, went about in the mountains endeavoring to visit the huts of all the units. The wounded and the sick were sent to the hospital at Podbriziovo. Hospital doctor Robert Kristik, an enthusiastic patriot, hid the partisans and treated them as he did the local residents.

* * * * *

At the conference of party workers in the district of Brezhno, where reports were presented of the activities of the armed battalions, and a discussion was held of the ways to be followed for stepping up the resistance of the people and integrating it with that of the brigade, Glieder represented the fighting forces. The meeting was held in the forest, at a distance of two kilometers from the German guards. Among the delegates there was also the priest Bartel who fought the Germans with a rifle in his hand within the ranks of one of the brigade's battalions. On the day the conference was held, the brigade saboteurs derailed a German train, attacked another one, and thus disrupted train traffic at the station of Leovyetova.

In the meantime the Red Army was approaching the region of the brigade's operations. On quiet nights one could hear the rumblings of the field guns. The Germans were getting ready for evacuating the region. In early February, 1945, the brigade was thrown into the battle front. The need for ground scouts and runners was so great that Regach, the medic, did runner missions. The same medic would write down a summary of the news items sent by the Sovinformburo (The Soviet News Agency) and duplicate them. On the first of February, 1945, the first battalion of the brigade



JANOWA BARTOSEWICZ
helped Jews.
Survived the war.

engaged in battle a large German unit and succeeded in wiping them out. That was a battle to remember.*

Fearing that the brigade might strike at their rear, the Germans made several attempts to defeat it before it withdrew from this region. They failed in their efforts to do so and were forced to station there strong units of guards made up of frontline troops against the "town people." After the Soviet Army had advanced so close as to make possible a coordination of operations with the brigade, one battalion after the other joined the battle against the enemy.

Some time later an order was received from the commander of the Czechoslovak corps instructing us to cross the front line. The order was carried out without any special difficulties. The high command of the Soviet army and the Czechoslovak corps, which had no accurate information about the brigade, could not rely on the latter's fighting ability. It was therefore surprised to see before it a full-fledged combat brigade. General Sbovoda embraced both Prikila and Glieder and said: "Thank you, thank you! God bless you!" Glieder informed him with some excitement that the brigade command had promoted and demoted a few officers, perhaps without being authorized to do so. Answered the general: "I confirm all your orders!"

* * * * *

Glieder's mission had come to an end. The frequent treks throughout the mountains had affected his health. For a long time he lay ill; but on recovering, he went back and dug out his movie camera from its hiding place. It still contained the film with the pictures he had taken before he had gone back to the role of partisan.

His photographs were integrated into the movies: "The War Day," "Our Moscow," "Avengers of the People," "The Ukraine in Its Struggle," "Czechoslovakia." Together with the director, Glieder received an award for the picture "Avengers of the People." A great honor was bestowed on him: he filmed the parade at Red Square.



MARIA WOLSKI

helped Jews. Survived the war.

* It was also in all likelihood one of their last, for the war was to end in several months. (Ed.)

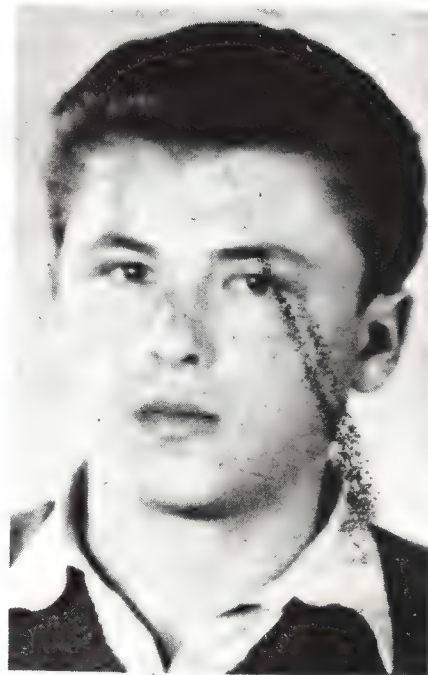
Michael Glieder, the gifted movie-technician, daring and courageous partisan, justifiably carries on his chest a chain of orders and decorations, both Soviet and Czechoslovak.



A demonstration of Partisan Forces in Village of Holoziya, Volynia, Ukraine



Partisans on horses crossing the Stochod River.



YURI (JACK) MELAMEDIK
of the Max Group under "Dadya
Petya." Lives in Canada.

In the Forests of Bryansk

By V.A. Andreyev

(Major-General, Former Commander of a Partisan Unit)



The Shachors Partisan Battalion, of which I was Chief of Staff, was composed of Communist party members, Red Army soldiers, Soviet workers, and ghetto survivors from the Bryansk region of Beylorussia. Our battalion consisted of two groups: one, the underground group, was active in the district of the town of Kolodnia under the command of Pilkovsky, the secretary of the party's regional committee, and the other, led by Vassili Risakov, had already begun its activities around the village of Orouchiya.

For a long time I had only heard of Pilkovsky through hearsay. It was impossible to get to see him or the other underground fighters because of the distances that separated us and the difficulties involved in conspiracy. This situation continued for a long time, but, as the saying goes, "happiness would not have come had it not been for disaster."

The Germans turned a crack punishment squad against us. This squad came upon the tracks of our unit. A group commanded by Pilkovsky engaged the enemy in battle. Twenty-five men fought off an entire German battalion. As the defensive operations were organized in the woods, it was possible for the underground fighters to hold their ground till the evening. Under cover of darkness they slipped away from the enemy and fought their way to our camp.

This was the first battle for the Pilkovsky group. Generally speaking he was no military man, but in this battle he proved to be a dauntless and ingenious commander. He made good use of the arms at his disposal--two machine guns, two automatic rifles, a few bolt-action rifles, and one mortar--giving the impression that a much larger military unit was fighting it out with the Germans.

The first engagement of the Pilkovsky group with the enemy cost the life of an outstanding fighter and

TWENTY-FIVE MEN FOUGHT OFF AN ENTIRE GERMAN BATTALION. AS THE DEFENSIVE OPERATIONS WERE ORGANIZED IN THE WOODS, IT WAS POSSIBLE FOR THE UNDERGROUND FIGHTERS TO HOLD THEIR GROUND TILL THE EVENING.

Communist, Yamlianov, the N.K.V.D.* representative. The Germans, however, suffered heavier losses--they had forty killed and many wounded. Among those killed was their battalion commander.

THE GERMANS, HOWEVER,
SUFFERED HEAVIER LOSSES--
THEY HAD FORTY KILLED
AND MANY WOUNDED. AMONG
THOSE KILLED WAS THEIR
BATTALION COMMANDER.

I first met Pilkovsky in his earth hut, which had been originally intended for thirty people but at the time provided shelter for over a hundred. He was about thirty-five, of medium height, and strongly built. His homely features indicated intelligence, and his chestnut hair was combed back. His eyes, also hazel, had an aggressive, manly expression.

Pilkovsky was wearing a black woolen shirt tightened close to his body with a military belt, from which hung a Tat pistol. His woolen trousers, also black, were tucked into crafted peasant felt boots.

I was to learn later that during the short time that the underground movement had been active behind enemy lines under the leadership of Pilkovsky, it had undergone many trying experiences. As early as October, 1941, the Germans had destroyed the partisan base and spread rumors that the party leaders, together with the regional Soviet officials, including Pilkovsky, had been caught and put to death. By so doing, the Germans wanted to spread confusion and demoralization among the people. The regional committee had thus to issue a declaration to the inhabitants of the region to the effect that the Soviet leaders and the party associations were still active in their region in the occupied areas and were continuing their fight against the Germans and their collaborators. The regional committee called upon all the inhabitants to join the fight. The proclamation was signed by Pilkovsky.

In our battalion Pilkovsky, who had been promoted to the rank of commissar, was treated with deep respect. He was my age. He had worked in a tailor shop at Bryansk and had been an active Communist party member for ten years. According to his friends he had done excellent work in the prewar days. Now behind enemy lines, he worked with great enthusiasm. But often he seemed uncommunicative and, at times, even irascible. In the beginning I could find no explanation for such streaks of character.

* N.K.V.D. is the Russian abbreviation for the "People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs." (ed.)

"What's wrong with him?" I once asked Mazukin, the chairman of the regional executive committee--and he recounted to me the tragedies of Pilkovsky's life. When war started Pilkovsky moved his family--his wife, three children and a female relative--eastward, a distance of only two hundred kilometers. Being in a strange place was no easy matter: they had no home to live in and the children fell ill. At the same time the Red Army stemmed the German advance at the Sodost river. In Vigonichi, the people assumed that the Germans would not advance any farther, and they began to bring their families back. On October 5, Pilkovsky's wife, children and female relative returned to their home, and on the sixth of the same month the Germans occupied the entire region. The Germans began a search for Pilkovsky and his family. As Pilkovsky was then busy organizing the underground movement, his friends took care of the members of his family, smuggling them from one village to another to hide them from the Germans. With the approach of cold weather they were living temporarily at the small village of Pavlovka. It was here that the Germans caught them and put them to death in a most atrocious manner.

Pilkovsky blamed himself for the loss of his family and had no peace of mind. I did everything, together with some friends, to help him get over his grief and take his mind off his personal tragedy. As head of the battalion staff, I always let Pilkovsky take part in drawing up the plans for all the fighting operations of the battalion. He would get down to work with enthusiasm, get the fighters ready for battle, provide the propagandists with the necessary instructions, write announcements and leaflets. On such days he would forget his personal tragedy and change to such an extent that it was difficult to recognize him.

While continuing our raids on enemy garrisons, we carried out demoralizing operations on the railway tracks. At the beginning of January, 1942, Pilkovsky gave two of his partisans, Glyevsky and Tishin, the task of sabotaging the railway tracks. The demolishing charge was prepared in a very primitive manner--a box was made out of some boards, filled with mines, and put on the tracks. The operation succeeded. The train, which was filled with German soldiers heading for the front, advanced at a high speed, and about ten carriages were blown up.

This successful operation meant a great deal to the battalion. Pilkovsky suggested holding courses in



ISAAC JURSZAN

was as a youngster a runner for the underground. Fell in Battle in Eastern Europe.

sabotage activities. At the same time we were joined by First-Lieutenant Vorobiov of the engineering corps, whose unit had been surrounded by enemy forces, but he had succeeded in escaping to our lines. It was he who began to impart to the partisans the know-how and skill involved in sabotage work. The comrades were highly elated at the beginning of their "studies." But Pilkovsky put an end to that premature joy.

"For the time being you are only acquiring know-how. But we have no demolition charges. What're you going to use for demolition work?"

Actually the lack of explosives made the situation difficult for us. But Vorobiov suggested that we take the tracks apart. A great number of our men, led by the commanding commissar, went out on this operation, which succeeded without the use of explosives.

"We now have something to report on to the partisan center," Pilkovsky informed his men, beaming with joy. On that very night he wrote a telegram and sent it through our transmitter to the frontline headquarters. Two days later we heard a summary of the news items broadcast by the Central Soviet Information Bureau which said, among other things, that "the partisan company led by R. and the secretary of the regional committee, acting in the woods of Bryansk (Bryansk Region), derailed an enemy convoy heading for the front and inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy forces."

Pilkovsky had great concern for the local population, which was gravely suffering from the occupation forces. He addressed the people constantly through encouraging leaflets written in a cordial style. These leaflets he wrote together with his propagandists. When we had freed some villages from the Germans, Pilkovsky would hold a general meeting of the inhabitants. The speeches and discussions usually ended with a general get-together party.

"Comrades, let's not be downhearted. Let's sing!" --thus would Pilkovsky address the gathering. "Out with your harmonica," he would call out to a member of his company, Gotorov, the harmonica man, who was also one of his propagandists.

And Gotorov would begin. He would sing "Kassian" and play the Yarmak. Pilkovsky would start singing. The multivoiced choir would follow suit. In the end Gotorov would play the music of Stradanya (agonies).



The young boy, Ephraim Natanel, from Kruk's group. Fell in battle in 1948 Israel War of Independence.

"Let's dancel!" And taking off his coat, he would lead the dancers.

It could only be that this man had once been a first-class dancer. He stomped wonderfully with his feet and invited into the dancing circle one fighter after another. He then gave his place to the singing girls. To the tunes of the harmonica, one of them started:

"Germans came to our village,
My song died out.
They burned my house down, took my father away
And hanged my beloved.....

The other singer answered her, in song too, improvising:

"In the Nazi claws
We led lives of imprisonment.
When the partisan came
Our spirit came to life as a miracle!"*

At the end of such get-together parties, the partisans would feel a great relief after the day-to-day hardships of living in the woods.

Month after month saw the growth of the partisan movement in our region (Bryansk Region). By the beginning of May, 1942, we had five companies fighting alongside us, numbering nearly two thousand men. I was appointed brigade chief of staff and commander of the Baumann company.

Our companies performed heroic deeds. Pilkovsky was a remarkable company instructor. In the summer of 1942 he was awarded a number of medals, including the Red Flag and the Red Star.

* * * * *

* This is a free translation of the song text.
(ed.)



General V.A. Begma,
Russian Partisan Commander

The activities of the Bryansk partisans caused much concern among the Germans. They started to bring punishment squads into the region, increased their patrol activities, and attempted to infiltrate our lines in order to cause us as much harassment as possible. I shall recount in detail one such fascist provocation: it happened in those days when the Pilkovsky group had not yet joined our battalion. A young woman by the name of Irena was brought into our camp. She told us about her Jewish descent, that she was born in Berdichev (Ukraine), that she had not been able to escape before the German occupation and had thus been driven out into the ghetto, together with her parents. She had succeeded in escaping to Vigonichi where she came under the German order for the registration of all Jews, without her being able to evade it. But owing to her mastery of the German language, the Germans had made her work as an interpreter for the Gestapo at the high command.



Liba, mother of the Grushka's. Disguised as a Ukrainian peasant woman, she brought weapons and food into the forests for the partisans.

It may be pointed out that I had come across Irena's name before she arrived at our company. In December, 1941, one of our scouts, a villager from Kolodnia, delivered a secret message to the commander of Rissakov's group. The message read: "Dear comrade, a friend is writing to you. Conditions have forced me to work for the Germans, but you have to know that I have worked, am working, and will continue to work only for our country. I shall do all I can to cause harm to the Germans. Give me whatever mission you want, and I shall prove my loyalty."

"What do you make of it?" the commander asked me, showing me the note. "Isn't this a provocation?"

"It is not unlikely," I answered, then asked: "How did she find our runner? And who is he? Can we trust him?"

"He is no doubt one of our men," came the commander's confident reply.

As we came to learn later, the runner had gone on a mission for us to Vigonichi during a snow storm, and he could not leave the village for three days. One day at dusk, while he was crossing the railway tracks, a young woman he did not know came up to him and asked:

"Where do you come from?"

"What's the matter?"

"I'm asking you, where do you come from?" the young woman said firmly once again. Then she went on: "I work at the German High Command. Here are my certificates. Do you have documents? Let me see them!"

The runner was confused and showed her his passport, as a resident of Kolodnia.

"Are there any partisans there?" she asked, lowering her voice, and looking around her.

"No."

"There are," she insisted. "I know. Don't pretend to be naive. You are a party scout."

Surprise confused the runner, and the young woman said to him in a firm voice, pushing an envelope into his hand:

"Deliver this to the partisans. If it doesn't reach them, I'll know where to find you, and you'll have a bitter end. I remember your surname, and I am familiar with the village. I'll find you wherever you go. Is that clear? And if you should decide to come with this message to the German commander, I know what to say, and then--you--," and she pointed at the sky.

Afterwards the young woman told the runner that she was a Jewess and that there was nothing to worry about.

"Let's put her to the test," I suggested to the commander. "Let her kill the German commander."

After some consideration we decided to put her to the test by giving her a lighter mission. We suggested to her, through the same liaison man, that she establish contact with the workers of the hospital at Vigonichi and commandeer medicines and instruments for us and, later on, that she bring us doctors. Among the workers of this hospital, we had friends who had worked for the army and had been taken prisoner. Needless to say we did not tell the unknown young woman that we had already revealed our plans to the doctors who were waiting for an opportunity to come over to us.

Shortly after giving that mission to the unknown young woman, the women doctors were safely with us.



BERL BRONSTEIN (ZUK)
MANIEVICH
was a Partisan

They were POW's Lydia Onkovskaya and Lyuba Todorziba, to be joined soon afterwards by Styra, the daughter of Moshe Tyomkin. They brought along with them a great many instruments and other hospital items. Two medical nurses came along with the doctors. The whole thing had been organized in the best manner. According to the doctors the young woman, who had won the confidence of the German commander, succeeded even in arranging transportation for the hospital equipment to our base.

We kept wondering at the zeal, courage, and ingenuity of the unknown young woman. We decided, however, to give her the mission to kill the German commander. We were told that she eagerly took it upon herself to carry out this task. She acquired a pistol without any difficulty and, at a convenient moment, shot the commander in the back and killed him.

As it now was dangerous for the unknown young woman to remain in Vigonichi, we helped her come over to stay with us. To our regret we found out a few days later that the German commander was still alive and that she had killed another Hitlerite. She had fired in the dark and had missed. The man she killed had a silhouette similar to that of the commander. "Well, to hell with the commander; the Germans would certainly have sent another one in his place. But one more dead fascist," Rissakov soothed her. "A woman of valor! It's good that you yourself managed to escape!"

Irena was an asset to our company. In that crowded and stifling earth hut, she cleaned, ironed the men's linen, laundered, mended, and patched. Systematically and thoroughly she learned to use all sorts of weapons, and she missed no opportunity to take part in the operations of the company. Owing to her contacts in Vigonichi she even succeeded in getting for the battalion about ten rifles, several pistols, flare rockets, and flare-gun cartridges of different colors. She made only one mistake, and that was when we were sitting around the camp fire. She was playing with some flares when one went off, a green one. It went up and exploded above the camp exactly when an unidentified plane was flying over the woods.

Irena was also an excellent interpreter. She had a good command of both German and Russian and helped us in translating German documents. Thus she was able to render a great service to the partisan forces. This young woman got on well with all the men, especially



Israel Flash, died from tuberculosis, contracted as a direct result of his work with mine explosives. Kruk's Group.

with a young man called Chibolsky, who was known for his courage in battle and gaiety in everyday life. He would play the violin, and Irena would sing, a fact which may have brought them closer together. He was active in the company, like his girlfriend, and showed an interest in everything.

However, we were lucky to learn that Chibolsky was a prominent German spy, who had been sent to our company by the Gestapo and by the head of the investigation department at the police station of Bryansk, Chibolsky's despicable brother. During his stay with our company, this spy succeeded in causing us great harm--he brought about the capture of many of our runners and liaison men. At the questioning, Chibolsky admitted all that had already been known to us.

After we had executed Chibolsky our men kept close watch on Irena. She sensed it and demanded from the commander that he sentence her to death if he did not have faith in her. "I cannot keep on living like this," she told him firmly.

Some time after that incident two new comrades arrived at our camp. One of them Dimitri Yamlotin, who was about thirty-five had a quick and nervous manner of speaking and was also a chain smoker. He was a representative of the sabotage department of the N.K.V.D. and had stayed on his mission behind enemy lines. The other, Isaac Benzionov, who was quite dexterous and also a heavy smoker, brought me and Rissakov the following message: "You have a woman spy in your company, who poses as Jewess in order to cover up her tracks, but who in fact is a German. She was born in Bessarabia, has a good command of the Russian language, graduated from an espionage school, and has come to you for her first performance."

We at once understood that he meant Irena. We called her in for questioning, and when she realized that everything was up, she revealed everything. The liaison man from Kolodnia, through whom she had made contact with us, was himself a distinguished spy. He had assumed the image of a Red Army soldier who had escaped encirclement and succeeded in winning the confidence of Rissakov. The entire story of his meeting with Irena and the delivery of the message was fictitious. The operation of bringing the doctors and hospital articles over to us had been approved by the Germans. They knew that the woman doctors Onkovskaya



RIVKA (IRENA) GUZ
a Partisan and wife of the
commander Max, participated in
various actions against the
enemy.

and Tyomkin were Jewesses and that they had been planning to cross over to our lines. But they decided not to kill them and not to interfere with their going over to the partisans. By keeping the doctors alive, the Germans aimed at giving their agent a status of authority among the partisans. Even the killing of the German by Irena had been the result of cool calculation. The murdered man had not been to the liking of the German commander, who was interested in liquidating him.

Besides a number of tasks, such as that of signaling to the enemy plane in order to expose the camp location, she had been given the task of finding and killing Pilkovsky, the singer, and the other members of the regional committee.

"Why Pilkovsky, of all people?" Rissakov asked the spy.

"You are naive, young man. Our task is to kill off the head, and without a head there won't be any spirit," answered this low creature cheekily.

Some time later I met Pilkovsky and told him the story about Irena.

"No wonder," he said. "The Germans are capable of committing any crime or provocation. There is only one conclusion: our fighters must always be on the alert.

Admittedly, the infiltration of German spies into our camp and our discovering them after some time had a bad effect on the general mood of the partisans. A recurring question at the time was: "Whom can we trust?" Our commander himself, a young enthusiastic man, was so affected by the stories about the spies that he turned into a morbidly suspicious man and decided not to admit into the company any new man in order to avoid future subversive acts. After one successful operation, when the inhabitants of a village we had freed expressed their desire to join us, Rissakov refused to have anything to do with them. On another occasion not only did he not admit a woman fighter into the company, but he also hurt her feelings in a cruel manner. This behavior on the part of Rissakov enraged Pilkovsky, and acts of this kind were likely, of course, to have an adverse effect on the authority of the partisans among the local population.



SHLOMO ENTIN

Underground Fighter. Fell in
Battle in Eastern Europe.

Pilkovsky gathered the company activists and told them: "Do we have the right to be suspicious of any Soviet man?" These were his first words. Though very angry he did not raise his voice. Calmly and with logical reasoning he expressed his opinion, and his conclusions influenced his listeners against anything that might give the battalion a bad name, since this might weaken the blood alliance between the partisan fighters and the local population. Turning to Rissakov, Pilkovsky said: "The Party has left you here in order to strengthen the spirit of the people when the going is hard to encourage their belief in our cause, and to put them on the way to fighting the fascists. And what are you doing now? You are raising your hand against the most precious of our possessions--the Soviet people. The enemy, taking advantage of our carelessness, threw a few spies your way, and you panicked and began doing the wrong thing. That's just what the enemy expects. He has proved to be highly cunning, though not to the extent you think he is. The Party will not allow any man to smear the name of the partisan movement, let alone to let it die out. Whom do you want to disown, your Soviet people?"

Rissakov was sitting on the front bench. His lean face showed his deep feeling of shame. He listened attentively to Pilkovsky's words, which were true at bottom, and when he spoke, he admitted his mistake.

Pilkovsky announced: "I believe that Rissakov, the courageous commander, will acquire the qualities he now lacks as a Bolshevik partisan who derives his strength from the masses and whose feelings run true to the thoughts, wishes, and desires of the people."

In his own manner our commissar Pilkovsky influenced the behavior of the partisan fighters.

Partisan Doctors

In February, 1942, when we were building up our company, we all lived in one single earth hut. As I have said, this hut was meant to house thirty people, but it served as a living place for over a hundred. At night it was so stifling there that the kerosene lamp and the candle butts blew out alone. Consequently, lice appeared in our camp and with them, typhus. The epidemic brought down one victim after another, and this had a bad effect on the partisans--much more than



AARON ABRAMOWICZ
Underground activist. Fell in
Battle in Eastern Europe.

the German encirclement and their numerous punishment squads.

With the arrival of the women doctors who had been brought over to us by Irena, we at once began to organize the sanitary service. All three women doctors, Onkovskaya, Todorziba, and Tyomkina, who had formerly worked in military hospitals, adapted quickly to the hardships of partisan life and were not troubled by the way things were going on at the camp. Rather at times I even believed that the hard conditions of everyday life, the absence of an elementary sanitary system, provided an incentive for them to work harder. The doctors were assisted by two nurses and one sanitary worker. At the head of the sanitary service was Doctor Lydia Onkovskaya.

Our collective efforts in the fields of sanitation and medicine did not succeed in checking the typhus epidemic. The disease attacked one of the doctors, Lydia Onkovskaya, and with her, one of the nurses. The whole burden now fell on the shoulders of Lyuba Todorziba and Styra Tyomkina. It became evident that as long as we did not improve our everyday manner of living and prevent overcrowding, we had no chance of overcoming the typhus epidemic.

"We should start building new living quarters and an isolation room for the sick and also tear down the earth hut--this is the only way to stop the epidemic," said Todorziba and Tyomkina.

We knew that digging the foundations, even with the help of explosives, was no easy job. One week would not be enough for this task. And how many new victims would the typhus epidemic claim in the meantime? We thus decided to bring into the woods a number of houses from the neighboring village. But how would we go about moving houses? There were Germans and policemen in all the surrounding villages. We could think of only one way out--to drive away the Germans from the village of Orouchiya and from there to bring some houses into the woods.

Pilkovsky brought the matter up for discussion, and the staff command drew up the plan for the task. We discussed the details, issued orders to the attacking parties, and got down to work. At sunset we called up all the fighters who were in good physical condition--forty men in all--and went out. The women



CHAIN-LEIB DWORECKI
fell in Battle against the
enemy in Eastern Europe.

doctors joined us too. We came upon the village in a pincer movement from three sides, firing white flares at the same time. The enemy was taken totally by surprise. The Germans did not stay to fight and they fled along the Sosnovia-Bolota road--the only outlet we did not have enough men to block. Only a few rear-guard units showed any resistance. By five in the morning Orouchiya had been cleared of enemy forces. Our men found in the village a good supply of provisions, about nine thousand rounds of ammunition, and some fifteen rifles and machine guns. We decided to take out the houses on that same day. For this purpose we marked the large house of the village head--who was a traitor--the office of the kolkhoz management, the kolkhoz storehouse, and two uninhabited shacks.



MOSHE LANIZ

from the township Horodok
was killed in the war of
Israel's Independence in 1948.

In the dark and by the light of torches, professional housebuilders among the villagers were authorized to mark the boards of the houses to be moved over so that it would be easier to put them in place afterwards. Fifty carts were used to haul the boards to the woods. On the next day we started work on setting up a new camp, and a few days later we erected in the woods a new partisan village, with a main road, a sector called "The Prospect of the First Earth Hut," a hospital alley, a barracks courtyard named after "Taras Bulba," and a site for the bathhouse. The kolkhoz villagers gave us bricks and some folk medicines, such as herbs for the sick. To the convalescent, they donated butter, eggs, and milk.

The epidemic began to die out thanks to the doctors' efforts and the help offered by the people. Only one typhus patient died.

Often we had visitors from the nearby village, seeking our medical services. But more often it was our doctors who went out to the neighboring villages to heal the sick. It may be pointed out that a considerable number of the villagers suffered from bullet wounds caused by the enemy. The wounded were taken to the hospital by the doctors. For some time the hospital was stationed in the village of Gavan. With the approach of the Germans, however, it was moved back into the woods once again.

* * * * *

At the staff command of the partisan brigades active in the Bryansk area and numbering some twenty-

five thousand fighters, worked Arkadi Eidlin, a surgeon. He was in charge of the sanitary platoon and had to travel from one company to another, supervising and instructing, providing the necessary help for the young doctors in their work.

Not far from the village of Smilij, in a thick forest, Eidlin set up an underground hospital. According to his instructions the partisans dug out the foundations and built a large hut, fifty square meters in area. Into this hut they brought homemade iron stoves. Windows were put into the ceiling for light. At night they used oil lamps. Parachute cloth taken from the enemy was used for covering the walls and the ceiling. The hospital was clean, warm, and pleasant. In it were grouped many severely wounded fighters who were on their way to the partisan center in Moscow.



SMAI (SIOMKA) JACOBSON
Underground Fighter. Fell in
Battle in Eastern Europe.

The Correspondent of Partisan Pravda*

Aronov was on the editorial staff of Partisan Pravda. He had started out as a partisan fighter in the Voroshilov Company. On one of its raids the company captured typesetting letters and an Amrikanka printing machine. In cooperation with Zeitziv, the company commissar, Aronov started publishing a small newspaper called Voroshilovich. It was a good paper as they go, a fighting paper, printed on a quarter sheet. Voroshilovich soon had a good circulation among both the partisans and the nonfighting population. Needless to say, the paper necessary for printing was "provided" by the enemy.

When the decision was made to put out a central newspaper by the battalion, an editorial staff was picked from among the fighters, Bondrinsk, Korotkov, Andriev, Aleishinki, and Aronov.

Under battle conditions the editors got down to work writing notes and articles, and they themselves set the type for the paper and printed it. In general Aronov wrote accounts of the operations in which he actually took part. In the course of a German attack, the editorial staff found themselves in a particularly dangerous situation. They managed to retreat under

* Pravda means "truth." (ed.)

fire. Nonetheless, the newspaper came out on the day of the retreat. In the fall of 1942, his assistant, Comrade Sidorenko, who was later to die a hero's death, set up a well-defended base for the editorial staff. Here the Partisan Pravda was to come out regularly for about one year.

Before they launched their attack in the direction of Orel-Kursk, the Germans decided to secure their rear lines against our raids. Amassing for this purpose a number of divisions and a great many tanks and planes, they renewed their attacks on the area held by the partisans. The partisans of Bryansk had to take part in a number of battles at which they were greatly outnumbered. They actually fought for every bush, destroying considerable numbers of enemy forces and equipment. The base serving the Partisan Pravda was itself used as a stronghold. It was located in a marshland, highly convenient for defensive operations. The access road to this base saw a number of ferocious battles, joined in by the "Rule-for-the-Soviets" battalion which had been sent in for reinforcement. The fight went on for several days, during which the editors pitched in every now and then. In the end we had to withdraw, but the newspaper continued to come out regularly, as the printing type and machine had both been evacuated in time. Aronov continued to visit the fighting companies. He also kept on writing articles for the paper.

Lazar Bleichmann

I first met him during the months of March and April, 1942 in the village of Beiliya Kharpach in the Nablín Region, where I had gone on a liaison and information-gathering mission. Lazar Bleichmann was in command of a company he had organized under the leadership of the Party regional committee.

The meeting was short. At that time Bleichmann was in control of an important section of the railway tracks in our region. The Germans launched several attacks to get hold of this section, throwing in the battle tanks and heavy artillery. But the partisans of the Nablín Region held out and repulsed all enemy attacks.

Before long Bleichmann was appointed commander of the Fourmanov Company. He started out by training men



MENACHEM SAPIRSTEIN

was a Partisan in Byelorussia and fought many battles against the enemy. He was decorated for his achievements. Resides in the USA.

for sabotage work. In early July the Fourmanov fighters succeeded in derailing a German train carrying soldiers and arms. Bleichmann himself conducted the battle.

Bleichmann's company was known for its defensive activities against the German attacks. In late June and early July the Germans attempted to drive the partisans out of the woods of Ramasoks and the steppes along the back of the Desna River (northeast of Kiev). The first enemy blows fell on the Fourmanov Company. At the same time there were two more partisan companies in the woods of Ramasoks. Bleichmann succeeded in establishing close contact with them for joint action against the Germans. The partisans repulsed all enemy attacks. The battalion chief of staff, Kapitan Gogoliok, and myself visited the company grounds and helped in organizing defense activities.

The Fourmanov Company acted for a long period as a well-knit, powerful unit against the Germans who fought at the outskirts of the woods. When the order for withdrawal was received, Bleichmann carried out an outstanding manoeuver: he slipped unnoticed through the enemy forces and, on his way out, destroyed the police forces in the steppe sector in the direction of Tropolivsk up to the Pogra Area. Bleichmann also carried out a number of large scale and spectacular operations along the Desna River.

*BLEICHMAN ALSO CARRIED
OUT A NUMBER OF LARGE
SCALE AND SPECTACULAR
OPERATIONS ALONG THE
DESNÁ RIVER.*

For his military achievements, Bleichmann was awarded the Order of Lenin. The Order was awarded to him by Alexander Pavlovich Matviev, chief of staff of the partisan movement.

Hungarian Jews

In the winter toward the end of 1942, the Felix Djerjenski Company received orders to attack and oust the German garrison stationed around the village of Shilinka in the Bryansk Region. The commander of this garrison, which was composed of Germans and Magyars,*

* Term for Hungarian soldiers who fought at the side of the Germans. (ed.)

was a Hungarian fascist called Major Farag. One day we received information that the enemy forces were planning to mount an attack on the woods of Bryansk from the southeast and that Major Farag was preparing roads for the withdrawal of the German forces, using for this purpose a large work gang of Hungarian Jews.

In the partisan company was a Hungarian, Paul Paldash, interpreter, scout, and fighter. Through his help we succeeded in establishing contact with the Hungarian prisoners. Shortly afterwards the Djerjenski Company raided the enemy garrison and killed Farag, whereupon forty-one Jews joined the partisan forces, expressing their desire to fight the Germans.

Thus the Felix Djerjenski Company came to include a special Jewish force. The outstanding doctor, Kobash Reizieh not only healed the wounded but also struck at the Germans, weapon in hand. In one of the battles he was wounded and fell down near the enemy. But he managed to escape. After long suffering he found his way to the Beylorussian partisans and joined them to fight our common enemy.

It is worthwhile to mention Beibai Lashello, too, from Budapest, who held an LL.D. degree. Partisan Lashello also did propaganda work for us. He wrote leaflets in Hungarian to be distributed among enemy forces. In these leaflets the Germans were called upon to kill their commanding officers and join the partisans.

The group of Hungarian Jews fought the German occupation forces with spectacular courage and took part in numerous battles. These former prisoners of yesterday had turned into popular avengers worthy of their name and kept up the fight against the enemy till the end of the war. Many of them learned Russian and served as interpreters in the interrogation of German prisoners of war.

The Partisans in Moldavia

In March, 1943, when the partisans of Bryansk established contact with the Red Army, I was called to Moscow by the Center of Partisan Movement and ordered to provide assistance for the partisan fighters in Moldavia. I flew far into the rear of the enemy forces together with a group of officials belonging to the Communist party center in Moldavia.

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS THE
DJERJENSKI COMPANY RAID-
ED THE ENEMY GARRISON
AND KILLED FARAG, WHERE-
UPON FORTY-ONE JEWS JOIN-
ED THE PARTISAN FORCES,
EXPRESSING THEIR DESIRE
TO FIGHT THE GERMANS.

THESE FORMER PRISONERS
OF YESTERDAY HAD TURNED
INTO POPULAR AVENGERS
WORTHY OF THEIR NAME AND
KEPT UP THE FIGHT A-
GAINST THE ENEMY TILL
THE END OF THE WAR.

At the same time a number of small underground units had been active in the Moldavia area. We landed in Beylorussia. Our group included my chief of staff, Makkar Kozjukhar, and a number of comrades from Moldavia. Our mission was to smuggle organized partisan companies from Beylorussia into Moldavia, where they were to serve as a core for the entire movement. Our unit was joined by many new fighters on the way, gained valuable fighting experience day after day, and eventually came to number three thousand fighters, comprising three brigades and one cavalry squadron.

The Moldavian unit contained many Jews who fought alongside fighters from other nations. I would like to make special mention of some of them.

*JEWS WHO FOUGHT ALONG-
SIDE FIGHTERS FROM OTHER
NATIONS.*

During the "War of the Fatherland," Mark Shirokov, a Moldavian, joined the Red Army as a volunteer. He had been seriously wounded in the fight against the enemy. But when he heard of the formation of the Moldavian unit he expressed his wish to join the partisans, although his wounds had not yet healed properly. At first Mark was a company commander. In an especially ferocious encounter with the enemy while the company was still in the region of Polesye, Shirokov's men held their ground firmly against the German attacks. The fight went on for more than two hours, in the course of which Shirokov proved to be a gifted, faultless commander.

In Moldavia, Shirokov was put in command of a group of saboteurs. We had over one hundred groups of this kind in our unit. To give an example of the value of their work, suffice it to point out that more than two hundred enemy transports were put out of commission within six months. The Shirokov group had much to show for itself in these operations. Mark himself blew up five military trains. Along with his sabotage activities, Mark also took part in reconnaissance operations.

I must also mention 45-year old Michael Tchoban. He first went on patrol missions and at once proved to be a courageous fighter. In the fall of 1943, Tchoban was appointed my deputy in the technical platoon. Michael saw to it that the provisions and the fighting equipment of the unit were in tip-top condition. Like Shirokov, Michael Tchoban also was awarded two orders--the Red Flag and the Red Star.

In conclusion, a few words about partisan Boris Rokhlin. He laid mines on roads which were in German



Shlomo Zweibel and son were
Partisans in the Ukraine.

hands, blew up several enemy transports, derailed enemy trains--duties he looked upon as simply "hobbies." He would often say: "We are partisans in order to blow up German trains." This was, in effect, the epitome of his military career.



ISRAEL REZNIK
was an activist in the Under-
ground. Fell in Battle in
Eastern Europe.



RIGHTEOUS POLES. From left: Yazenty and Casimir
SLOVIK, father and son from Koninsk, near
Manievich.



WOJSKO POLSKIE

ZAŚWIADCZENIE TYMCZASOWE Nr. **7984**

Ob. Mjr. Białostocki
Zelman
(Stopień, nazwisko, imię, imię ojca i pseudonim)

Rozkazem Ministra Obrony Narodowej
Nr. 8 z dnia 16. 10 1946 r.

Za zasługi bojowe w bohaterskiej walce zbrojnej w oddziałach
partyzanckich z hitlerowskim najeźdźcą o Niepodległość,
Wolność i Demokrację został odznaczony:

„KRZYŻEM PARTYZANCKIM”

M. p. 30 maja 1947 r.



Departamentu Personalnego
Ministerstwa Obrony Narodowej
Podpis: Zawadzki
Zawadzki Stanisław
gen. brzyg.

Certificate of acknowledgment that Maj. Zelman Bialostocki was decorated with the Medal
"Partisan Cross."

In the Struggle for Soviet Latvia

By Ottomar Oskalin

(Hero of the Soviet Union, Former Commissar in a Latvian Partisan Brigade)



Former Combatants of W.W.II are Parading on the Streets in Tel-Aviv, 1951.



Soviet Jewish Combatants resting in a Bulgarian hospital. From right second row: Serg. Gelfstein a native of Bessarabia, Lt. Jacob Rodzinski. First row: Blumenfeld a native of Charkov and Lt. Lufi Shmull of Rumania.

Our partisan company was called "For Soviet Latvia." Its origins were in White Russia, where it numbered only a few fighters. Later, when it moved north to Latvia, it soon grew into "The Latvian Partisan Brigade." It was then under the command of Wilhelm Levin. I was its commissar.

This brigade included many Jewish fighters, both soldiers and officers, who with heroism and courage fought side by side with us to save the country from the fascist yoke. I shall now proceed to tell you something about a number of them.

Later, when it moved north to Latvia, it soon grew into "The Latvian Partisan Brigade." It was then under the command of Wilhelm Levin.

Raphael Blum

Blum was the commissar of the second company and, some time later, the commissar of the expanded partisan brigade. Comrade Blum, "The Bespectacled Politruk," as he was called by the partisans, played a guiding role in our life and struggle. He was a young man with a technical education, a gifted newsman, and a singer. When the war broke out, he volunteered for the Red Army. Later the Komsomol³ center in Latvia sent him over to our brigade for political orientation.

Upon arriving at the partisan camp, Blum took a rifle in his hand, and his personal example whipped up the people's enthusiasm in their struggle against the Nazis. On the most dangerous missions, you could see from a distance his tall body, which stood out even among us Latvians who are well known for our height. He was always to be found in the first rows of the fighters, never flinching in the face of whining

bullets. This naturally brought him love and popularity among the partisans.

"I've grown so used to bullets," he would say with a boyish smile, "that I carry forever a bullet in my shoulder. Even a scalpel could not separate us from each other."

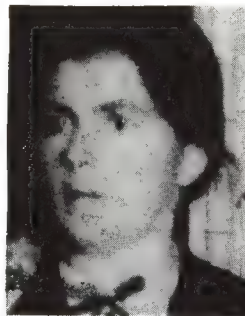
This "token" (the bullet) Blum had received upon crossing the Latvian border along with ten other partisans, in the direction of the Lyubian forests. They kept marching on for eleven days and nights, making special use of the protective cover of darkness. On that memorable march, they occasionally came face-to-face with Germans as well as Latvian Fascists.⁴ But the group always succeeded in storming its way through the enemy forces and established friendly relations with the peasants of the Lyuban district. Blum was an oft-invited guest at the villagers' celebrations, where he was received with unmitigated pleasure on account of his wonderful voice and vivacious personality. In this manner he succeeded in finding his way to the hearts of the village youth, and thus we were able to obtain the information we needed for our struggle. These youths were ready to come along with us through thick and thin. When a battle was going on, Blum would sprint from one fighter to another, encouraging this one with a joke and showing the other how to take deadly aim.

"You've got to know," he would say, "that every partisan bullet is a digit in our account with the Germans. Each figure has to be put in the right place, like a digit set down by a competent bookkeeper. And the more accurate our digits, the greater the sum total will grow in the final reckoning."

The brigade commander and his colleagues had a great appreciation for the exploits of Blum. He himself was very modest. Whenever there was talk about a new heroic deed of his, he would put a stop to it with the following retort:

"As a matter of fact I thought fighting would be much more difficult, but it turned out to be easy. I often wonder whether I haven't been born for just this sort of thing: to be a partisan and to settle the account with the fascists."

Blum had good reason to take revenge. Once, while sitting around talking of various things, Blum suddenly



Merl (mother of Joseph Shneider). She withstood torture but did not reveal the hiding place.

picked up a pencil and started adding up all the catastrophes he had gone through on account of the Hitlerite tyrants. His father, his stepmother, (and the best of stepmothers at that), a sister, a brother, two female cousins, and a number of distant relatives ... "We had all lived on such friendly terms with each other ... and they have wiped out such a family."

Here is a characteristic feature of Blum's altruism. When the partisans were being inoculated against typhus and there wasn't enough vaccine to go around, he stepped aside in favor of the other partisans. Eventually, Blum himself came down with typhus fever and was about to die. But his immense desire to live tided him over the danger, and he came back to our lines, fresh and vigorous again.

Toward the end of July 1944, we began to hear the artillery of the advancing Red Army; we had been looking forward to them for so long. Blum went out with a group of partisans and drove back the Germans and their collaborators from the region of Bayersville, then put up red flags in every corner. The Red Army forces which reached this region a few days later found it clean of enemy forces.

This is only a brief outline of Raphael Blum's life. When you watched his behavior under fire, you could see that he was a born fighter, a well-tempered soldier, who had spent all his life in carnage and incessant fighting. But that is how he looked in the midst of fighting. When relaxed, he was a young man full of the joy of life, good-natured and sharp-witted, with a touch of romanticism.

For his achievements he was awarded the order of "War of the Fatherland, First Class," the "Partisan Decoration, First Class," and the decoration "For Victory over Germany."

After the war he returned to his former occupation, exchanging his rifle for a writer's pen and becoming the editor of a Latvian paper called "Soviet Youth." As editor, he worked as tirelessly as he had done in his partisan years, which he considered the highlight of his life.



CHUNEK WOLPER

MANIEVICH

was a Partisan
in "Kruk's" group.
Emigrated to Israel.

Leib Kassel

I would like to tell you about another outstanding partisan in our brigade, the chief of staff of the Third Company, Leib Kassel, who was nicknamed "The Landlord of Zhigori."

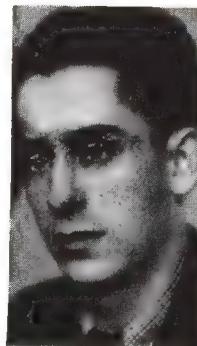
Kassel really earned this nickname. He virtually held in his young hands the entire region of Zhigori, a vast, vital and strategic area in Latvia. The name "Zhigori" became well known to the Nazis, connoting railroad derailment, blowing up of bridges, and incessant ambushes.

Until the outbreak of the war, this young man, a Komsomol member, had worked in a weaving factory. When the Germans occupied Riga (the capital of Latvia), he was among the last residents to leave the city. Together with a group of young workers, he traveled through Latvia and Estonia, up to Leningrad. After the Latvian Division had been organized, Kassel joined it as a volunteer and took part in all its battles. Twice wounded, he later went over to the company of Latvian partisans.

Seven times a plane carrying Kassel and his six partisan comrades attempted to land in the district of Abrien in Latgalia, only to return without landing. The Germans had learned to recognize its distinguishing signs. On the eighth attempt they succeeded in landing, but the partisan group that Kassel was to join had in the meantime been beaten. Thus, the partisans found themselves in unknown territory; they were strangers to both the place and the people. But partisans usually do not lose their head; they dispersed at various points in the district and began to fulfill their mission unaided.

Leib Kassel arrived in Zhigori and started operating with great enthusiasm. He had a highly variegated task: to prepare the local population for the expected arrival of the Red Army, to activate the peasants toward the ultimate struggle with the German invaders, to draw the inhabitants toward joint action with the partisans, and to organize the security forces.

"I look back with satisfaction on those days," Kassel once told me. "They were good days. They taught me to hate the enemy from the depths of my soul

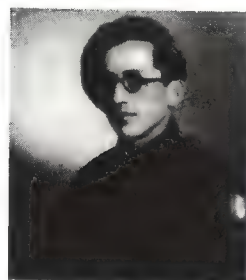


Binyamin Grushka from
Povorsk, Kartuchin's Group.
Courtesy of Capt. Sam
Guzbee.

and to develop a strong love for the Jews. They enriched my knowledge of nature and of life. I had spent all my former days in a town and could not distinguish between a pine and a birch. As a partisan I learned, like an animal, to recognize tracks in the marshes or in the grass; to determine the nature of sounds coming from a distance, to crawl like a snake, and to run like an antelope." Kassel would not take pleasure in speaking about himself. He was a modest man. But the distinguished orders of "The Red Flag," "The Partisan Decoration," and "For Victory over Germany" pinned to the chest of this man proclaim his exploits. One of these exploits may be related here as a case in point:

It happened near Kachanovo late one May night in 1944. Kassel and a group of fighters had come on a visit to this village, which was the administrative center for the region. They decorated the entire village with red flags. The enraged Germans mobilized one full division to wipe out the company, some 12,000 soldiers against 100 partisans! Kassel did not think much of that. He knew the woods around this region like the palm of his hand. He spread out his partisans behind tree trunks over an area of one square kilometer with the order to open fire on every fascist they saw. The Germans began to move shakily in the forest, step by step, thinking it to be full of partisans. Kassel's fighters shot the enemy soldiers one after the other, at the same time outflanking the enemy and appearing at his rear. In this way a great many Germans fell without a single loss to the partisans. The Germans, with their overwhelming numbers, took to their heels. The operation was carried out with remarkable skill, and it will live long in the annals of our partisan struggle as an example of matchless bravery and remarkable tactics.

In his exploits in the woods, Kassel, in the company of his fighters, would call at villages which had been scenes of the outrages of the Germans and their Latvian collaborators. In the course of such "visits," the partisans would attack police stations or the administrative quarters of the districts. They would release prisoners destined for hard labor camps and hold court-martials for the traitors of the people. Once, when Kassel and a group of partisans were holding a court-martial of this kind against Kolak, a traitor, a large unit of German gendarmes came into the village. The partisans did not lose their head; while their



SHMARYAHU ZAFRAN (VIERNI)
was a Partisan in Eastern
Europe.

comrades, who stood guard at the outskirts of the village, fought it out with the Germans, the court-martial went on according to partisan protocol. However, when news came that the guards were incapable of keeping their ground much longer, Kassel ordered his men to shoot the traitor and leave the village.

As already mentioned, Kassel knew how to organize his information service in the best possible manner. The peasant girls would put at a predetermined spot, packages of cheese, butter, and eggs, with messages attached to them. For their part, the peasants brought along potatoes and, in separate sacks, maps of the surrounding area. The shepherds would bring along packs of German printed material, together with SS printed material, and receive from Kassel leaflets for distribution among the local population. Thanks to such organization, Kassel knew all about what was going on around him. He would systematically send this information to Moscow, three times a day, to central Army headquarters and usually within three or four hours after receiving his information, the high command would send in planes to bomb the places and the factories he had marked out for them.

On several occasions, Kassel went deep into the rear lines of the enemy. Once he even reached Riga, dressed as a German officer, in order to establish contact with the people of the ghetto, among whom was his own father. When Kassel approached the city, one of the guards recognized him, but before the soldier could do anything, he shot the fascist dead and jumped onto a car that came along. He immediately put his gun to the temple of the driver and streaked out of danger

Sasha Gurari

"Assoufi" was the nickname of the Jewish boy Sasha Gurari in our brigade. The story of his life is a multi-colored account. In the early days of the war, the ship in which he was sailing after he had left Leningrad hit a German mine and sank. The waves carried Gurari to the island of Dago in the Bay of Riga. There, the Germans arrested him and put him in a POW camp. Sasha told the Germans that he had been born in the Ukraine, thus saving himself from a quick death. For two long years he suffered in this camp, and in August 1943, he eventually succeeded in escaping.



ALEXEI KAPLER
A Partisan diversant from
Moscow.
At one time he was a fiance
of Svetlana Stalin. Resides in
USSR.

Our reconnaissance men came upon him one summer night when he was asleep in the field. Before long this boy, with such dreamy, tender features and short stature, had turned into a fearless fighter; he fought like a lion.

Once Gurari, with the commander of our group and a number of partisans, went out on a mission to wipe out a gang of SS. The mission was carried out properly, but it cost us many casualties; out of the entire company, only the commander the Gurari remained alive. Since Gurari's wounds were superficial, he carried the commander on his shoulders, took him up into an attic he found along the way, and dressed both the commander's wounds and his own; they both stayed there for the night. In the morning, our reconnaissance men found them and brought them back to our camp.

I remember another incident which is so characteristic of Gurari's ties of friendship. In one of the battles against a strong group of SS, Partisan Istomir, a close friend of Gurari's, was wounded. Gurari went on fighting with his usual fierceness and courage. When the fighting ended and the Esesarges had run away, we did not find Gurari among us and were greatly concerned for his life, thinking that he had been killed. While searching for his body, we heard some firing in the area, and a few minutes later saw Gurari running in our direction from the woods holding a smoking rifle in one hand and a ... cap full of strawberries in the other!

"It wasn't easy bringing back my strawberries from those mongrels," he said, breathing heavily, his eyes looking for his wounded friend. Then he went over to Istomir and started feeding him the fruit he was holding in his hand. Istomir looked at Gurari with a deep sense of gratitude and apparently felt better. Gurari was so pleased, so moved, that he started dancing around.

"That's it! I knew that all you needed was strawberries."

Sasha Gurari was a colorful personality in our company. He was very particular about his clothes and walked around in highly polished boots. He even washed with scented soap, which he knew how to come by under any circumstances. He had a strong liking for Ukrainian folk songs, as well as sports and wrestling.



Yaakov Bronstein
from Manievich.

His skills in sports helped him in his hand-to-hand fighting with the fascist enemy. Like a panther, he would dash at his prey. In one battle, against a punishment squad, Gurari accounted for eleven German soldiers and saved the company from encirclement.

During his career as a partisan, Gurari was wounded three times, but he never stopped fighting. For his achievements in battle, he was awarded the order of "The War of the Fatherland, Second Class."

Zina

Gusta Jacobson, or "Nurse Zina" as she was called in our company, was liked by all. She was a medical nurse, but when necessary she picked up a rifle and fought shoulder-to-shoulder with her comrades.

This fragile young woman adapted with unusual ease to the difficult conditions of the partisans and their struggle. I often had occasion to see her in battle. She was a fearless young woman, cool and hardy. She would evacuate the wounded under a hail of bullets, and many partisans owe her their lives.

I well remember one particular incident: in the midst of a battle, our machine gun stopped firing. We had counted heavily on that machine gun. Zina told us that she would try to find out what was the matter. It turned out that the machine gunner had been seriously wounded. She bandaged his wounds, replaced him behind the machine gun, and resumed the firing until she herself was replaced by another partisan. Such was "Nurse Zina" in battle.

While the men were resting, Zina would often think up all sorts of entertainment for the company. Before the war she was a scout instructress and knew a lot of games, songs, and legends. At present, she is working at the Komsomol youth center in Riga, and you can often meet her there, along with several elderly bearded men who sit there with her for hours. Such visitors usually make one wonder, since they do not look like Komsomol members at all. But "Nurse Zina," who is now once again Gusta Jacobson, tells the inquirers:

"These are my partisan friends, the dearest men of all"



Gregory Garchik

In the pageant of Jewish partisan fighters in the Riga region, one particular commander stands out in my memory: "The Black Bandit with the Golden Teeth," as he was called by the Germans. He was known far and wide as a fearless partisan, and the Germans put up an award of forty liters of vodka for catching him alive! Such a prize meant a great deal in those days. Not many people could whip up enthusiasm to catch him, even for such a reward, for it was impossible to catch him anyway. Garchik was an expert at lightning-speed, hit-and-run raids. He had an uncanny sense of orientation and was adept at disguise.

Thanks to this latter skill, he often succeeded in getting far behind enemy lines. Once we were surprised to find an officer wearing a German uniform in our camp. The partisans could not understand how this could happen, but were soon relieved to find that it was none other than Garchik himself.

Once, Garchik and his adjutant Stanislav put on SS clothes and went about as ordinary citizens. On their way, they saw two German officers, dressed as hunters, coming out of a car. Garchik and Stanislav went up to them and engaged them in conversation. A few moments later the two men had shot and killed what turned out to be a German general and his adjutant.

Here is another incident. A reconnaissance man brought the news that some 350 Germans and two armored vehicles had come into the village next to the forest where Garchik and his soldiers were stationed, in order to collect bread and cattle. Garchik's company had only fifty fighters and could not engage the enemy in open battle. They hid on the outskirts of the forest; when the Germans came out of the village loaded with provisions and leading a large herd of cows they had taken from the peasants, they opened up with all the fire power at their disposal. The Germans took to their heels, some even jumped into a nearby river, leaving behind all the provisions and cows they had taken. Garchik gave back to the peasants the cows and the bread that the Germans had taken from them. This incident had a great impact on the peasants' attitude toward the partisan movement; within a short time about 600 new volunteers joined our companies.

On another occasion, Garchik and his company arrived one night at a village and thought to get some



YITZHAK (ISAAC) GUZ

was a Partisan in the vicinity
of Povorsk.

*A few Moments later the
two men had shot and
killed what turned out to
be a German general and
his adjutant.*

rest after a long and tiring march. At midnight, they learned that the Germans were approaching. Upon entering the village, the Germans were received with partisan fire from all directions. Most of the Germans were killed, but seventeen were taken prisoner and brought to the company field command.

Garchik was an experienced soldier. He had taken part in the battle with Finland as a commander of a skiing group. In the early days of the war he served in the Red Army, was taken prisoner, then escaped and reached a partisan company. He spent ten months fighting with us. During this period he accounted for some 60 Germans, blew up a score of enemy tanks and 400 trucks, and took about 200 prisoners. For his exploits in the partisan movement, Garchik was awarded the order of the "Red Flag."

* * * * *

In our brigade there was a young man by the name of Cohen. I forget his first name. He was born in Yelgava and worked as a diver. Being jovial and quick witted, he was soon nicknamed "Witty Cohen" by the partisans.

On a certain mission, the company to which Cohen belonged had to cover a distance of thirty kilometers. The going was tough. The men were tired from previous fighting, and they expected more. Seeing the sinking spirits of the men around him, Cohen decided to inject some life into the tired fighters. All through that seemingly endless thirty-kilometer march, he told them jokes. The partisans said later that Cohen's jokes took their minds off this dangerous and weary trek.

The partisans said later that Cohen's jokes took their minds off this dangerous and weary trek.

Cohen was not simply a merry young man. During a battle that the partisans started immediately after that long trek, Cohen killed four Germans with his own hands; this time he was not joking. To our regret, however, he himself was killed in that same battle

* * * * *

The six partisans I have written about here do not cover the entire list of Jewish comrades who fought in

our brigade and provided examples of courage and fearlessness. I shall forever remember the names of Ahron Khayat and Alexander Heidosa, who blew themselves up in order not to fall into the hands of the enemy; also the names of Sima Friedlander, Alexander Galperin, Bracha Kretzeir, S. Galfend, and many, many others who died heros' deaths in the fight for our Soviet fatherland. In every instance, the Jewish partisans showed they knew what they were fighting for; they were excellent comrades and fearless soldiers. In the battle against the fascist monster, they pitched in with all their spiritual strength, with all their fiery hatred for the enemy.

In conclusion, I would like to add that the Soviet government awarded me the highly coveted order -- "Hero of the Soviet Union." I proudly wear another order -- the "Golden Star": not with pride alone, but also with humility, realizing that the gold of this star has been steeped in the blood of heroic partisans. Among them, the Jewish partisans occupy a distinguished place.



Yehoshua (Joshua) Kanonitz, the boy who brought the first pistol from the Manievich ghetto.



Alexander Abugov, commander of the scout unit and a founder of the partisan movement in Volyn and Polesia.

Women Spies

By Gregory Linkov ("Batya")

Hero of the Soviet Union, "Polkovnik" Soviet Partisan Commander



On his way back from a combat mission, Commander Anatoly Tsiganov brought along with him seven new fighters, including two women. One was young and beautiful, so everyone called her "The Bride." Tsiganov said that the new fighters had helped his company raze two farmsteads and a large alcohol factory with a considerable stock of products for the invaders.

I had a great liking for Anatoly Tsiganov since the time of our joint activities behind enemy lines. I took his words seriously. This time his company had fulfilled with great success the combat mission which had been assigned to it between Baranovich and Minsk, with the active participation and daring acts of the two women fighters. According to him "The Bride" had done outstanding work. The other woman had taken part in disarming the guards on the farmstead in the region of Nisvish and proved to be quite a good fighter.

But I was not convinced by the proof that Tsiganov adduced concerning the fighting ability of the two women. The Hitlerites at that time were doing their best to find out the partisan bases, and for that purpose they used mainly women. Women spies could reach us only as members of partisan companies, where they had been accepted as loyal members after they had concealed all their contacts with the Gestapo. The participation of women in razing a farmstead and an alcohol factory which had already been in the hands of the fascists was not proof enough of their loyalty to the partisans. In order to gain full confidence, one had to do something of great importance against the invaders.

I gave orders that I wanted to see the papers that the women had carried on them, if there were any such papers at all, and also to check up on certain biographical details concerning them. In the evening two



Youngsters in the Woods
From right to left, Yoseleh Melamed,
Berl Finkel, Avrum Finkel.

* Russian equivalent of colonel. (ed.)

passports were brought to me, one bearing the name of Yelizavita Vassilevna Alexova and the other bearing the name of Vera Shamenskaya. The two passports had been issued in Minsk at the beginning of 1942, that is, seven months before they came to us. Alexova was registered as a Russian and Shamenskaya as a Pole. I also learned that both spoke good German. It was presumed that Alexova had worked as an interpreter for the Hitlerites.

I could not sleep all night for fear that women spies had come into our partisan base. In the morning I made up my mind that I should not have any suspicions concerning the validity of my doubts. Accompanied by a few handpicked young men, I went toward Alexandrov's position where all the "newcomers" were grouped together. I had decided to talk with them, interrogate them thoroughly before issuing the order to have them executed.

The first one to be called into the earth hut was Alexova. I asked her to tell me how she had found her way to the partisans. I listened to what she was saying every now and then. She spoke in a quiet, composed manner while she related to me the story of her life. She gave details of her work for the fascist commander in Minsk as an interpreter and how she had decided after a quarrel with him to run away to the partisans in the forest, a thing which she did at the first opportunity.

Her words gave me the impression that she was lying all along. I could not make up my mind. "To hell," I said to myself. "Doesn't this girl think that she is endangering herself by giving such evidence?" Perhaps all of this was a skilled move played by an accomplished woman spy who knew how to treat her own life with indifference?

While listening to Alexova I did not ask any questions and did my best to give her the impression that I was satisfied with the story she was relating to me.

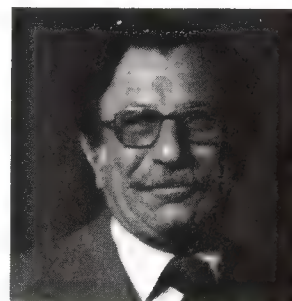
"Well, you may go now and do whatever you like," I told her, and I let her leave my earth hut.

Alexova went out. I gave the order to bring in Shamenskaya. I also ordered that upon her entering the earth hut, Alexova was to be arrested at once.



MILES LERMAN

was a Partisan in Southern Poland and fought many battles against the enemy. Resides in the USA.



ED KAYE

was a Partisan in Poland. He fought against the enemy. Resides in the USA.

Shamenskaya sat calmly in front of me as Alexova had done before her.

"Tell me, please, how did you get here," I asked her, looking straight into her eyes.

The woman was disturbed. I had the impression that she was considering what to say and what to hide. I waited with patience for everything she had to say:

"I am Shamenskaya, Vera Mikilovna, from Poland," the second woman started slowly. "Till the war broke out and during the war, I had been living in Minsk. When the Hitlerites came to our town I did not know where to go. Many Germans knew Polish, and I knew a little German, so I had no difficulty in finding a job as a waitress at a restaurant."

I listened to her without moving my eyes from her lips.

"Once," she went on, "I had a quarrel with the manager of the restaurant. Because of that I was fired. On the same night I ran away into the woods to the partisans."

"How long were you in the woods together with Alexova?" I asked.

The woman cast a frightened glance at me. "We... we...were together for about six months."

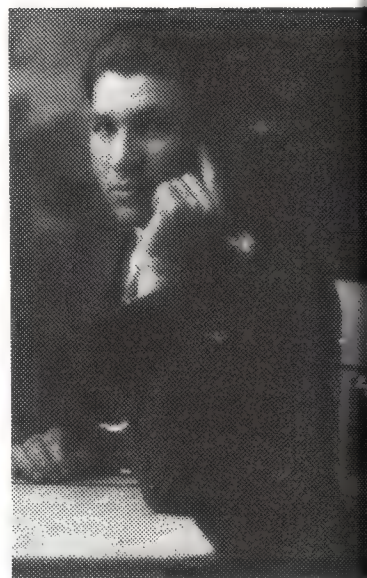
"Perhaps you could tell me something about this woman?"

Shamenskaya's tension mounted. To go on lying was dangerous. Feeling uncomfortable, she blushed and became increasingly excited.

"I don't know this woman at all, and I cannot tell you anything about her," said Shamenskaya, fighting her inner feelings.

"Well, then, it is all clear to me now. I'll have both of you shot," I said very quietly.

Shamenskaya stood up in consternation. The soldier who was standing at the entrance to the earth hut aimed his rifle at her. The woman paled and clung to the wall, her strength ebbing. I made a move to leave.



MATUS SNOWSKI

his specialty was stealing weapons by the Germans, for the Underground in the Ghetto Slonim. Later on he was fighting the enemy in the forest where he fell in one of the actions.

"Comrade Commander, allow me to add a few words to what I have just told you," Shamenskaya said calmly.

"Speak," I stopped, waiting for her confession and the self-incrimination of the spy who got caught in the cobweb of her lies.

"Pardon me, Comrade Commander, but all that I have told you is one big lie," she said and began to sob. "I...we...thought that everything would be all right as it has been so far...but now I realize that I shouldn't keep on doing this...both of us, this young woman and I, are Jewesses...."

Without realizing it, the soldier lowered his rifle.

"She is a distant relative of mine, and I can tell you a lot about her. Everything. All I have told you has been due to the fact that our passports are false."

This announcement made me mad. I wanted to curse her, but I restrained myself.

"And how can you prove that you are a Jewess?"

"Among your men are three Jews, and if you will allow me to talk to them, they will testify that both of us are Jewish women."

"How do you know that we have three Jewish comrades here?"

"Can't anyone tell that they are Jews?"

At the position commanded by Alexandrov there really were three Jewish fighters, but one couldn't tell by the looks of two of them that they were Jews. Only I knew that they were Jews.

"Well," I said, "let it be as you say."

Commander Shlikov was instructed accordingly. A few minutes later the three testified that the two women were Jewish and that they had run away from the ghetto of Minsk into the woods. This evidence, of course, did not assuage my suspicions. Indirectly we checked up on them in the ghetto of Minsk, including their deeds in the battlefield. The facts proved that they had told the truth.

"I...WE...THOUGHT THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE ALL RIGHT AS IT HAS BEEN SO FAR...BUT NOW I REALIZE THAT I SHOUDN'T KEEP ON DOING THIS...BOTH OF US, THIS YOUNG WOMAN AND I, ARE JEWESSES...."

INDIRECTLY WE CHECKED UP ON THEM IN THE GHETTO OF MINSK, INCLUDING THEIR DEEDS IN THE BATTLEFIELD THE FACTS PROVED THAT THEY HAD TOLD THE TRUTH.

Partisans from Krinka

By DRC'D

WZROZ INWALIDÓW WOJENNYCH P.O.
ZARZĄD ODDZIAŁU
WARSZAWA - MOKOTÓW
Warszawa, ul. Chocimska 44-45

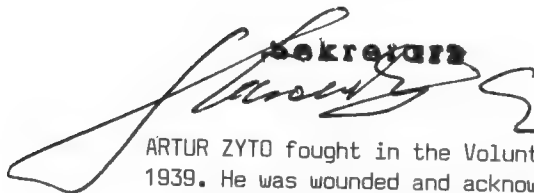
Załącznik nr.6

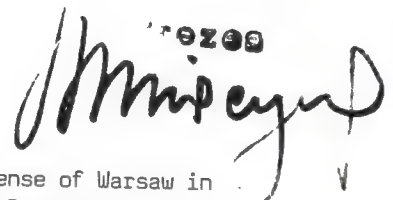
Z a ś w i a d c z e n i e

Niniejszym zaświadczaamy, że kel. Artur ŻYTO, zam. w Warszawie, przy ul. Czerniakowskiej Nr. 127 m. 196 jest inwalidą wojennym.

Ob. Żyto walczył i został ranny w 1939r. w Batalionach Ochotniczych Obrony Warszawy.

Na podstawie orzeczenia Komisji Lekarskiej z dnia 15.IV.1958r. Znak Wz-80-Z w/wymieniony został uznany 45% inwalidą wojennym na stałe.

sekretarz


Prezes


ARTUR ŻYTO fought in the Volunteer Battalion for the Defense of Warsaw in 1939. He was wounded and acknowledged by a Commission of Doctors as a 45% invalid, as it shows the Polish document. Decorated with the Officer Cross Polonia Restituta. Resides in Sweden.

A group of young Jews most of them from Krinka, others from the neighboring towns, after the liquidation of their own birthplaces, found temporary shelter in as yet "quiet" ghetto of Bialystok. They were however, the first one to leave the "security" of the Bialystok ghetto on December, 1942 to join the partisans in the forests, and fight the German murderers. The commander was the Jewish partisan from Krinka. Moyshe Slapak (partisan name: Maxim) a hero and seasoned fighter.

The base of this partisan group — that began with 17 fighters and reached 30 — was in the area of Lipowy. Most about 15 kilometers east of Krinka. Written in Volume I "Jewish Partisans" published by Workers Books Merchavis 1958, with the help of Yad-Vashem. The partisans prepared housing for 40 fighters, and had a substantial amount of weapons, at the very beginning of their actions.

In the short existence of this group, isolated and alone — nevertheless they were able to organize and implement painful attacks against the Germans. They destroyed a number of local police stations, and killed and dispersed German watch positions.

"Maxim" negotiated with a group of Jews that were planning to leave the ghetto Bialystok and joined them. However, at the end of January, 1943 a powerful band of German killers managed to surround "Maxim's" base. A fierce struggle began, and the Germans were forced to retreat, taking with them 6 dead, one partisan captured a gun.

However, the Germans returned with a larger group, with heavy weapons, "Maxim" was gravely wounded, not to fall into the hands of the murderers--he killed himself.

The news about the Jewish fighting force spread far and wide. The peasants spoke with awe and admiration. The prestige of Jewish partisan grew, and encouraged many others to leave the ghetto and establish fighting groups of their own. The Krinka group ceased to operate as a separate unit, after some fell in battle, and four were captured by the Germans and burned alive by the murderers in the center of a market in a village.

Beside "Maxim" in the Krinka group participated the following young men born in Krinka:

Moyshe Mulye Nisht (the son of Shloyme Teyrls).

Mulye Weyner (the son of Moyshke Shmuel the American)

Mulye Bashevkin (a grandson to the Naratchniks),

Yudel Levin, Nyana Rabinowitz (the son Leybl

"MAXIM" WAS GRAVELY WOUNDED,
NOT TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF
THE MURDERERS--HE KILLED HIM-
SELF.

Rabinowitz) and
Moyshe Weiner

From the very few that survived some joined other groups — such as Mulye Nisht, with whom “Maxim” negotiated. In February of 1943, he joined a group of partisans operating in the forests of Suprasl.

Notwithstanding, the many defeats, writes Moshe Kahanowitz, many Jews from Bialystok and surrounding towns joined the partisans in the forests of Suprasl. In the summer of 1943 they united and established a Jewish partisan group called “Vperiod” (Forward). The group was led by the commander “Sasha” (Yezhi or Yona Sochatchewski), Rivke Shinder-Woyskorska who organized the uprising in the ghetto Bialystok became the commissar of the partisans.

The particular difficult area, and especially the brutally cold winter, and shortage of food and weapons took its terrible toll, the losses among the partisans were irreplaceable. In a heavy engagement with the Germans in 1944 Sochatchewski was killed. Rivka Shinder Woyskowska was critically wounded with dum – dum bullets, she developed gangrene and was hospitalized for 8 months in a Soviet hospital. She was given military awards from the Soviet and Polish Governments for valor in battle.

The “Vperiod” Jewish partisan group from Krinka under the leadership of the Krinka partisan, Avreml Krutzewski (Lipes), their heroism in battle was known. This group destroyed the Krinka electric power station. The preparation, precision and the excellence of operation was the envy of the enemy. Jewish girls from the Bialystock anti – fascist group helped in this operation. The Germans threw their weapons and attempted to escape, their way was blocked, those who resisted were killed. The Jewish partisans left victorious Krinka, Avreml Krutzewski was killed in the explosion.

The following day placards on the streets of Bialystok and neighboring town — the Germans bemoaned the Jewish partisan “crime” perpetrated at Krinka.

From the Krinki Yizkor Book. Published in Israel, 1970. Reprinted with permission of the Society.

SHE WAS GIVEN MILITARY AWARDS FROM THE SOVIET AND POLISH GOVERNMENTS FOR VALOR IN BATTLE.

Partisans from Wasilishok



COL. STANISLAW SZULCZYNSKI
(SZULZYNER)

saw war from 1939 till the victory over Germany. After Poland was defeated he joined the Polish Army in the USSR and graduated the Academy of the General Command. In the years 1943-45, he commanded various Army Divisions and participated in the murderous battles by Lenino in the Soviet Union, as well as in many battles in Poland and Germany in the ranks of the Romulda Trauguta Division, which was among the liberators of Poland. Szulczynski later on became the chief-editor of the Polish Army newspaper. He was decorated many times with the highest Medals Poland possess. Szulczynski was a lecturer at the University of Lund in Sweden, where he with his family reside since 1971.



Editorial Staff of the Lithuanian division "Rodina Zavoyot" (Fatherland Calls). *From left, standing in rear: Zeif, Salfeta, Esradom, Shaulis, 1944.*

During the great massacre on October 4, 1942 many young Jews escaped from the "Umshlag" place, and even from the cemetery where Jews were taken to be slaughtered. Among the escapees were: Orke Gordon, Itchke Gordon, Moyshale Potchter, Berl Miler, Lubke Einshtein, Yudl Schwartz, Reuven Dolinski, Rivkeh Dolinski, Shlomke Lubetzki from Sobakintze, Zuske Grodzenski, Moyshe Boyarski, Mulke Kamay, Leyzer Ishishki, Itzhok Pupko, and a few others from Wasilishok, Zablotz and Sobakintz.

Many of the escapees were wounded and perished on route. Others managed to return to the ghetto in Wasilishok, some were given shelter by a very few friendly peasants, the rest escaped to the forest and became the nucleus of the Jewish partisan group from Wasilishok.

The first who escaped from Wasilishok arrived in the forest of Zablotz. There was established two groups of Jewish partisan, those who ran from the ghetto in Radun and the other, Jews from Wasilishok, Zablotz and Sobakintz not far from the two Jewish groups operated by Russians who escaped German prisons. Each group acted on his own the weapons primitive and not too many.

The peasants who wanted to get rid of the Jewish partisans because they demanded from them food, informed the whereabouts of the Jews to the Germans. The Germans came in the "wrong" place finding the Russian partisans, and a fierce battle developed. The Jews quickly organized an ambush, and as the Germans retreated to their base they were met by the former ghetto slaves that lost their families in the massacre and felt for the first time the sweet taste of revenge. They also captured weapons and badly needed clothing. This great victory of the Jewish partisans enhanced them in the eyes of their Russian colleagues and were asked to unite with the Jewish group and establish a common front to fight the bloody enemy.

This was the beginning of the partisan movement in the area of the so called Natcher Wilderness. During the summer of 1942 the surviving Jews from the ghetto Wasilishok were transferred to the ghetto of Shtchucin that also included Jews from Radiun, Zholudok and Rozhanka. News reached the Jews in the ghetto Shtchuchin that in the vicinity of the river Nieman in the Wilderness of Lipitchan and Naliboki there are operating Russian and Jewish partisan groups.



MAJ. JERZY LEC (LUKASZ)

was a writer in pre-war Poland. When the Germans occupied Poland, he joined the Partisans and became editor of the Underground publication in the vicinity of Lublin, he also participated in Combat against the enemy. Survived.

At that time Moyshale Potchter sent a letter to Lusik Wolochinski advising him that in the Wilderness of Natchey, there are partisan groups, and he is ready to help the Jews from the ghetto in Shtchuchin. An underground group was established in the ghetto that kept contact with the partisans. To that group belonged Dr. Alpert and his wife Lusik and Chana Wolochinski, Yentl Boyarski, Esther Pupko, Hirshl and Nachmen Yosef Tublitzki and the father of Dr. Katz a Jew from Vilna.

In March of 1943 a righteous Christian woman Makarewitch led the whole family of Lusik Wolochinski out of the ghetto. After a harrowing night they met the Jewish partisans from Wasilishok, they were: Berl Miler, Orke Gordon, and Moyshale Potchter, who brought the Jewish family to the partisans. A short time later another group of Jews escaped from the ghetto in Shtchuchin to the partisans. They were: Esther Pupko, Wolochinski and her 2 children, Syomke Boyarski and his family, Leybke Gordon and wife and the father of Dr. Katz. Leybke Gordon and the father of Dr. Katz could not adjust themselves to the difficult situation at the partisan base, they returned to the ghetto, and were murdered by the Germans.

In the summer of 1943 a large group of Jews escaped the ghetto and reached the Jewish partisans in the forest. The Jews were from Wasilishok: Shlomo that sold Kosher meat, brother and sister Mudzik, Chaya Kuznietz, Leybke Einshtein, Elchiek Platowski, Yeuchmiel Portnoy, Leyzer Ishishki, Yankel Kushnier, Zalmen Mednitzki, the brothers: Yoseph and Peretz Stanietzki, Abraham Gershowitz, Yehuda Schwartz, Mordechai Swiatoy, Dr. Alpert and family, Tanchum Gordon, Efraim Kopelman, Zapolski, Yakev-Shloyme Boyarski, Moyshale Zablocki.

The Jews from Wasilishok joined the Russian partisans and participated in the most dangerous missions. Some of them fell by accomplishing heroic deeds:

Moyshale Potchter fell in Zabelotz, demolishing a milk farm that supplied the Germans with products.

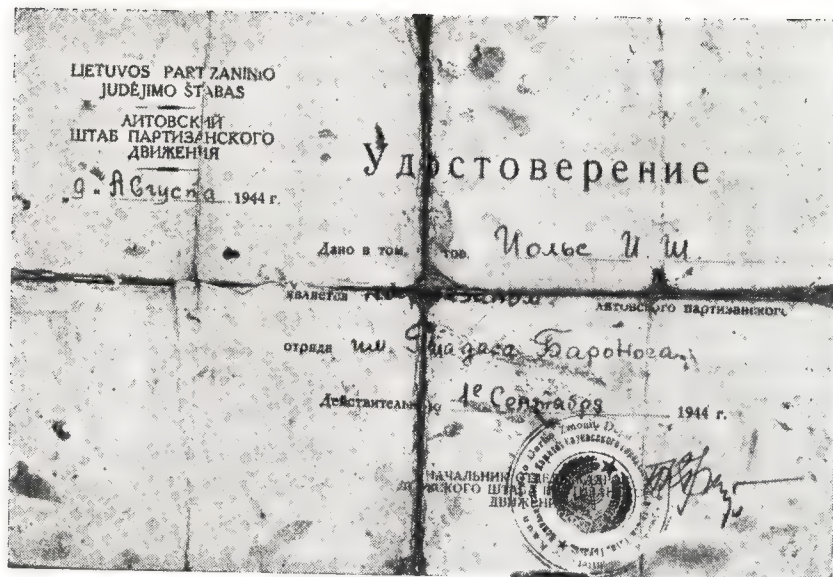
Kopelman Efraim, fell guarding the famous "Bielski Otriad", he managed to alarm the partisans and thus saved the Bielski camp.

Tzipele Boyarski fell by a stray bullet. Tanchum Gordon the political adviser in the "Bielski Otriad". He fell in battle in June 1944 one day before liberation.

Mednicki Zalman, Syomke Boyarski and Yankel Kushnier were

In March of 1943 a righteous Christian woman Makarewitch led the whole family of Lusik Wolochinski out of the ghetto.

The Jews from Wasilishok joined the Russian partisans and participated in the most dangerous missions. Some of them fell by accomplishing heroic deeds.



Certificate that confirms I.S. Yoel was a Partisan in the Lithuanian Brigade.

murdered by Polish killers from the debase sadists killers of the Armia Krajowa (A.K.) after liberation, they were butchered near Wasilishok.

Very difficult was the life of the Jewish partisans, they fought on many fronts, not only against the German, Jews were hunted by many killers of a variety of national and "racial groups." Jews were killed by their "friends" and "colleagues" in the forests fighting the Germans. For the slightest mistake Jews were severely punished, many Jewish partisans were murdered under false pretext by Russian partisans.

Notwithstanding the obstacles, the tortures, by "friend" and enemy alike, the Jewish partisans continued their struggle and avenged in a small measure that shed innocent blood of their loved ones... The Jewish partisans from Wasilishok fought on many fronts in wide spread areas, beginning July 1944 the Red Army liberated White Russia from the traitors German murderers, Polish collaborators, only a small group of Jewish partisans returned to a total destroyed Jewish quarter of the town of Wasilishok.

Documented: by Chana and Lusik Wolochinski, and Chaya and Dr. Abraham.

From the Yizkor Book Sztutin-Washilishok. Reprinted with permission of the Society.

The Jewish partisans continued their struggle and avenged in a small measure that shed innocent blood of their loved ones...

Partisans from the Town of Svir

By Henech Drutz



LT. GREGORY ZARETZKY in the (foreground), participated in the liberation of Warsaw and Berlin. He was decorated with the Medals: Patriotic War (first and second groups); and Liberation of Warsaw and Berlin. He resides in the USA.

Five Jews of the Ghetto Vilna, Berl Reznik, Chayim Meltzer, Hirschl Dreviatzki, Feyvl Tzach and Zalmen Reznik, decided not to wait for the Germans to be killed, but to leave the Ghetto and join the partisans. They were from the township of Svir, they all became partisan heroes, one of them Berl Reznik was awarded two medals by the Soviet Government.

Berl Reznik decided to leave the Ghetto after his brother Reuven-Meir and his family were shot at Ponar near Vilna, and his brother Itzchok with his family was murdered in the forced labor camp Kenia. Berl Reznik became obsessed with the desire to leave the Ghetto, he convinced Chayim Meltzer and other three Jews from the township Kobilnik, this small group of five decided to runaway. For 25 thousand zlotys they bought a revolver with 150 bullets. They obtained a document that they have to report for work in the town of Lavarishok, and left the Ghetto.

Saying good-bye to the parents and the surviving family was very difficult. All the Jews in the Ghetto were convinced that they are going to be killed, and their chances for survival is much better in the Ghetto

The following day they joined the working force going to Lavarishok, they removed the yellow patches, marched another 40 kilometers and arrived in the forest of Kotlova. They located a friendly peasant, who provided shelter for the night and in the morning transported them to another place 12 kilometers from the township of Svir.

Here they remained in hiding in the attic of a righteous soul for a few days and were able to buy a gun. Then they left for the township of Zascenik Zameik, where they lived in hiding by Rayche-Kayle, a sister of Chayim Meltzer. Chayim stayed with her for about a month, then he joined a Soviet Lithuanian partisan group, and fell in battle in one of the fightings against the Germans.

Berl Reznik, and his three friends from Kobilnik marched on, seeking to join a partisan group. They met a Jewish partisan on the way to the railroad station in Lintup, to derail a train. The partisan assured the group that for the price of one revolver, his commander will admit all four of them to the partisan unit. They



HIRSCHL DREVIATZKI

marched with him about 30 kilometers to the base. The Jewish partisan took the revolver from them, telling to wait outside the base of a reply from his commander. He never came back. Disillusioned they left wandering in the forest for another 3 weeks, till they met a Russian partisan unit. It consisted of 200 men, among them were 17 Jews, the base was about 20 kilometers from the township Myadl.

This unit was divided in 12 groups under the leadership of Markov, a Polish pre-war teacher from the township Swentzyan, where the Poles imprisoned him once for communist activities. His derectives Markov received from a military center in Moscow.

At the beginning the group lived in the forest in underground huts. Later on they were scattered in different areas, each group attacking the Germans from many directions.



CHAYIM MELTZER



MAJ. S. A. ABRAMOWITZ

in the headquarters Air Force of Col. Gen. Pukrishkin with another officer and his secretary.

The unit that Berl Reznik was assigned to had to destroy bridges, rail lines, telephone lines, and to find out the strength of the German bases and to agitate among the civilians.

This partisan unit grew to 2,500 men and was considered a Russian Army, operating a second front behind the German lines. This partisan army had its own radio station, airport and at the end of 1943, each partisan was equipped with a hand-gun or authentic modern weapon.

In 1944 this partisan army ruled over a large liberated area that included many villages, where the Germans did not dare to enter.

Berl Reznik with a group of 6 partisans burned down the bridge near the village of Stratz. It was a dangerous mission right under the noses of the enemy, 10 kilometers from Sematova. Later the same partisan group cut down all the telephone poles around Sematova. His group liberated Sematova, which remained under partisan rule till the end of the war. He received 2 medals for bravery and many other citations.

He was very popular among the partisans and he helped other Jews in distress. Berl Reznik discovered in the forest Aaron Schapiro with his wife and son, Isaac Yafa with Reiza, Zalmen Reznik with 2 sisters, Chaya and Freda, Yitzchok Meltzer and Yitzchok Fischer with their families. Berl Reznik made sure that they have an adequate supply of food. He sent them a sack of potatoes, flour, meat and clothing, including a horse for transportation. Thus Berl Reznik saved many Jews. Reznik ran on foot 12 kilometers to Svir, to tell the surviving Jews the approaching of the Soviet liberation Army.

From the Swir Yizkor Book. Published by the Swir Societies in Israel and the USA. Reprinted with permission of the Societies.



FEYVL TZACH

The First Partisan from Karelitz

By Ben-Ir

LT. LEON ALTMAN (SLUCKI) worked in a hospital as a surgeon with 1st Lt. CECYLIA ALTMAN(SLUCKI) as a surgical nurse. They performed operations on wounded soldiers under extremely difficult circumstances. Both of them were decorated with the Red Stars and other Medals. Cecylia became a Doctor after the war.

They reside in Sweden.



Doctors and Nurses. Standing left, Dr. Leon Altman(Slucki).



David Lipshitz, the son of Aron and Sarah Rachel had graduated from the Polish Elementary School. As his family was large and the family earnings very small he was forced to interrupt his education and join his brother Berl in a barber shop.

The family emigrated from Poland, most of them went to the land of Israel, only David remained, as he was of military age, and did not get permission to leave Poland. He became a member of the Zionist Hashomer Hatzair and played in the orchestra.

In 1942 the German murderers established in Karelitz a ghetto. Davids big house was included in the ghetto, and our family, and a number of other Jewish families were pushed in, in that house. We made bunks every inch of the floor was taken by people who slept there:

The situation for the Jews in Karelitz became critical, from bad to worse. The SS under their commander Henzige gave out each day more oppressive edicts. The German Command of the Wehrmacht Birkitz, Ehrhardt and others punished the Jews by making them contribute sums of money beyond their endurance. We had to redeem our lives with every material goods we had. For not complying with any of the orders Jews were summarily shot.

David and I (we were very young then) were sitting in the evening and discussing the bitter situation of the Jews. We were asking each other what is there to be done? One evening David confided to me that Moyshke Funt from Ivenitz (a cousin of Israel Slonimski) will come and take us to a group of partisans. I asked him not to forget me and my brother Gabriel. Should he succeed to join the partisans David promised to take along other Jewish boys from Karelitz, including us.

David disappeared from the ghetto, I waited for his promise to help us, but it never came. He joined a partisan group, participated in all of the actions against the Germans. His name became famous, as an outstanding Jewish partisan.

A group of partisan Jews and non-Jews, among them David Lipshitz, and his friend Moyshke Funt from Ivenitz took over the town of Nalibocki. Their goal was to take over the police station. The Germans from Ivenitz were tipped off and surrounded Nalibocki. The partisans fortified themselves in the church. They fought heroically to the last bullet, and did not surrender to the Germans. David Lipshitz and Moyshke Funt fell in battle. David has a sister Chans, and a brother Moyshke in Israel, and another sister in a foreign country.

A group of partisan Jews and non-Jews, among them David Lipshitz, and his friend Moyshke Funt from Ivenitz took over the town of Nalibocki. Their goal was to take over the police station.

THE HEROISM OF JEWISH YOUTH IN KARELITZ

Reuven Dushkin was a butcher, a quiet ethical person that worked hard, was helped by his wife Manya to support their large family. His older daughter Sorke, married Shlomke Nowitzky, who joined her fathers butcher shop, they lived peacefully as good human beings and good jews:

The Germans arrived in 1941, we heard about their atrocities in other towns, and the Jews were terribly frightened.

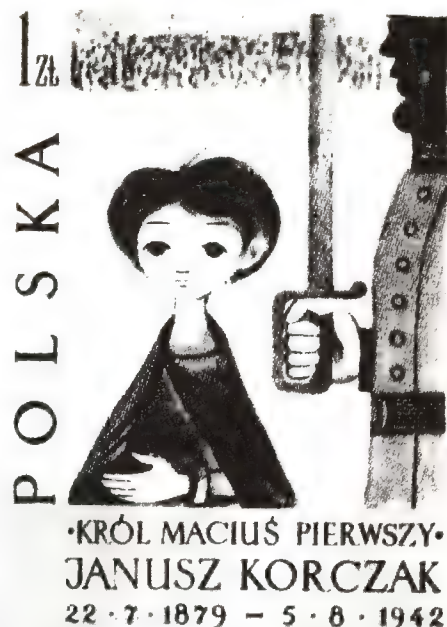
The peasants from the neighborhood, particularly the semi-slave workers (parobky) of the Polish landlords became audacious, they also wanted to become rich quick, so they robbed Jewish property and killed Jews with impunity. Among the Polish robbers and killers were the brothers Shtrashkes and their sister with one hand, also Dan Britzkowski. They went from house to house and took whatever they desired.

They came to the house of Reuven the butcher, his sons Yankel Motl, and Chaim, and son-in-law Shloymke fought them off and chased them away. When the Germans entered Karelitz these Polish hooligans became the German Solice collaborators. They came back to the house of Reuven to get even with his children. Fortunately they managed to escape, the killers got a hold of Motl, that worked in the neighboring mill. They took him to the market place and tortured him to death in public. Chayke and Yankel of this family were able to escape, they joined the partisans and fought the Germans and their helpers, they are now in the United States: Let us remember the heroic Jews Karelitz.

YAKOV SLUTZKI THE PARTISAN FROM KARELITZ

Yacov Slutzki, born in 1914, was the son of Itzhag and mother Cherne. His father was a farmer and in possession of a horse and wagon that he used for bringing goods from Baranowitz for the storekeepers of Karelitz.

Yacov attended the Polish Elementary school and private studied Hebrew and Yiddish; he loved to read. During the German occupation he was transported to the ghetto of Nowogrodek-Pereshike. In 1943 he escaped and joined the famous Jewish partisans under the leadership of the legendary Belski brothers. Yacov was a fearless young man, he participated in actions against the Germans without a gun, only with a home-made weapon that he prepared himself. He was able to find rusted parts of an old gun, he



Three of the many, Janusz Korczak (Hersh Goldsmit) stamps, that was issued all over the world in Memory of the Martyr Educator.

Partisans at War

By Itzhak Lichtenberg

A group of Jewish Partisans in Polesia.



By the grave of two Jewish Partisans who
Fell in Battle: Leib Pomeranc from
Drohicin and Borris Shneiderman from
Wlodawa, Poland.



In April of 1942 the German Commissar Ebner in the region of Pinsk, established the ghetto in Lachwa, at the eastern part of the town, 45 houses for 2350 Jews.

Within 24 hours the ghetto was surrounded with barbed wire 2 meters high, the Jews were not permitted to enter town outside of the ghetto. The workers had to march in closed formation to work. At the time the ghetto was established horrible events took place. The White Russian police under Commendant Gretchko with the active participation of the population robbed and killed the defenseless Jews. Life in the ghetto became unbearable, hunger, killings, disease took a daily toll, till the last day of the massacre on September the 3rd 1942.

The thought of a self-defense matured right after the reports of killings and mass executions in the neighboring town conducted by the S.S. divisions called "Viking". To create a fighting group at that time was impossible, there were no partisans in the forests, and the Jewish population was still unaware about the total deadly design of the Germans and its collaborators. In January of 1942 the first contact was made with a White Russian partisan Roman Shewtchuk 37 years of age from the Village of Liuban. He was an underground leader of a partisan group under the command of Volodia Poliakoff. It was then established a Jewish partisan group of five persons: Itzhag Rachtshin, Itzhag Slucki, Itzhag Liechtenberg, Hershel Migdalowitz and Moshe Leib Chafetz.

It was decided to branch out in groups of five, each group unknown to the other, it was thus established six groups, a total of 30 bravest youths of the town. There was a night watch in the ghetto to alarm in case of a sudden attack.

The problem of weapons was difficult and complicated even for large sums of money we could not obtain weapons for the following: The White Russian population was hostile towards us, and entailed a great danger even to approach them...It was impossible to steal or obtain weapons from the Germans. We were empty-handed, and urged the Jews in the Ghetto to defend themselves with whatever they had...

On September 3, 1942, 1 a.m. the local police surrounded the ghetto. I was told immediately and I have prepared the population. It became clear that this is it the last phase, the final moment of our lives. We knew exactly the number of the White Russian militia and we the partisan group decided to storm their lines, and escape from the ghetto. The Jewish population was against it, they waited for a miracle as it happened with General Shmidt on the 17th of August 1941, our plan was neglected.



LT. LEV SULLA
fought on many fronts in Eastern Europe, and was decorated for bravery.

At 9 a.m. the ghetto was completely surrounded by 150 German soldier and S.D. group joined by 200 of the White Russian militia. The naked truth of an expected massacre became clear to us, nevertheless we did not panic. We had prepared incendiary materials to burn our homes. Individuals had axes heavy weights and courage. At 10 in the morning the murderers attacked, the first victim was Israel Drebski. We put to flames our homes, we battled with the local militia killed 8 of them and 6 Germans. In the struggle 600 Jews escaped taking with them a German pistol. I was wounded in the battle, as I retreated I saw Asher Chafetz killing a German with an ax, his brother Moshe Leib took the weapon and turned it against the White Russian militia. We retreated tearing down the barbed wire walls to make way to escape. We were continuously under fire "Hatikvah" of those that escaped. One thousand six hundred Jews died in battle, some of them took poison, and did not surrender to the killers. The whole ghetto was burned, so was all the Wehrmacht buildings, the post office, the White Russian police station, the only drugstore and the huge German warehouse loaded with furniture and other articles robbed from the Jews. We burned a total of 144 buildings.

At the lake Pripet we camped, 600 persons, women and children. We knew that the Germans are going to pursue us so we organized groups of 20 hiding deeper in the forest. We organized a defense group of 25 including myself.

For three days we were hiding in the forest. On the 7th of September 1942, we met a partisan group in the area of the Gritchin swamps. They received us well provided food, and showed us places where we can camp in security, 160 Jews remained there. The leaders of the partisan group Petrowitz, Ivanoff, Shvetz told us about the situation in the underground movement. They taught us how to get weapons and where are the large groups of partisans, that could absorb large groups of Jews in their ranks. I and 25 others joined them.

We started to acquire weapons, the Soviet partisans did not supply us with weapons, they had a shortage of weapons themselves.

We succeeded in exchange of suits, gold, to buy 13 guns, and participated in a action that destroyed the police stations in the towns of Lenin, Senkewitch, and others.

Under my leadership we destroyed 48 wagons of weapons destined for the German killers.

On December 12, 1942 a Soviet order banned separate national partisan groups, our Jewish group at that time numbered 56 fighters.

We put to flames our homes, we battled with the local militia, killed 8 of them and 6 Germans.

We succeeded in exchange of suits, gold, to buy 13 guns, and participated in an action that destroyed the police stations in the towns of Lenin, Senkewitch, and others.

On January 1943 we joined the general Soviet partisan group of 200, the Kirov group. The Jewish fighters were scattered among many fighting brigades. I was the commander of the first brigade and a representative of the regional high command. In my group there was 2 Jewish women that cooked and cleaned for the partisans.

After the unification of all the partisan groups we felt right away a disrespectful attitude towards the Jewish fighters. It was definitely an anti-Semitic bias. They tried to minimize our devotion, dedicated and heroism in battle. It became known to us that 5 fighters from the town Lachwa, Binyamin Zalmanovitz, two brothers Walachjanski and 2 brothers Shulan were shot without cause or reason by a partisan group under the leadership of a commander Kubasoff.

Before this groups murder a Jewish partisan from Lachwa, Hershel Muravnik, that we excluded from our group for disciplinary reasons, was murdered on the order of Commander Ivanoff (Lisowitz) and division head Rufeyer. In June—July 1943, the Soviet partisans under the command of the above Ivanoff executed a Jew from Lachwa Nahum Muravchieck, the killer was Wolodia Poliakoff. The official reason for the murder was given: discipline violation and former member of the ghetto police. The true reason for this wanton murder was that when Muravchick joined the partisan group he gave the commander a few gold coins, and the murders did not want this to be known, they killed him.

The Jews in these partisans groups were treated badly, this did not diminished their fighting spirit or desire for revenge. The best fighters among the partisans were Jews. The Jewish partisan shloyme Sarnar (pseudonym) was the best sniper in the brigade, he lost his life later fighting in the Red Army. So was Berl Furer from the town of Vlodova, Misha the sniper, Nehemya Kurland, Yalvitzki from the town of Slonim the best machine gunner, from the town of Lachwa: Moshe Leib Chafetz, Asher Ben Shmuel Chafetz, Avrom Feinberg, and many others. The Jewish partisan Yeshayau Milman from Lachwa, now in the Red Army, had a record of 185 explosions and rails derailment of German weapons that were speeding to the front.

On April 4, 1943, my Jewish group of partisans were the only one to go into action against the Germans. We were a group of six with only two Russians. We organized a trap and attacked a German brigade killing 1 German officer, and two Russian Cosaacks colaborators. We initiated a number of a pre-“May Frist” attacks against the Germans. Still I was accused in engaging in sabotage amongst the partisans. Specifically I was accused of agitating the partisans not to eat bad meat. They wanted to kill me. The action against me was led by a German woman from the town of Lachwa a Jew hater and mistress of Ivanoff. Because of her the partisan

The Jewish partisan Yeshayau Milman from Lachwa, now in the Red Army, had a record of 185 explosions and rail derailments of German weapons that were speeding to the front.

command murdered a Jewish doctor of the camp Mina Fidishova and captain Kapustin, only for the intervention of Commander Petrowitch my life was saved.

I remember another incident: The Germans attacked a partisan camp, we retreated. There was an order from Ivanoff not to evacuate Jews without weapons from the camp, non-Jews without weapons were evacuated! In the region of Valia, according to the order of the Soviet General-major Kamarof, 7 Jews were shot for wanting to save their lives and dared to retreat with the other partisan group but had no weapons, they broke the order that prevented Jews without weapons to join the retreating group of partisans. I confirm that this death order against Jews was given out in all of the brigades of Kamarof's rule. The commissar of the united partisan movement was General-major Kletchoff, a bloody anti-Semite.

I could not remain in that brigade any longer, I was afraid for an assassin's bullet. On January 17, 1944, I left and fortunately joined a group of the Red Army. I remained there till December 5, 1945 participating in all the battles, helping to destroy the German vampire, it was a delight to fight the Germans. I was awarded the following awards: Order "Red Flag" Fatherland war of First Degree medal for "Freedom of Warsaw" "Victory over Berlin" "Victory over Germany." For my years of fighting with the partisans I was decorated with the order of "Red-Flag" and "Partisan of The First Degree."

From the Lachwa Yizkor Book. Published by the Encyclopedia of the Jewish Diaspora in Israel, 1957. Reprinted with permission of the Lachwa Society.

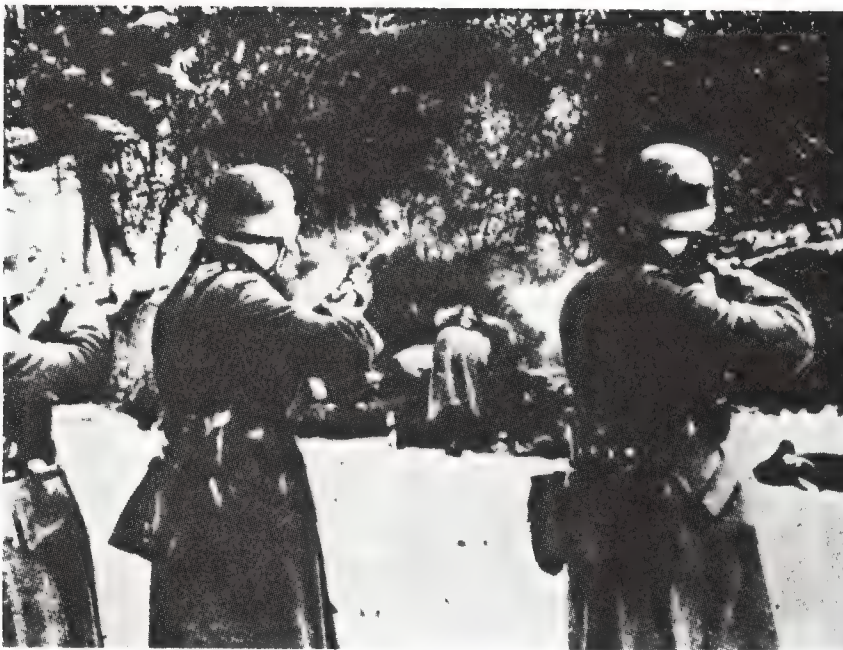
I was awarded the following awards: Order "Red Flag", "Fatherland War of First Degree", medal for "Freedom of Warsaw", "Victory Over Berlin", "Victory Over Germany." For my years of fighting with the partisans I was decorated with the order of "Red-Flag" and "Partisan of The First Degree."



ARTHUR and JOSEPH KORENBLUM

two brothers from Maskuczow, of the Polish Army. Fell in Battle against the enemy.

A Ten-Years-Young Partisan



Jewish resitants being executed by the Germans.

When the war broke out in 1939 I was only 9 years old. My name is Hananiah Kuton, I was born in the town of Byten in the vicinity of Baranowicze. When the Russians entered our town, they closed the Polish school and transferred all the children to a Russian school.

When the Germans attacked Russia in 1941, they bombed our town, they rounded up the Jews and forced them into slave labor. The labor assignment was especially hard and inhuman everyday between five and ten Jews died from exhaustion or beatings. Jews were ordered to wear a yellow patch on their backs, later a star of David on the chest, and prohibited to walk on the sidewalk.

The Germans collected all the Torah scrolls, holy books and burned them in the market place of Byten. Jews were assigned starvation rations, and were harassed by daily "actions" of beatings and murder. A large group of Jews were marched to the forest with an order to erect a ghetto fence, covered with barbed wire, which had to be completed within one day...

Some Jews began to build hiding bunkers, conditions there were horrible, crowded and a lack of air. Many fainted, infants that cried were choked for fear of discovery. After one day in the bunker, I could not stand it any longer, I ventured outside and learned that the murderers killed my father. I ran from the town in fear and panic hoping to reach the partisans. I was joined by a small group of other Jews.

After a few days of continuous running, hungry and tired, we were suddenly surrounded by a group of bicyclists and a horsewagon. We were very frightened but soon discovered our "captors" were partisans. The leader of the group made place for us in the wagon, and as we described our "life" under the Germans he became visibly moved. The partisans took us to their base, gave us food and shelter. Almost daily Jews that escaped from the ghetto joined the partisans, and very soon we were a strong group of over 500 men and women and some children.

The Germans surrounded our base in 1943, we were completely cut off from our food supply, many began to die from starvation. Once I saw a nursing mother reviving a fainted comrade by squeezing drops of milk from her breast into the mouth of her starving comrade. For full nine days we had no food or water, on the tenth day we discovered a small watery pit. With our bare hands we kept on digging enlarging the opening and we drank the muddy water.

A detachment of Russian partisans left our base to counterattack, and break the blockade. The Germans were able to isolate them, and tighten their grip on our base even more. They



SERG. MARK SPEKTOROV
was in the Soviet Kozak Division and fought on many fronts in Eastern Europe.

attacked the camp in full force, our position became desperate, it was a terrible forty day with snow all around more than a yard high. Hungry, cold without weapons, we had to give way. The German murderers entered the camp, filled more than fifty men and women and children. I and my family escaped. In the beginning of 1943 Moscow dispatched a group of parachutists, and reinforced our camp. In the middle of that year the Germans again surrounded the forest and attacked from all sides. Each one of us was on his own, we ran in all directions. I met my sister, and she told me that our mother and our little brother attempted to flee the Germans.

The following morning we returned to the camp that was still burning. Horror and devastation met our sight, dead mutilated comrades and friends scattered all around. Across the field in a ravine I found my little brother, I pulled out his crumpled body and laid it on the shore. In our tent, I found two women one burned, the other mutilated. All day I searched for my mother, when I found her dad, I was horrified, the sight of her, I wanted to cry, but could not...Her eyes were open, looking at me with the well known to me gaze...Her hair matted, the chest marked with deep bayonet wounds, with three bullet holes in her head.

There at my mothers mutilated tortured body, I gave a silent vow never to rest, to avenge my mother, my brother, and the Jewish people. I vowed to spill as much German blood as possible. I gathered all the dead and laid them to final rest in one brotherly grave. I built a fence around the grave to keep out the wolves, I inscribed their names and ages.

The next morning I joined a group of partisans in an action against the German murderers in a village. I was overwhelmed with hatred and great desire to kill Germans. Our attack was very successful, we had a few incendiary guns and the village went up in flames. It was a complete surprise attack, some of the Germans jumped from windows naked. We were able to capture a number of them, and brought them to the forest. We were overwhelmed with a consuming desire for revenge, that are actually jostled, fought each other, to get at the Germans first...

At this close of 1944 the Soviet Army left our vicinity, and we were left to fend completely for ourselves. The Germans began to shell our base, I was only 13 then, and our commander sent me on a reconnaissance mission. I grabbed my horse and spotted a German tank, I turned around but the Germans began firing at me. I jumped down the horse began crawling pursued by a German patrol, I eluded them and returned safely to the partisans.

In the beginning of 1945 the Soviet Army succeeded in most of their attacks against the Germans. Many of the Germans were

It was a complete surprise attack, some of the Germans jumped from windows naked. We were able to capture a number of them, and brought them to the forest.

forced to surrender to the Jewish partisans, we were in hot pursuit against the retreating murderers, and we never forgot our vow to avenge the innocent Jewish victims and martyrs. At the end of the war I arrived at Stettin, I was only fourteen then, and realized, that there is no place for Jews in Poland. I joined a **kibbutz** from the Hashomer Hatzair, and reached the shores of the Land of Israel.

Many of the Germans were forced to surrender to the Jewish partisans, we were in hot pursuit against the retreating murderers, and we never forgot our vow to avenge the innocent Jewish victims and martyrs.



CAPT. LUCYNA HERC

was a chemistry student at the Warsaw and Paris Universities,

when the war broke out she landed in the Soviet Union and later on she joined the Polish Army. She was parachuted into Central Poland, one girl among 70 men. When the general Warsaw Uprising broke out in 1944,

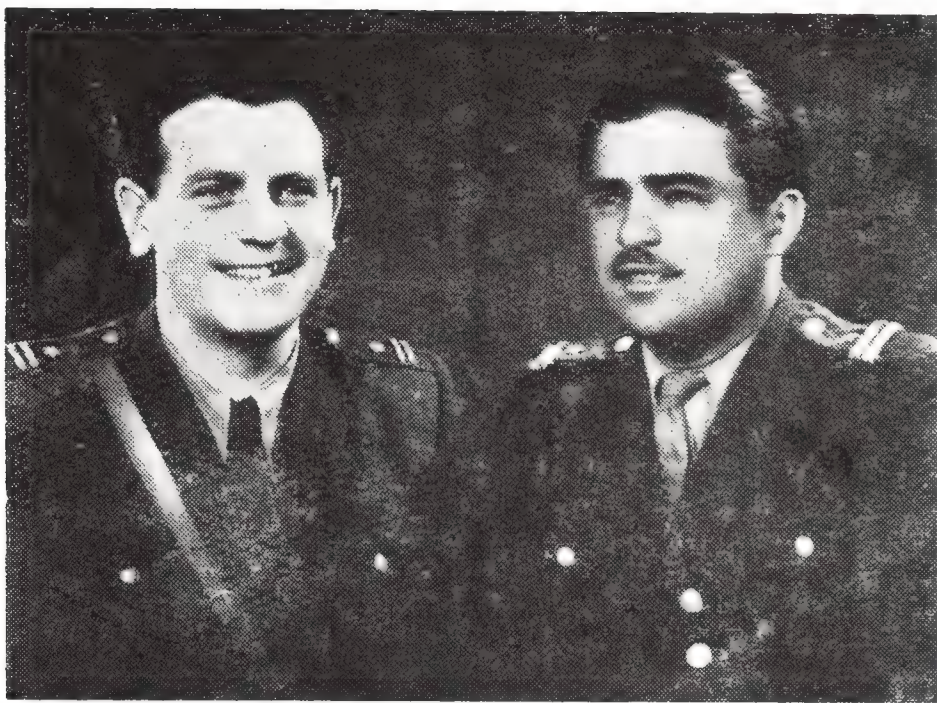
she was with the Polish and Soviet Armies on the other side of the river Visla, and tried to help with whatever she could for her home-town people. She was badly wounded and died from the wounds. She was awarded with the Grunwald and Virtuti Military Medals posthumously. A school in Warsaw is named after her.



This is the tombstone of Captain Lucyna Herc.

Leshen the Polish Mass Murderer

By B. Rosenshtak



MAJ. JACOB KAPLAN and MAJ. ZALMAN BIALOSTOCKI were fighting the enemy in the ranks of the Polish Army that was established in the USSR.

We did not have to wait too long to take revenge from this bloody mass murderer: the Pole Lesher, a Jewish partisan shot him with his own revolver.

This is how it happened: On a market day Lesher was at the fair, two partisans arrived in town one of them a Jew. As the murderer started to walk in the direction of the Police Station the Jewish partisan attacked him and disarmed him. Holding the gun the partisan announced: "With this revolver that you have murdered so many innocent Jews, you will be shot like a mad dog."

After the execution the two partisans escaped. Later the Jewish partisan was captured by the A.K. The anti-Semitic Polish National Army (Armia Krajowa) that collaborated with the Germans, and they killed the heroic Jewish partisan at Kuzmir.

From the Pukszywnica Yizkor Book. Published in Israel, 1971. Reprinted with permission of the Society.

The Jewish partisan attacked him and disarmed him. Holding the gun the partisan announced: "With this revolver that you have murdered so many innocent Jews, you will be shot like a mad dog."

MARK HASTEN
was at the age of 17 in the Polish Army and saw combat with a Pontoon Formation in many areas of Poland and Germany. Their unit was the first to build the pontoon bridge across the Vistula River, connecting Praga with Warsaw. He was decorated for bravery.
Resides in the USA.





SERG. ISRAEL ABRAM MOSIEZNICKI
(ZYGMUNT MOS)

was first with the Soviet Army from 1942-43, later with the Polish Army, that was organized on the USSR territory from 1944-45. Participated in many Battles. Was decorated with Polish Medals: Grunwald, For Warsaw, For the Odra, The Nissa and Baltic Medals, as well as several other Soviet Medals. On the right and in the center is Mosieznicki with a Jewish co-fighter by the name Kowalski. Resides in Australia.

НКС - СССР

УПРАВЛЕНИЕ

= 71 =

СПРАВКА

Выдана *телеграфически* 1094

Гвард. Орд. Ленина Краснознам. Стрелковой Дивизии

Отдельного Конитного Артиллерийского Дивизиона *прасноаршейцу Гинсберг Тимнае*

Рота МЧ-на Артиллерии

Цоновичу в том, что он с" *22*."

10. октября 1945 г. *июня* 1941 года по" *9*." *мая*

20
1945 года находился в действующей Красной Армии и имеет право на получение медали "За победу над Германией", которая не вручена ввиду отсутствия знаков.

КОМАНД. 1094 ОТДЕЛЬНОГО ЗЕМ. АРТ. ДИВИЗИОНА

МА"ОР *А. Я. Яковлев* / БЕГЛОВ /.

НАЧ. ОТДЕЛА 1094 ОЗД.

КАПИТАН *Г. И. Корнев* / КОРНЕВ /.

PINCAS IONOBUCH GINSBERG worked in the Radio communication during 1941-45, in the Soviet Army. Resides in USA.

In a Partisan Division



A group of Jewish and Gentile Partisans in Eastern Europe.



Partisans are placing a mine under the rail-tracks.

After a long and dangerous march I arrived in the village of Karasin where I was able to join the partisan division of the Second Brigade under the command of major Kaflun that was sent from Moscow proper.

In that unit I met Leyzer Asher Burka, Yudi Kratzman from Karasin and a few others from that vicinity. The High Command of this 3,000 persons Otriad functioned from a base near the village of Byale.

Our group consisted of 40 persons based at Karasin. Our mission was to report on the strength and movement of the German Army. We had a number of collaborators among the civilians one posed as a beggar, we employed many women, and they were very successful in their work.

Yenkele the 16-year old partisan.

On my visit to the peasants to secure provisions a young boy approached me, and asked whether I recognize him—He was the son of Pesach Luchshers he told me that he became a shepherd for one of the peasants that sheltered Yenkele was actually a collaborator of the “Bulbowces” supporters of the Germans, Yenkele escaped and joined the partisans where he participated in all missions against the Germans showing extraordinary bravery and valor. I was together with him till the arrival of the Red Army.

When the Red Army liberated the area around Sarna, our partisan unit was incorporated into the Soviet Army in the division called: “Istrebitelny battalion” (liquidation battalion), our mission was to clean the area of all collaborators with the Germans. One day a group of 15 was sent to the village of Lechsher, and Yenkele volunteered. He was already wounded when he volunteered, and went even against the advice of the commander. Yenkele’s desire for revenge prevailed, the group was encircled by the Bulbowce, fought a heroic battle with them, and Yenkele died as a Jewish hero at the age of 16 on April 1944.

ONE DAY A GROUP OF 15 WAS SENT TO THE VILLAGE OF LECH-SHER, AND YENKELE VOLUNTEERED. HE WAS ALREADY WOUNDED WHEN HE VOLUNTEERED, AND WENT EVEN AGAINST THE ADVICE OF THE COMMANDER. YENKELE’S DESIRE FOR REVENGE PREVAILED, THE GROUP WAS ENCIRCLED BY THE BULBOWCE, FOUGHT A HEROIC BATTLE WITH THEM, AND YENKELE DIED AS A JEWISH HERO AT THE AGE OF 16 ON APRIL 1944.

With Partisans

By Shmuel-Leib Oginski

BENJAMIN KAPLAN
saw action in Italy and France.
On the picture he is surround-
ed by Italian children. He
resides in the USA.



Kaplan with comrades sitting
on a downed German plane in
Salerno, Italy.

In the year of 1941, the Germans incarcerated into a ghetto all the Jews from the town of Stoybtz. Life became unbearable, murder, torture and hunger was the daily state of affairs for the Jews in the ghetto. some tried to escape to the forest, others were not familiar with the terrain.

A few were accumulating weapons, storing them in the cellar of Leyzer Zarecki, altogether there were 13 guns and 2000 bullets. I offered to become the leader as I knew the area very well. We brought the weapons to the house of Yankl Berl the carpenter, it was on the border line of the ghetto. We decided to leave at midnight, Leizer the cabinet maker and Zarecki cut the barbed-wire gates, I and Yoseph Harkavi left first, followed by a group of 15 men and 3 women. We began to march in the direction leading to the railroad station of Zadvorie. We had to cross the railroad tracks to enter the forest, but from the distance we noticed the railroad lines guarded by Germans and peasants with clubs. We waited next to the rail lines, in a safe distance from the guards. When a railroad passed by in the resulting distraction we were able to pass the railroad tracks. They noticed us, and reflectors attempted to spot us, however, we were already in the forest, safe and hidden by the trees...

We avoided the main highways, marching in the death of the night and reached the former pre-war Russian boundary. In the evening we entered the village of Prushwenowa, where we had a friend an old peasant woman. I, Yoseph Harkawi and Azriel Tuniks entered her hut. As the woman saw us she left the hut, but we noticed 3 guns aiming at us from behind a door of a room.

As I whispered orders to my friends to enter the room, we discovered there 3 Jews: one from Stoybtz and two from Warsaw, they were Schniur Bernshtein, Yoseph Reich and Hershel Posesorski. They told us they were working for the Germans at the railroad station, they escaped, and were able to obtain 5 revolvers. During the escape Posesorski was wounded in the leg. Our peasant woman provided shelter and nursed his wound.

Without any reservations we accepted the 3 Jews to our group. From wooden studs we fashioned a primitive porter bed to carry Posesorski. As we approached the river Nieman, we were able to make a very crude barge, where we transported the woman and the wounded. All day we were hiding at the outskirts of the village Matecki, in the evening we marched on in the direction of the town Pesotchne. There we were met by partisans, they provided shelter

A FEW WERE ACCUMULATING WEAPONS, STORING THEM IN THE CELLAR OF LEYZER ZARECKI, ALTOGETHER THERE WERE 13 GUNS AND 2000 BULLETS. I OFFERED TO BECOME THE LEADER AS I KNEW THE AREA VERY WELL.

for us, food, and one day of rest. We left Posetchne on the way to the famous Zhukov partisan division. When the partisans found out that we are partisan Jews with weapons, they received us with joy and admiration. We rested a few days with the Giltzik partisan division, and decided to return to Stoybtz to save more Jews and obtain more weapons.

We formed a group of 6 Jews from Stoybtz, 6 non-Jews, and a few Jews from east White Russia. We loaded 2 wagons and arrived in the village of Prushvenowa, stopping at the hut of a friendly peasant. He was amazed that we dared to come to this village with Germans swarming all over... we left the village and entered the forest there complaining that I took them out from the safety of the forest, bringing them back to the Germans... So I and Harkawi suggested they should note who wants to return to the partisan base, only six voted to continue to Stoybtz. I relinquished one of the wagons and allowed the others to return to the partisans.

On our way to Stoybtz we sent a message with a non-Jewish woman to Yankev Levin in the ghetto of Stoybtz. He informed us that after we left, the Germans slaughtered many Jews, sparing those that the murderers considered essential for their industry. Many of the surviving Jews are anxious to escape the ghetto to the forest but find the escape routes sealed.

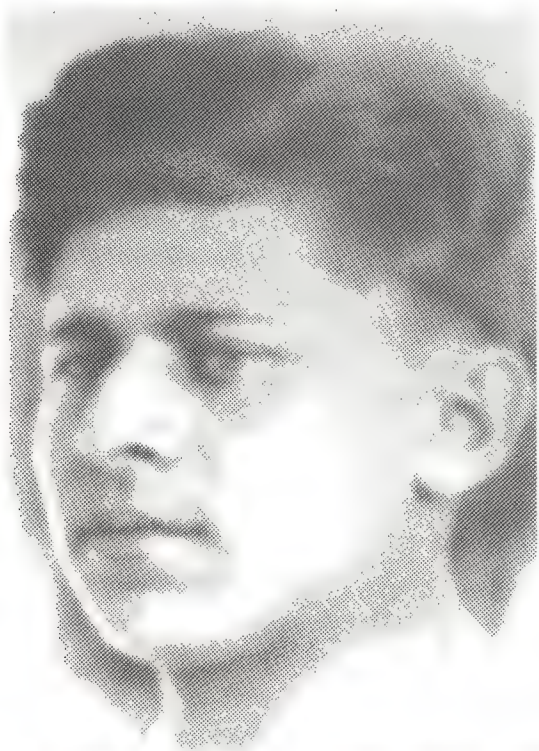
We replied with a letter telling them the exact place where to meet us. This letter was forwarded by Yasha Altman to her husband Kushe Altman in Baranowicze. On the basis of the information in the letter, 50 Jews from Baranowicze came to our partisan Otriad in the forest of Yawetz, among them also a few Jews from Stoybtz.

In January of 1943 a group of partisan Jews from Stoybtz decided to enter the ghetto in attempt to free more Jews. This group camped at the village of Paharale about 12 kilometer from Stoybtz. Hershel Posesorski in clothing of a peasant, carried with him bread and butter and eggs. He approached the guarded lumber yard where a group of Jews were working. He told the German guard that he came to purchase boards, for a few eggs the German let him enter. In the very night a snow storm hit the area and there was a mass escape of about 250 Jews, half scattered in the area, the other half were able to reach our partisan base.



ISAAC WOLK (WOLCZOK)
was a Partisan in Central Poland and participated in many battles against the enemy. He survived.

The Partisan Organization in the Town Simkiewitz



By I. Bigelman

ZELIK MILIKOWSKI
Partisan in the 51st Jewish
"Schorch"-battalion. Participated in many actions. Fell in battle near Berlin.



SURVIVORS. Partisans from Vilna back in their hometown a few days after liberation. Though many partisans died, some lived to tell of their heroic struggles.

On the 12th of October 1942, the German police at Lenin put up a trap on the highway leading to the village of Timashe-witz caught three partisans from the Mishke Girasimowitch group and shot them.

Our command decided to retaliate, a plan was prepared to demolish the iron bridge and the rail lines connecting the village of Sinkiewitz and Mikashewitz, and destroy the German local police and their collaborators.

One hundred partisans led by Miske attacked the village, when we arrived at our place of operation, an early party of our scouts had all telephone lines cut. One of our sharp shooters eliminated a German guarding the bridge at a distance of 120 meters, then 40 kilograms of explosives was put underneath and the bridge disintegrated.

The explosion was the sign to attack, we surrounded the police station and all buildings inhabited by the Germans. The attack caught the German murderers by surprise, they put up a strong defense, we were able to burn down the police station, most of them were killed, a few surrendered, but we did not take prisoners...

A short time later a railroad with 47 ammunition wagons arrived, we sent it sky high in the air. The continuous explosions could be heard at a distance of 40 kilometers, it knocked out all windows and doors of the neighboring village.

In this attack took part 3 Jews, the writer of these lines, Berl Gintzburg and Boris Kaplan. The latter died a hero's death, all the German murderers and their collaborators of the two towns were annihilated.



ELI LIPSZOWICZ
in a "Betar" uniform, was a
Partisan in "Dr. Atlas" Briga-
de, where he fought heroically

WE WERE ABLE TO BURN DOWN
THE POLICE STATION, MOST OF
THEM WERE KILLED, A FEW SUR-
RENDERED, BUT WE DID NOT
TAKE PRISONERS...



Three Jewish Partisans of the Polish Underground who fought in the
forest near Lublin

Among Partisans



A group of Jewish and Gentile Partisans in Eastern Europe.

Sitting from left: MAJ. MENDEL
SWINGER (Pseu. SOWICKI), COL.
BRONIATOWSKI and his wife;
CAPT. BIEZWINSKI and the wife
of SWINGER.



After we ran from the town of Okshe to the forest, we decided to build a bunker that will accomodate 9 persons, it was autumn 1942, with difficulties we accumulated food from the neighboring villages. Sometime later we made contact with an organized group of Jews that had weapons provided to them by the friendly partisan group of the Polish Workers Party under the leadership of commander Stachowski. He gathered 15 Jews and 9 Poles, and organized two partisan groups, one Polish and one Jewish. The command of the Jewish partisan group was given to Chayim Baranek, now a citizen of the State of Israel.

We feared the Polish partisans, and we decided to operate as a separate group... We established our bunker in a place that even Stachowski did not know where... We did have to maintain contact with him **indirectly** the Jewish commander Baranch appointed my wife Bronia as an intermediary, she had the "proper" looks at that time. Stachowski told her about a scheduled arrival of a German military group of the town of Lukow, and Bronia asked Stachanowski to leave the "reception" of the Germans to the Jewish partisans. We went down to the railway lines, and loosened the screws apart. Soon the trains appeared in the far distance, we retreated and from the forest we were able to see as wagon after wagon piled on top of each other, —the sound of metal mixing with the howling of the German killers.

In Okshe a Jewish girl found shelter in a peasant home. She was betrayed, and two German led the poor soul to be murdered. We waited for them, at the outskirts of the town, we attacked the German patrol and rescued the girl. She survived and lives today in Paris, France.

WE WAITED FOR THEM, AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN, WE ATTACKED THE GERMAN PATROL AND RESCUED THE GIRL. SHE SURVIVED AND LIVES TODAY IN PARIS, FRANCE.

A Child Partisan from Voronova

Soldiers of the Lithuanian Brigade consisting mainly of Jews.



A Cavalierie Detachment enters Vilna.

The Germans send us to Lida, enclosed in a ghetto, and each one was assigned to force labor batallion. We loaded heavy wood blocks beams. Dudy was a carpenter, his neighbor in the ghetto a locksmith was working in a German munition factory. Everyday the locksmith smuggled into the ghetto parts of a gun, till it became a whole one. The wooden parts the carpenter provided, thus we accumulated 20 rifles.

We continuously made plans how to escape from the ghetto, we had a feeling that the Germans will destroy the ghetto very soon. We decided to transport the rifles out of the ghetto. We put the rifles a few at the time in a barrel of human waste that Zuckerman transported daily out of the ghetto...Zuckerman was a good Jew, one can say a hero of a Jew, daily he jeopardized his life and brought the rifles to the forest.

To the forest we were able to escape individually out of the ghetto, at night we got together rather a large group. My name is Kushke I was the youngest of them all only 16...We walked only at night, hiding during the day. After a few days we became very tired. A few women could not continue walking, we had our weapons so we entered a peasants hut took his horse and wagon, and drove through side roads to the "Natcher Wilderness."

There in that area we found a few Jewish families, that were organized into a "Jewish Partisan Otriad." They happily accepted us, because of our 20 rifles. Despite my young age I was assigned to military duties, and awaited with impatience to fight the murderers of my parents brothers and sisters. I was soon put to guard our base, the hours were between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. It was very lonely and the hours seemed to be dragging, and I thought the command forgot to replace me. I fell sound asleep. Those who came to replace me could not find me, when I awoke one of the guard wanted to report me to the command, but the other one said: "Let him off, consider his age, he will learn discipline..."

The next night something similar happened, two brothers, were put on guard, one fell asleep. He was reported by the replacement guard, in the morning, and was shot in the presence of all the camp. I was devastated, even here Jews are being killed, and I decided never, never to sleep while guarding the camp...

I was entrusted with very difficult military missions and rose in rank. I was imbued with a great desire to fight the German

There is that area we found a few Jewish families, that were organized into a "Jewish Otriad." They happily accepted us, because of our 20 rifles.

murderers. I fought them day and night dynamiting their communications, blowing up their transports, and I was elated a euphoria feeling that I am fighting this beastly bloody enemy, avenging the innocent victims of the Jewish people.

One day a German plane took photographs of our camp, the following day hundreds of Germans advanced in the direction of our base. We spotted them from afar, and they came as a dense mass a mighty avalanche ready for the kill. we attacked them first. in a fierce battle we suffered casualties, but the Germans lost many dead and wounded. We were forced to retreat, we ran out of ammunition, and the murderers kept on coming in hordes. We retreated deep in the forest and there I met Yenkel Konichowski from my hometown.

The Germans kept on pursuing us, we became very tired from the endless fighting and retreats. We succeeded to shake them off our trail, deep in the forest we were free and mighty. Then suddenly we encountered the White Poles, they were Jew-killers and murderers of the worst kind. They were from the region and knew the forest well. We had to fight on two fronts... Once we send 6 men to bring food for our "Otriad", we marched a short distance behind them, and suddenly encountered a large group of Poles, they were "White-Polish" bandits and attacked us immediately. Luckily it was a pitch dark night, they couldn't see how many we were. We killed a few of them, and managed to extricate ourselves from that village but without food. We changed our camp base, we established a new one in the area of the river Niemen in the Lebchunka Wilderness, we marched a long distance for a few nights without food or rest...

Cold freezing weather arrived, we woke up one day and our base was completely covered with a deep snow. We were not prepared for winter yet, our position became critical. We had a shortage of food, no warm clothing, or proper shelter, many of us were without shoes, neither could we move around in the heavy snow, and it left telltale marks directly to our base... Our revenge struggle became hampered by the struggle to survive nature's elements.

There are former partisans who dwell on the heroic battles they fought, I cannot forget also our heroism in securing the most basic necessities to keep us alive... No one ever mentions or writes about how we lived in the forests, isolated, surrounded by many murderers. In prevailing upon the living condition in the forest, coping with frigid weather that numbs every muscle of your body,

No one ever mentions or writes about how we lived in the forests, isolated, surrounded by many murderers.

the nagging devastating hunger, this agony was the greatest brave and heroic act of the partisan! Only those driven by the highest ideals of freedom, humanity, and yes also **revenge**, only those could prevail...

We were sent to investigate the area of Lepechunka deep in the forest where there operated many railways. We met four German guards, that opened up with machine guns. We destroyed them. We couldn't however advance further. It took us 8 full days, day and night to come back to our base. During that time we fought many battles with German guards, without food or rest. Many of us perished but we killed Germans too, that was our consolation, the main purpose of being a partisan.

We arrived in Lafitchne. They accepted us as fighters, and a day did not pass, that we did not fight together against the Germans. The Soviet Command assigned us to the most difficult operations, they knew that we were experienced partisans, brave with a burning desire for revenge. We killed many hundreds of the German murderers, leaving their bodies to rotten, on the streets on the highways, that caused panic and fear among the retreating Germans. They were "mighty and strong" against defenseless hungry and sick Jewish men, women and children. They trembled with fear—the cowards, when facing Jewish Partisans.

In the end of 1944 we were able to liberate Grodno, our commander that was in contact with Moscow, was instructed to divide us into a few groups. We were assigned to clean out 'pockets' of Germans in the area. We did it with zest and pride. We advanced to the town of Skidel, the commander of the regiment appointed me being only 18 years old, to lead the battalion in battle, that was the greatest moment of my life. We passed the river Niemen, 3 Jewish partisans fell in battle, the 6 million martyrs were joined with additional 3 Jewish heroes.

From the Lida Yizkor Book. Published by the Society in Israel, 1970. Reprinted with permission of the Society.

Only those driven by the highest ideals of freedom, humanity, and yes also revenge, only those could prevail...

We met four German guards, that opened up with machine guns. We destroyed them.

They trembled with fear -- the cowards, when facing Jewish Partisans.

We killed many hundreds of the German murderers, leaving their bodies to rotten, on the streets, on the highways, that caused panic and fear among the retreating Germans.

We advanced to the town of Skidel, the commander of the regiment appointed me being only 18 years old, to lead the battalion in battle, that was the greatest moment of my life.

The Martyr in the Partisan Struggle

By Shalom Kleidermacher

(New York)



LT. AARON GOPMAN was mobilized into the Soviet Army in 1940. Fought in the 1st Byelorussian front under Marshal Rokosowski. Wounded three times. Demobilized as an invalid in 1944. He received the Red Star Medal. Miriam his wife survived the massacres in Kiev. She joined the Partisan Underground in the Ukraine, and took revenge against the Germans. They live in the USA.

Dovid Perlman was born in 1908 in the village of Holovtchitz, 5 kilometers from the town of Sarnoki, where the family moved at the time Dovid had to enter cheder.

At a very early age his father sent him to learn to become a tailor. Dovid however maintained a great desire for learning and reading, and like many of the oppressed Jewish youth of that time he was enticed by the misleading promises of a world of justice and equality and joined a communist youth group.

The straight jacket of communist ideology disillusioned him, and he joins the Jewish socialist Bund. He becomes the leader of the Bund at Sarnoki, falls in love with a woman and they moved to Warsaw where he establishes a successful tailor shop.

When the German hordes marched into Warsaw, we crossed the river Bug on the way to Semiatitch. There we, I and my brother Shloyme received a letter from Perlman, inquiring whether he and his family should join us. We could not send him a reply, as we were in the meantime banished to Siberia.

He remained with his wife and child in Warsaw till 1942, when the German murderers transported his wife and child to a camp where they were killed.

Dovid Perlman gathered a group of 35 Jews from the Warsaw Ghetto, and leads them into the neighboring forest. They became the first organized Jewish partisan group in that vicinity. They ensnared German patrols, and took their weapons, thus securing for each one a gun. The Warsaw Ghetto Jews established their own "Otriad." This group of partisans were able to harass the Germans till 1944. A year after the heroic battle of the Warsaw Ghetto Jews in 1943, this Jewish "Otriad" reached the outskirts of Warsaw to help the Polish underground.

They were surrounded by a horde of German murderers. Dovid Perlman ordered the remaining survivor fighters to break the encirclement. He took a machine gun and pinned down the German battalion. He fought alone, turning his last bullet upon himself.

Thus ended a Jewish hero his life, saving the lives of his brothers, avenging the blood of thousands of Jewish martyrs.

From the Sarnoki Yizkor Book. Published by the Society in Haifa. Reprinted with permission of the Society.



DAVID PERLMAN

THE WARSAW GHETTO JEWS ESTABLISHED THEIR OWN "OTRIAD." THIS GROUP OF PARTISANS WERE ABLE TO HARASS THE GERMANS TILL 1944. A YEAR AFTER THE HEROIC BATTLE OF THE WARSAW GHETTO JEWS IN 1943.

HE TOOK A MACHINE GUN AND PINNED DOWN THE GERMAN BATTALION. HE FOUGHT ALONE, TURNING HIS LAST BULLET UPON HIMSELF.

The Jewish Partisans of Radzin

By Zvi Liberzon
(Haderah), Israel



Sabotaged Train by Partisans.

With the demise of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, the center of Jewish Poland, the Jews of Radzin understood that the German murderers and their collaborators are after every Jew in Europe. Gone were the days when the Jews believed the promises of the Germans. Everyone realized, that only by resisting and fighting the Germans, some lives could be saved.

The Jews of Radzin began to prepare to defend themselves. In the vicinity of Radzin there are many forests, areas good to wage guerilla warfare. The main problem was weapons, that became the dream and hope of many Jews.

In the winter of 1942, was established the first Jewish partisan unit, a well prepared group was organized by Itzchok Kleinman. They left for the forest on January 1943, established a strong base of two bunkers in the forests between Radzin and Kock, near the village of Stara Wiesz, each bunker counted of 15 Jews.

A short time later one of the units led by Kleinman left their bunker to buy weapons. It was decided should they succeed, the others will follow their path. They were led by a peasant who received a large reward. They were able to buy weapons for the whole group.

Their return was very difficult, it took them many days, marching at night and hiding during daylight. After weeks of agony and danger they arrived hungry and exhausted, and found one bunker where their comrades lived destroyed. They were informed, that the Germans found the tracks to the bunker, threw grenades, and 13 Jews were killed. Moshe Schtchechinasch was wounded, one Jew from Warsaw was captured by the German killers and tortured to death.

The surviving Jewish partisan unit led by Itzchok Kleinman began fighting the Germans at the end of February 1943. In their first attack they killed two of the Gestapo police. In March they attacked a German mill plant, a Volks-German was killed, and barrels of butter and cheese was brought back to the forest and distributed among the partisans.

In the same forest was another partisan group of 16 Jews from the township of Kock. They were betrayed

IN THEIR FIRST ATTACK THEY KILLED TWO OF THE GESTAPO POLICE. IN MARCH THEY ATTACKED A GERMAN MILL PLANT, A VOLKS-GERMAN WAS KILLED.

by a peasant, where the Germans caught and shot them all. The Jewish partisans under Itzhok Kleinman, found the house of the peasant, and during the night put a torch to the four sides of the peasants house, and burned it to the ground. The peasant and his family perished. From that day no one dared to betray a Jewish partisan.

Three high military commanders were riding the highway between Radzin and Kock, the Kleinman partisans put up an ambush, the Germans were killed, their weapons and uniforms was taken by the partisans.

Itzhok Kleinman became ill with typhus, and had to return to the Ghetto of Mezritch, to be hospitalized. During the final action against the Jews in Mezritch, the German murderers killed all the ill in the Jewish hospital. Thus came to an end to the life of a great Jewish hero Itzhok Kleinman of blessed memory.

In the forest between Radzin and wishnitz there was a Jewish partisan group under the leadership of Leybl Lev and Leyzer Pontchak. In an encounter with the Germans in the winter of 1943, many Jewish partisans from Radzin among them Leyzer Pontchak fell in battle. Leybl Lev and a few other Jews were able to escape, and established themselves in another area. They were able to operate there till the summer of 1944. On liberation day, they were surrounded by the Polish murderers, the anti-Semitic Jew killers of the Armia Krajowa and killed.

Many Jews from Radzin were partisans and fought many killers that were hunting for Jews. Among them were also Jewish women and children. There were reports about a Jewish heroine in the vicinity of Vilna, her name, Dina Rosenwald, about her activities is unknown to me. (She is alive in the U.S. - Ed.).

From the Radzin Yizkor Book. Published by the Society in Israel, 1957. Reprinted with permission of the Society.

THE JEWISH PARTISANS UNDER
IZTCHOK KLEINMAN, FOUND THE
HOUSE OF THE PEASANT, AND DUR-
ING THE NIGHT PUT A TORCH TO
THE FOUR SIDES OF THE PEASANTS
HOUSE, AND BURNED IT TO THE
GROUND.

An Attack on a Railroad

By Abraham Kitayewich (Israel)

Visų šalių proletarai, vienykitės!

Visų šalių proletarai, vienykitės!

LIETUVOS
TARYBŲ SOCIALISTINĖ RESPUBLIKA
PAŽYMĖJIMAS Nr. 1105

Rubinsonas
Michailas, Lipo

1940-1944 m. Tėvynės karo metais dalyvavo partizaniniame pogrindiniame antifašistiniame karme Lietuvoje

1944 m. rugšėjo mėn.

1944 m. liepos mėn.

Kauno geto antifašistinės

partizaninės organizacijos narys,

kurio "Mirtis

okupantams" partizanas

Michailas

Vilniaus m.

Darbo žmonių deputatų
tarybos vykdomojo komiteto
pirmininkas



VII 22

LIETUVOS
TARYBŲ SOCIALISTINĖ RESPUBLIKA
PAŽYMĖJIMAS Nr. 1867

Ginaite
Sara, Jisfe

1940-1944 m. Tėvynės karo metais dalyvavo partizaniniame pogrindiniame antifašistiniame karme Lietuvoje

1944 m. rugsėjo mėn.

1944 m. liepos mėn.

Kauno geto antifašistinės parti-

zaninės organizacijos narys, kurio

"Mirtis okupantams" partizane

Michailas

Vilniaus m.

Darbo žmonių deputatų

tarybos vykdomojo komiteto
pirmininkas



8 606 1210

MICHAELAS LIPO RUBINSONAS was one of the organizers of the Underground Movement in Kaunas Ghetto. In 1943 became a member of the Partisan group "Death to the Occupants." Participated in the liberation of Vilna. His wife Sara belonged to the same Underground Movement with her husband. He passed away in 1977. Sara resides in Canada.

After careful observation as to the activity and timetable of the railroad, an Otriad of 18 partisans went out in January of 1943, to destroy this junction, that served the Germans to send reinforcement to the front.

The rail lines were mined in three places, a huge transport of wagons with soldiers and weapons transported as reinforcement to the front were destroyed. Our commander Sergei Orlof went on an inspection of the derailed wagons, and he was shot by a wounded German. That was our only loss, we retrieved the weapons from 30 German corpses, and a huge amount of food and other products, and retreated to our base deep in the forest.

We encountered a group of Germans, and we engaged them in a battle. One German overpowered our leader, and began to choke him. He was saved by my brother Shlomo Kitayewitch, as he ran to the leaders assistance and took the German prisoner. The German was interrogated, and condemned to die. My brother was given the honor to execute the murderer.

ONE GERMAN OVERPOWERED OUR LEADER, AND BEGAN TO CHOKE HIM. HE WAS SAVED BY MY BROTHER SHLOMO KITAYEWITCH, AS HE RAN TO THE LEADERS ASSISTANCE AND TOOK THE GERMAN PRISONER. THE GERMAN WAS INTERROGATED, AND CONDEMNED TO DIE. MY BROTHER WAS GIVEN THE HONOR TO EXECUTE THE MURDERER.



SERG. FEIVEL FURMANOV (right) and BERL BEZDUTNI, from the town of Zapruza, USSR.

With Partisans in the Vicinity of Lublin

By Zvi Braner

Ber-Sheva (Israel)



A group of Jewish Partisans in Eastern Europe.

After the liquidation of the Jewish population in Krashnik I was eleven years old, according to a German decree, at my age I had no right to live... My father Falek Braner worked as a carpenter in a slave labor camp in Krashnik. For eight months I was hidden in a number of places, in the attics of the camp buildings, inside of a table that was used as a work bench. I was in constant jeopardy to be discovered and killed.

In May 1942 the camp commandant permitted the workers to bring in their relatives, thus my father legalized my presence at the camp.

At the end of 1943 we started planning to escape the camp and join the partisans. We had contacts with the partisans for some time, they provided us with a few revolvers, in exchange of parts for a radio, assembled by Chayim Wurman a mechanic.

An operative group was established to prepare the escape, my father took a leading role. I was his messenger, calling a number of people with whom my father took counsel. My father always warned me not to share my knowledge with anyone in the camp. In the camp there were a lot by the opinion not to attempt anything, but to wait and to be liberated by the Red Army.

The gestapo was informed that some Jews in the camp have contact with the partisans, they came in and murdered 34 Jews among them a number of my fathers group. Rumors persisted that there will be more killing of Jews, the group under my fathers direction decided not to wait any longer, my father dressed me in warm clothing and at night we approached the gate, Chayim Wurman with a duplicate key opened the gate and 17 men left the camp. In the organized escape we were helped by a Ukrainian watchman, a very rare exception among Ukrainians, the great majority collaborated with the Germans, and with glee and sadistic satisfaction murdered men women and children.

We began to march in the direction of the village called Zheshitza. We did not know well the vicinity and used side roads, we walked separate in two groups. The night was very dark, we walked all night and in the early morning we arrived in Zheshitza. In daylight we could not enter the village, we hid a-



COL. MICHAL DZEWIECKI-HOLTZER was a saboteur in the hinterland of the enemy. Fought many battles with the Sapper Battalion "Romulda Trauguta" Division. He was joined by his brother Janek in his activities.

among shrubbery in the open field, it was frosty and terribly cold, my father kept on rubbing my hands whispering: we are free...

In the evening we entered the village of Zheshitza, to our great relief we met a partisan patrol, we told them of our escape, and our desire to join the partisans. They took us to another patrol that took us to another village. There our group of 8 were divided, six men including my father were sent to the partisans. Chayim Wurman and I they took to a peasant hut, they fed us well, mostly I enjoyed the warm bed that they gave us. That evening I was separated from my father, and I never saw him again...

In the morning we were taken to another hut, Chayim began to put together a radio, from the parts he gave the partisans while in the labor camp. He had very primitive tools, and to assemble the radio together took him a long time. The partisans secured a second radio that needed repairs. Chayim was assigned to operate the radio, gather the news from foreign lands, translate it into Polish for the partisans.

One day 4 partisans arrived and took us with the radio to Zheshitza, where we found more than a thousand armed partisans. We were jubilant for the first time we were among armed friends not armed enemies...

My joy did not last long, I was forced to separate from my friend and protector Chayim. It took days of walking in the forest to get to the partisans, I was sent to a peasant, all my pleas to let me go with Chayim was of no avail. The peasant was not overjoyed with me, he was very poor, neither was I much of a help to him. He asked the partisans to take me back. I was transferred to a widow with her daughter my age. I helped them in many chores, and also in the fields after work, I played with the girl and other children. In the widow's home I stayed about 2 months.

A few times I met the Jewish doctor of the partisan base, his name was Tyemtzin (Znachor), he became interested in me. I appealed to him he should use his influence and send me to the partisans in the forest and perhaps I will be re-united with my father. He told me, that I am too young for that, I became hysterical, and cried a lot, my tears made an affect on him, I was sent to Pluton, there was a



MAJ. OSKAR WYSOCKI saw war with the Red Army first under the command of Marshal Timoszenko and later with the Polish Army in the USSR. Fought on many fronts against the Germans, and was among many Jews who fought in Berlin, stormed and conquered the Reichstag. He was decorated with eight Medals, among them for the "Defense of Moscow." Resides in Poland.

Jewish partisan group of about 30 men with a Jewish Commandant, among them I met Chayim Wurman and others that I knew. I asked about my father, and I was told that he is with another group.

The partisans were well armed, we received weapons parachuted from Soviet planes, the Germans did not know where our base was. Once a weapon package became entangled upon a high tree, the Germans began bombarding the vicinity. I worked in the kitchen my personal weapon consisted of a small Italian revolver, a Finnish Tomy gun, I was also able to operate a "Schmeyerse."

The partisans were organized by young Jews who escaped from the villages and small towns, their existence dated from the beginning of 1942. They obtained their food by invading the villages during the night, threatening the peasants with "revolvers" shaped from wood, that looked amazingly real... Later on securing proper weapons we attacked the Germans, prepared ambush, and made them pay with "pure Aryan blood"...

In the summer of 1944 when the Red Army started their offensive at the river Bug, the partisans increased the attacks against the retreating Germans. We destroyed the railroad communication, not permitting them to receive a supply of food, reinforcement or weapons. In desperation the Germans sent against us 2 divisions, the effectiveness of our activity was so painful to the Germans making them think that we are 20 thousand fighters. It was a big battle and the Germans retreated leaving many dead and wounded.

At that time I met Moses Rubinstein, who together with my father attempted to find their way to the partisans. They did not know their way, and stopped in a village to ask for directions and a peasant invited them in, a group of 4 among them my father, to stay overnight promising them that in the morning they will take them to the partisans. They were killed by the villarges during the night. The news of the death of my father was very painful, I was inflamed consumed by the desire of revenge.

The Germans renewed their offensive against our base. We tried to avoid an open battle with the murderers, they were much stronger and better equipped. We retreated next to the town of Bilgorey near the

THE PARTISANS WERE ORGANIZED
BY YOUNG JEWS WHO ESCAPED
FROM THE VILLAGES AND SMALL
TOWNS, THEIR EXISTENCE DATED
FROM THE BEGINNING OF 1942.

Russian front. The German bandits engaged us there, the battle lasted for 14 hours, our ammunition was gone, we lost over 500 fighters. During the night we were re-supplied by the Red Army. We also received an order from the Soviet High Command, that 5,000 men from our unit should advance in the direction of the Polish river Vistula. That left us with 1,700 fighters. In the morning we were completely surrounded by the German horders. We received an order to break the ring of steel in small groups. I and another 13 men succeeded to break out, on our way we heard our wounded comrades begging for help, unfortunately we could not help them.

In the evening all that escaped met deep in the forest. Our brigade counted 10,700 men, over 600 remained in the forest, most of them fell in battle, some of the non-Jewish fighters left us and returned home to their villages...

After the battle I met in the forest Chayim Wurman and other comrades from the Jewish partisans and we rejoiced. In the morning we were ordered to destroy a bridge upon the Vistula. I was not ordered to go, there was no weapons for everyone, my own gun did not operate, our Jewish division was joined by another Jewish partisan from Krashnik Zalmen Lederfein. We both decided to return to Zhethitza, as we left the forest, the highway was loaded with retreating Germans. We walked on side roads, and fields. We had to pass a river, at one place I almost drowned and was saved by the strong arms of Zalmen. In the evening we reached the village of Zhethitza. With the Red Army approaching, the village population was friendly even to the Jewish partisans. We were fed and given shelter. In the morning the Red Army entered the village.

Chayim Wurman did not survive, he fell in battle with many other Jewish partisans in August of 1944, fighting the barbarians, the German bandits and murderers, may the God of Israel erase their seed for ever.

From the Krashnik Yizkor Book. Published by the Society in Israel, 1973. Reprinted with permission of the Society.



MAJ. DAVID GRINBERG (Pseu.
WISZNIEWSKI)

was a fighter through the duration of the war. He fought first in the ranks of the Red Army and later on joined the Polish Army. He was parachuted into the hinterland of occupied Poland and was mostly active in the vicinity of Sandomierz, Poland. Resides in Israel.

Profile of Fighters

MARIAN MUSHKAT was born on May 11, 1909 in Suwalki, Poland, professor of International law and politics, lately at the University of Tel Aviv, married to Shoshana and father of Miron, Silvia and Irit, residing in Tel Aviv, Israel. Retired Colonel of the Polish Armed Forces. Enrolled to the Polish First Division of Infantry, named on Tadeusz Kosciuszko in 1943. Took part in the battles of Lenino, for the liberation of Warsaw, Pomerania and Berlin. In 1945 appointed Head of the Polish Military Mission for the extradition of Nazi War Criminals, having branches in Berlin, Nurnberg, Wiesbaden, Bad Nauheim and Baden-Baden. In 1946 appointed as the Polish representative in the United Nations War Crimes Commission in London. In 1947 as the vice-president of the Supreme Polish Military Court for the trial of Nazi Criminals and promoted to the rank of colonel. In 1949 retired from the army and appointed as professor of the University of Warsaw. In 1951 called again to the army and appointed deputy chief and legal adviser to the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission of the armistice in Korea. In 1953 returned to the work of the university in Warsaw. In 1950 elected as the first post-war chairman of ORT, left Poland for Israel in 1957 and since then working at the universities of Jerusalem, Hajfa and Tel Aviv. Beginning with 1977 academic director of the "Israeli Institute for the study of international affairs" and editor of "International Problems." Awarded with the Grunwald Cross, III cat., with the Polonia Restituta and Virtuti Military crosses, the medals of Kosciuszko, the Defenders and Liberators of Warsaw, of the Victory and Liberty, of the victors in the battles on the Odra, Nysa and the Baltic and the 10 anniversary of the liberation of Poland. Awarded also with the Soviet medals "For Courage", for the participation in the liberation of Warsaw and in the victory upon Germany. Chairman of the Council of the "Israel Union of 2nd World War Veterans."



COL. MARIAN MUSHKAT

A HERO WRITER

Captain Shlomo Strauss was born in a small town in Warish, near Lwow, Poland. At a very early age, he demonstrated his concern for the oppressed, love of freedom, justice, and he became an active participant of the Zionist youth movement Gordonia.

In 1936, during a political workers demonstration in Lwow he was shot and wounded by the Polish police. In 1939 when German armies attacked Poland, Shlomo Strauss joined as a volunteer of the "Defenders of Lwow" and was sent to the front.

In the battle near Plock he was wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans. He had no illusions as to the ultimate fate of Jews, and claimed he was a Ukrainian named Timofie Marko.

He began a life of a Marano*. The camp of the prisoners of war was under the supervision of the Ukrainian fascists the "Banderowcy", he defended and



Capt. Shlomo Strauss

helped Jews in this notorious camp whenever it was possible.

After the war Shlomo Strauss became a famous writer on the subject of Jewish Resistance. Many of his books were banned in Poland, as he claims, because he named so many Jewish heroes who fought against Hitlerism.

He and his family settled in Israel in 1971. He is on the teachers staff of the University of Tel-Aviv.

*A person concealing his true National identity in fear of persecution during the Spanish Inquisition.



COLONEL IGNACY ROSENFARB-ROBB-MARBUT

The leader of the important partisan division known as the "Land of Kelce" was Colonel Ignacy Rosenfarb-Robb-Marbut using the pseudonyms "Christian" and "Slavek". He was a fearless fighter, a military expert and received the highest Polish award, the "Virtuti-Militari" for his unparalleled actions against the Nazi German hordes. The action of his partisan group was particularly damaging to the Nazis in the strategic mine area of Pirit and Rudka.

This great Polish patriot, freedom fighter and distinguished writer, always emphasized his Jewish identity in his dealings with his Polish friends and co-fighters.

"I am a Jew, with all the tragic sufferings that this word entails", he would say. All the partisans loved "Slavek", with him, "even death is not frightening", they would emphasize. He led his heroes to the very gates of Berlin, and fought to free Poland. This distinguished fighter became a victim of Polish chauvinism and anti-semitism and was forced to leave his beloved town of Warsaw, where he returned many years later, a spiritually broken man. He passed away in 1958. At the funeral, however, he was honored by the people and even by the government for his great contribution to free humanity.



Col. Ignacy Rosenfarb

YITZCHAK GUTMAN-SKUTELI KNOWN AS "ZIEGFRIED"

Yitzchak Gutman-Skuteli known among the partisans as "Ziegfried", was parachuted behind the German lines to create diversions and play havoc with communications.

Yitzchak Gutman-Skuteli was a lieutenant in the partisan group "Ziemja Podolska" led by Theodore Duda. He was a Jewish boy and a native of Lodz.

His military exploits, harassments and struggle against the Nazis are legendary. On September 7, 1944, lieutenant Gutman and eleven officers were dropped in the region of Radomsk, where the third partisan brigade named "General Bem" operated.

Between September 19th and October 5, 1944, the partisan diversions under the leadership of lieutenant Yitzchak Gutman, in the area of Czenstochow, destroyed 7 military trains, 7 locomotives, 42 train cars and killed and wounded many Hitlerites.

According to an announcement of the partisan division "Za Wolnosc Ojczyzny" (For the Freedom of Our Fatherland), the following sabotage acts were accomplished under the direction of Lieutenant Yitzchak Gutman-Skuteli: military transports destroyed: 27 — railroad cars: 186 — destroyed tanks: 2 — demolished automobiles: 52 — blown up bridges: 2 — German dead and wounded: 841.



Major Yitzchak Gutman

TWO "ARIER" ...

In the second general Warsaw revolt of August 1, 1944 against the Germans, Mordechai Zilberberg played a leading role. This great military leader and a group of partisans attacked a German Panzer division in the center of Warsaw. Panic and confusion prevailed in the ranks of the Nazi troops. In many places they were unable to resist, ran in fear, leaving ammunition, clothing and food to the partisans.

After a week of determined struggle, the Germans brought in a tank division and began to attack the partisans from the air. The supply of water, gas, and electricity was interrupted. The situation became desperate. The Poles were troubled, they were saying, "the murderers began with the Jews, now they are after us".

Mordechai Zilberberg-Malinski and his fighters continued the struggle. They left for Prushkow and in October of 1944, attacked a German fruit factory, taking prisoners, food and a great quantity of ammunition. Upon liberation when the Red Army arrived, he went to the high command and identified himself as the Jewish Colonel of the Warsaw revolt. He met there a comrade, a partisan heroine, Vera Shalamicka, who in fact was a Jewish woman by the name of Miriam Glass from Lwow. They both posed as the non-Jews fighting for the liberation of Poland in the ranks of the anti-semitic Armja Krajowa (A.K.).

Christina Sawiecka's struggle against oppression and anti-semitism began in 1935 as a student at the Warsaw University. She fought the virulent Jew-baiting of the vicious Polish Fascist party "Endecja".

Christina Sawiecka's Jewish name was Hanka Shapiro. She adopted the pseudonym Hanka as she went underground, fighting the German invaders.

She was a gentle girl, inspired by the eternal Jewish dream for justice, and hoped to become a teacher so she could impart it to the younger generation. During the siege of Warsaw, she and her friends, Ala Goldberg and Martha Tarlowska became active in the "Workers Committee For Social Help". Sometimes she was a radio announcer in Warsaw, calling the people to fight and resist.

"Hanka" did not enter the ghetto in Warsaw. She had "good features" a so called Aryan face. From the underground, haunted by Polish collaborators she continued to struggle for a free Poland.

Hanka Shapiro was the editor of "Wolnosc" (Freedom) "Spartakus", "Szczaly" (Arrows).

She did not live to see the destruction of the German "Thousand Year Reich." She fell in battle the 18th of March, 1943, in her beloved streets of Warsaw, fighting the German scourge, dreaming of a free world.



Col. Mordechai Zilberberg



Drawing of a Partisan Drop



Christina Sawiecka

Destiny has delineated two bloody periods in the colorful life of the daring combatant Abraham Ingber. On September 1, 1939, he was in the 13th division of the light artillery of the Polish Army, in the area of Bydgoszcz. There is a heavy exchange of fire, there is a panic, many leave the trenches, others advise the artillery unit to withdraw. Abraham Ingber is receiving his instructions.

Tanks arriving from the left, advancing towards the bridge, it is their duty to stop them. A yellow sun is hiding behind the mountains, they hear the pounding of motors upon the horizon - two tanks, one is huge. Ingber checks the artillery gun pointed towards the bridge. Behind the mountain a rocket explodes in the direction of the forest. The whole division is surrounded, caught in a vise. As the artillery fire stops, the forest is covered with an armada of attacking planes. The first to be hit was a sergeant and part of his group, the cable telephone destroyed. Ingber, which is now in command, orders to blow up the bridge, the dynamite was prepared for such a contingency. The bridge went up to the sky, with his only soldier alive he shoots at the two advancing tanks.

The forest is aflame, the shooting continues through the night. Ingber and his comrades are retreating into the depths of the forest. An explosion separates them, there are numerous wounded pleading for help. Ingber meets a major who informs him that the 13th division was destroyed and dispersed.

Four times Ingber joins small groups of despairing soldiers, but they are quickly annihilated by the advancing German forces. He reaches the end of the forest, called the "Gayuvka Wilderness," the commander, a colonel with a small unit, tells the soldiers: "Comrades fighters, save your lives, do not save the Fatherland," and drives a bullet into his head... In panic the bedraggled, hungry, and tired soldiers, who wanted to help besieged Warsaw ran for their lives.

Ingber was captured, frees himself from captivity on an old boat upon the Vistula. He walks hundreds of miles and reaches the town of Ludmir, where he is taken to a group of Soviet-Polish prisoners of war on their



ABRAHAM INGBER

march to Russia. When this group reaches Rovno, Ingber manages to slip away. His destination is his birth-town Demidivka, where he reaches, and finds his parents sitting "Shiva," mourning his death... The soldier comrade, that the explosion in the forest separated them, was able to reach Demidivka first and he told Ingber's parents that their son was killed in the forest blast...

PARTISANS

In 1942, three years after the start of the war, in the work-camp Kiahinin, under German occupation, Ingber is calling a meeting of the workers young people. He informs them that according to the information received from his brother Hirsh, and Joseph Zeidman, who escaped today from Demidivka, the German murderers closed the Ghetto. Outside the Ghetto huge ditches are being prepared, all exits are guarded. The Germans and Ukrainians surrounded the Ghetto. Ukrainian civilians, young and old men and women like hyenas, like birds of prey, with sacks are waiting to plunder and rob. It is impossible to rescue the parents or other Jews in the Ghetto. Ingber urged the workers to save themselves not to become easy victims to the murderers. He advised them to run this very night to the woods, as tomorrow will be too late. Each one must acquire some kind of a weapon, a piece of iron, a tool or even a stone, as Ukrainians are lurking in the fields and other escaping routes. The idea is not to be taken alive, kill or wound a Ukrainian or German blood-hound first... Ingber told them to be ready in two hours. Nevertheless a discussion aroused, how does one go to the forest without food or warm clothing, without weapons etc...

At the early morning Ingber and a group of workers, including his girl-friend Bela Zeidman are on the way to the forest. Not everyone succeeded in reaching the safety of the forest, they were attacked by the Ukrainians, and many fell in battle on their way to the forest.

The small remnants of the Jews after days of searching in the forest met with a group of partisans that were former Soviet prisoners of war, they all had weapons. The seasoned partisans offered the Jews food, during a friendly conversation, Ingber asked them to admit his group into their ranks. They refused, saying: "We do



ABRAHAM STERN

Lohamei Herut Israel (Stern Group), a Jewish underground in Palestine which fought the British in the years 1940-48, organized and led by Abraham Stern, who fell in a battle in a mission for the Allies in Iraq in W.W.II.

not admit anyone without a gun." Ingber orders his group to separate in groups of two or three and procure guns, as existence in the forest without a weapon is impossible. He urges each group to secure a "hot" weapon.

Ingber and by now his wife Bela Zeidman are waiting at a crossroad in the shape of half a square for an ambush. That corner has a heavy exchange of traffic, pedestrians and cyclists. Suddenly they hear the sound of German language, two Germans are riding bicycles, this area was supposed to be free of partisans. The Germans are riding a short distance from one another, engaging in a friendly conversation. Ingber kisses his wife, he tells her, should his attack be successful, she should come and help him remove the booty, otherwise she will have to try to escape and under no circumstances permit the Germans to take her alive...

As the first German cyclist nears, the place where Ingber was waiting, he pulled him down and knocked him with an ax unconscious, the second one ran to his comrades help and Ingber hit him also on the head. The booty, 2 guns, cigars, crackers, and a whole box with provision. Not all of Ingber's group was that successful.

It became important to organize groups to harass and fight the murderers. The fighters partisans consisted of Jews escaped from the Ghetto, the young Jews that escaped to the forest prior to the established Ghetto, who were anxious to avenge German and Ukrainian atrocities. Those Jews joined sometimes by Komsomol Soviet youth, who fought the "Banderowcy" a Russian fascist group collaborators with the Germans. Thus it was established an Independent Fighting Unit under the name: "Sumtchkov," after the name of the Communist Commissar from Demidivka.

Because of the terrible conditions, especially the hatred and blood thirsty Ukrainian civilian population that were traitors and miserable German collaborators and tried to destroy the partisans, especially Jewish partisans, this unit could not stay very long on one place and one base. The unit had to move continuously, nevertheless it was able to attack the Germans, destroy their communications, burn their food, explode their transportation and especially to find the Ukrainians, the traitors

*HE PULLED HIM DOWN AND
KNOCKED HIM WITH AN AX
UNCONCIOUS, THE SECOND
ONE RAN TO HIS COMRADES
HELP AND INGBER HIT HIM
ALSO ON THE HEAD.*

and Jew baiters, who participated in the murders of the Jews and punish them. When a Ukrainian village was put to flame, it became known from mouth to mouth, that this is the retribution of Ingber's commandos the "Black-Death" (Charnaya Smiercz), feared in the vicinity of Dubno-Horuchov-Berestechko.

Ingber's group suffered many casualties, when his a friend David Manuszewicz, now in Israel, lost a sister in the forest fighting the Germans, he left the unit telling Ingber: "To work with you there is no possibility to survive."...

Very near the end towards liberation Ingber sends his brother Hirsh to scout the area. He did not return and was captured by the bloody "Bandorowcy."

Abraham Ingber who went to the forest to save his life became a heroic fighter and together with his wife Bela avenged the murderers of the Jewish people.

WHEN A UKRAINIAN VILLAGE WAS PUT TO FLAME, IT BECAME KNOWN FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH, THAT THIS IS RETRIBUTION OF INGBER'S COMMANDOS THE "BLACK-DEATH" (CHARNAYA SMIERCZ), FEARED IN THE VICINITY OF DUBNO-HORUCHOV-BERESTECHKO.

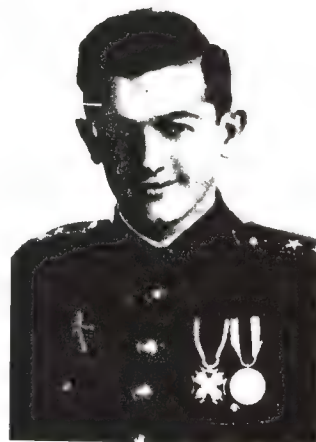
WOJSKO POLSKIE
Samodzielny Specjalny Batalion (Szturmowy)



LEGITYMACJA SPADOCHRONIARZA

Lp.	Data	Nr rozkazu	Cel szkolenia	Wzrost w m	Typ samolotu
1.	14.1.44	87	chwiejny	500	Samolot
2.	14.1.44	97	-	500	-
3.	18.1.44	128	-	500	-

Nazwisko: *Por. Last*
 Imię: *Edward*
 Imię ojca: *Teodora*
 Zgodnie z rozkazem Batalionu Nr. *145*
 z dnia *6.11* 1944 r. ma prawo na noszenie
 odznaki: *Spadochroniarz*
 Data: *11/11 1944*
 SZEF SZKOLENIA: *por. Pękowski*
 kapitan



MAJ. EDWARD LAST was parachuted into the hinterland in Poland, near the city Kovno. This is his identification as a Partisan. He survived.

was a Partisan and translator for a brigade commander. He wrote many books and articles about the Jewish Resistance during W.W.II. He is now a prominent writer in the Israeli Daily Newspaper "Davar."



Translation from a résumé of the official Soviet News Agency about the officer Zalman Gordon. (Family members from the USA sent us this clip). Ed.

Fierce shootings was going on in the east of the city Riga. Twelve Latvian fighters under the command of Lieutenant Gordon, suddenly attacked and captured an important position of the enemy. The Germans decided to recapture the lost position and counter attacked. Our fighters destroyed several dozens of hitlerites and kept the captured position.

(From SOVINFORMBUREAU, message of September 6, 1944)

ГОД ТРЕТИ НАЗАН

РЕСПУБЛИКА

[illegible]

484 001246 6084.6 001.020.2, 22 6 10 000000 1982

[illegible]

Восстановление и укрепление здоровья и
создание благоприятных условий жизни
наших граждан с потерей тако-
го важного ресурса. Они должны
также в свою очередь бороться
за то, чтобы в будущем не возник-
ло такой проблемы, а потому мы
должны сделать все, чтобы не
допустить повторения подобных
случаев.

一、政治思想：拥护共产党领导，拥护社会主义制度，拥护党的路线、方针、政策，拥护改革开放，拥护四项基本原则，拥护马列主义、毛泽东思想、邓小平理论，拥护江泽民同志为核心的第三代中央领导集体，拥护“三个代表”重要思想，拥护十六大精神，拥护科学发展观，拥护构建社会主义和谐社会，拥护社会主义荣辱观，拥护社会主义核心价值体系，拥护社会主义核心价值体系，拥护社会主义核心价值体系。

[illegible]

— Ого, значит, сработал — и тут же
обручилось в своем первом прыжке. Он
вдобавок еще горит от счастья.
Значит надо пойти кататься
даже на лыжах, ребята!

— После этого — доброе, — после
этого душевного лечения! Тут надо
было немецкие лагуны, славян — хо-
торские колонизаторы в штат, а за
— Кресло, огни! — провозгласил
доктор Гюблер.

Воду в этот первый танк на вытаски-
ют шестом, гвардии артиллеристы
Кучин и Лозина его же при помощи
своего оружия. Так замирает и он. А
Сорокин бежит. Но пулеметчик
дальнейшего спуска не производит. Сле-
дует за вторым танком диктатор



LT. ZALMAN GORDON participated in many Battles. Was among the defenders of Moscow, Staraya Russia and Riga. Twice wounded. Passed away in Israel. Chaya his widow sent us this picture with the information.

Postscript

I would like to thank all those newspapers and magazines that reviewed volume I of the *Anthology on Armed Jewish Resistance 1939-1945*.

They understood that a work on this theme must be brought to the attention of their readers. The Dean of Jewish journalism in America, Ernest E. Barbarash, editor of *Bnai Zion Voice*, wrote as follows:

"In what is truly a monumental volume, comparable to the works that appeared by renowned historians in the years following World War I, Isaac Kowalski, a foremost leader of the underground against the Nazis and author of the widely acclaimed book, *A Secret Press in Nazi Europe* demolishes in a most effective and convincing manner the myth of non-resistance by victims of Hitler's Holocaust. This newly published extraordinary book, sponsored by the Federation of Underground Fighters and Holocaust Survivors in the U.S.A., represents a repository of actual accounts of Jewish resistance by partisans and underground combatants, as well as of Jewish servicemen in the Allied armies during the Holocaust years. Incidentally, Isaac Kowalski himself was widely hunted by the Gestapo which offered 100,000 Reichsmark reward for his capture, dead or alive."

I take this for a big complement to have my work compared to the works of historians of World War I, like Lloyd George and Winston Churchill.

The important Israeli daily "Davar," published a critical review, not so much about my work, but for reprinting the story of Col. Maurice Shainberg, where he criticizes the command of the Jewish Fighting Organization in the Warsaw Ghetto; for having in their command-bunker on display among other flags, also some Red flags.

This story was published in the magazine *Jewish Combatants of World War Two*, in the Spring of 1980, which I edited and included in the *Anthology*. The writer Sarah Nashmith-Sheenaar of "Davar" could not know that I also criticized Col. Shainberg, in the following issue of the same magazine in the Fall of 1980.

Here is what I wrote:

"Also, in this case, it doesn't matter under what flags Jews were fighting against Nazism and their political inclinations. They could fight under Green, Yellow, Red or any other color, as long as they were fighting Nazism and helped to shatter the enemies war machine. They were equally honored and accepted in history as noble fighters against the Nazi evil."

It was a mistake on my part not to print a correction that I made in the following issue of the magazine, at the end of Col. Shainberg's story and not to have it included in the *Anthology*.

I.K.

about the editor

Isaac Kowalski worked in the United States in the printing industry for one of the largest English newspapers in the country and contributes from time to time with articles about Jewish Resistance in Northeastern Europe to a variety of magazines in the United States and overseas.

Kowalski's hardcover book, *A Secret Press in Nazi Europe*, originally was published in 1969 and a second edition in 1972. A Paperback edition of this book was published in 1978. For almost two years Kowalski's book was serialized weekly in New York in the largest Anglo-Jewish weekly newspaper, *The Jewish Press*.

Index

A

Abadi, Lt. Abe, 355
 Abrama, Sinto, 315
 Abramowicz, Dina, 470
 Abramowicz, Joel, 4
 Abramowitz, Maj. S.A., 585
 Abugov, Alexander, 489, 570
 Aizin, Tatiana, B., 525
 Akerman, Hania, 192
 Alef-Bolkowiak, Col. Gustaw, 449
 Alef, Meyer, 58
 Alexova, Yelizavita, 572-73
 Alfandri, Joseph, 310
 Allard, Emile, 34
 Alpert, Max, 344
 Alpert, Nachum, 484
 Altman, Kushe, 607
 Altman-Slucki, Lt. Leon, 587
 Altman, Yasha, 607
 Amado, Jaques, 100
 Ames, Lt. A.O., 301
 Anavy, Bentzion, 309
 Anders, Gen. Wladyslaw, 130
 Andreyev, V.A., 539
 Anielewicz, Mordechai, 58, 120, 211-16, 222, 230-34, 432-24
 Antonov, A.I. 465
 Arendt, Hannah, 110
 Arleiter, Ludwig, 377
 Arluk-Lavit, Abraham, 6
 Arnoff, Chaplain, Nachman, S., 272, 277
 Aronson, Rabbi, Moshe, 335
 Artensztajn, Serg. Nathan, 484
 Artstein, Zachariah, 431
 Atkins, Vera, 95
 Atlas, Dr. Yechiel, 60, 134, 138, 49, 152-54, 159-60, 172
 Auer-Fagginger, Dr. J.A.C., 37
 Avramov, Jaques, 64
 Avruch, Isaac, 523
 Avruch, Vavel, 522, 524
 Ayzin, Iosif, 477

B

Bahir, Moshe, 239, 245
 Baissac's Claude de, 97
 Band, Abraham, 447
 Banovitz, Ginter, 377
 Baranek, Chayim, 611
 Barchasz, Maj. Henryk, 128, 132

Bard, Shlomo, 366
 Barer, Yakov, 82-4
 Barnovski, Ephraim, 141
 Barnowski, Yudel, 141
 Baron, Dvora, 429
 Baron, Eliahu, 386
 Baron, Sureh, 200
 Baron, Yankiv, 200
 Bartosewicz, Janowa, 536
 Barzalai, Rabbi, Elias, 42
 Bashevki, Mulye, 577
 Batutin, Gen. 152
 Bednarczyk, Tadeusz, 86
 Begma, Gen. V.A. 544
 Behar, Avram, 334
 Behar, Leon, 316
 Bekenshtein, Tzipel, 386
 Belak, Tevia, 386
 Beller, Lemel, 476
 Belski, Jacob, 589-90
 Benaroya, Yako, 322
 Benbasat, Jaques, 65
 Benedetti, Fred, 5
 Benedick, Max, 353
 Benesz, Lt. Ben, 105
 Ben-Ir, 587
 Ben-Yisroel, Shlomo, 470
 Benzionov, Isaac, 548
 Berger, Milton, 6
 Berger, Morris, 470
 Berger, Yerachmiel, 590
 Berkowitz, Itche, 500
 Berling, Gen. Zygmund, 106
 Berman, Adam, 56
 Berman, Pinick, 457, 522
 Berman, Yeshua, 515
 Bernshtein, Schniur, 606
 Bernstein, Dr. Leon, 366
 Bernstein, Miriam, 365
 Bialik, Nachmen, 61
 Bialostocki, Maj. Zalman, 600
 Bialowitz, Simha, 255
 Bielski, Tuvia, 6, 7, 470
 Bigelman, I. 608
 Bik, Osye, 415
 Birger, Benjamin, 174
 Birman, Zipora, 488
 Birnboim, Shmiel, 168
 Biskubicz, Jacob, 254, 263
 Bitenski, Chaim, 484
 Blanstein, Lena, 524

Blastein, Joseph, 491
 Blastein, Miriam, 523
 Blatt, Thomasz, 246, 248
 Blaustein, Avraham, 522
 Blaustein, Hershel, 522
 Blaustein, Joseph, 523
 Bleichman, Frank, 6
 Bleichman, Lazar, 554-55
 Bloch, Gilbert, 346
 Blommert, (Rutland), Jean, de, 93
 Blossche, Josef, 429
 Blubstein, Maj. Alexander, 66
 Blum, Raphael, 560-62
 Blumenthal, Chaplain, Aaron, 284
 Blumin, Solomon, 77
 Bogen, A., 119
 Bolian, Capt. Yoel, Sh., 179
 Bontchz, Berl, 352
 Boraks, Edek, 60
 Borisova, Nina, 378
 Bor-Komorowski, Gen. Tadeusz, 51, 55, 105-8, 464-69
 Bornstein, Samuel, 135
 Boro, Max, 123
 Borowski, Chiene, 368
 Borzykowski, Tuvia, 443
 Boyarski, Moyshe, 580
 Boyarski, Tzippele, 581
 Boyarski, Yakev, S. 581
 Boyarski, Yentl, 581
 Boygorod, Gershon, 157
 Boygorod, Capt. Simon, 67
 Brainin, Frederick, 342
 Brando, Ber, 222
 Braner, Falek, 624
 Braner, Zwi, 623
 Braunszweig, Stanislaw, 387
 Brauze, Moshe, 59
 Breitbart, Toya, 520
 Brenner, Paul, 6
 Brinski, Gen. Anton, 402, 457, 491, 522
 Britzkowski, Dan, 589
 Brones, Col. Mieczyslaw, 475-76
 Bronstein, Berl, (Zuk), 546
 Bronstein, Yaakov, 566
 Bronstein, Zev, 509
 Brooks, Tony, 97
 Brudinger's, 73
 Brynski, Aron, 222
 Brzalai, Elias, 42

INDEX

Buckmaster, Maurice, 94, 96
 Buksztelski, Sonia, 193
 Bulat, Boris, 139-42, 154, 159
 Bumel, Elyuhi, 261
 Burka, Leyzer, A., 604
 Burstein, Mendel, 401
 Buryk, Tamara, 82

C

Caplan, Capt. Leslie, 304, 306
 Cardozo, Freddie, 98
 Chafetz, Asher, 593-94
 Chafetz, Moshe, 592
 Chajman, Mordechai, 209
 Chazanovitz, Serg. Eli, 280
 Chelminski, Zalmen, 353
 Chemlenitzki, Yekutieli, 141
 Chernichovski, Fiodorov, 230
 Chiang Kai-shek, Gen., 356
 Chichek, Solomon, 325
 Chmielnicki, Aharon, 426
 Cholit, Gen. von, 100
 Christian X, King, of Denmark, 26, 79
 Chuikov, Gen. V.I., 467
 Churchill, Sir, Winston, 105, 452
 Chwojnik, Abrasha, 415
 Clark, Lt. Gen. Mark, 301
 Cohen, Benjamin, 302
 Cohen, Clara, 333
 Cohen, Joe, 284-88
 Cohen, Gen. Morris, A., 355-56
 Cohn, Marianne, 348
 Corrin, Joseph, 302
 Cummings, Chaplain, W., 319
 Cummings, H.R., 452

D

Danailov, Danail, 312
 Danenberg, Serg. Jerry, 272
 Dansey, Sir, Claude, 93
 Davidov, David, 59
 Davidovicz, Col. Fayve, 163
 Davidson, Gusta, 112
 Dekalo, Marco, 60
 Dekalo, Mony, 95
 Delaticki, Anshel, 189
 Denenburg, Noach, 165-66
 Desaritz, Robert, 7
 Despotopoulos, Kostas, 265
 Dessler, Salek, 366-68
 Deweltow, Doba, 413
 Deychman, Col. Leonid, S., 149
 Dichter, David, 484
 Dietz, Chaplain, Francis, 317
 Dinerman, Hershel, 520
 Djaldeti, Mayer, 56
 Djerjenski, Felix, 555-56
 Doenitz, Admiral, Karl, 391
 Dolinski, Reuven, 580
 Dolinski, Rivkeh, 580
 Domb, Icek, 497
 Douglas, Allan, 452

DRC'D, 576
 Drebski, Israel, 593
 Dreier, Jacob, 58
 Drenger, Gusta, 82
 Drenger, Shimon, 82
 Dreviazki, Hirshl, 584
 Drooms, Herman, 40
 Drutz, Henech, 583
 Duda, Theodore, 630
 Dudziets, Yadzia, 359
 Dulberg, Jack, 294
 Dunietz, Joseph, 248
 Durand, Paul, 95
 Dushkin, Manya, 589
 Dushkin, Reuven, 589
 Dworzecki, Chaim, L., 551
 Dworzecki, Dr. Mark, 375
 Dzowiecki-Holtzer, Col. M., 624

E

Eden, Anthony, 105, 452-53, 460
 Ehrenburg, Ilya, 26-7, 84-5, 261
 Ehrenpreis, Dr. Col. Bernard, 299
 Ehrenpreis, Rabbi, Dr. M., 79
 Eichhorn, Chaplain, David, 278-79
 Eichman, Adolph, 110, 374
 Eidlin, Arkadi, 553
 Eigenfeld, David, 389
 Eiger, Arthur, 283
 Einshtein, Leybke, 581
 Einshtein, Lubke, 580
 Eisenhower, Gen. Dwight, D., 236
 Eisner, Azriel, 504
 Eizenberg, Binyamin, 507
 Eizenman-Kaniewski, Julian, 211
 Eiznsztajn, Wolek, 168
 Elner, Dov, (Beri), 145
 Elner, Mordechi, 156
 Elster, Pola, 421
 Engel, Haim, 253
 Entin, Shlomo, 60, 549
 Erlich, David, 415
 Erlich, Esther, 415
 Eshkenazi, Michael, 327

F

Fajerstein-Konarski, Lt. S., 464
 Faltz, Abraham, 352
 Fargel, Walter, 377
 Fass, Leon, 36
 Faust, Janek, 366
 Fedeki, Maria, 404
 Feinberg, Avrom, 594
 Feld, Julek, 219, 222, 224, 233
 Feldhendler, Leib, 239, 242, 245-46, 256, 260-61
 Feldman, Benjamin, 230
 Felzenshtein, M., 358
 Feodorov, Maj. Gen. A. 527-32
 Figishova, Mina, 595
 Fikhman, Pvt. Isaak, 167
 Fink, Sam, H., 290
 Finkel, Avrum, 572

Finkel, Berl, 523, 572
 Finkl, Moshe, 509
 Finkler, George, 170
 First, Harry, 303
 Fisanowicz, Capt. Israel, 76
 Fisch, Moshe, 499
 Fischer, Yitzchok, 586
 Fisher, Shiel, 519
 Fishman, Bori, 229
 Fishman, Yankiv, 187, 196
 Flash, Israel, 547
 Flash, Moishe, 402
 Flaum, Luba, 524
 Fleischer, Isaac, 458
 Fleisher, Jack, 293
 Flicker, Felix, 46
 Foliks, Gen., 302
 Foot, M.R.D. 5, 26, 91-2
 Forrestal, James, 297
 Frankel, Maj. Jesse, 313
 Frantzl, Karl, 239-40, 247, 252
 Freiberg, Ber, 256
 Frenkel, Lt. Lev, I., 146
 Fridman, Aryel, 518, 520
 Fried, Maj. Julian, 311-13
 Friedlander, Sima, 570
 Friedman, Boria, 381
 Friedman, Chayiml, 518
 Friedman, David, 518
 Friedman, Joseph, 517, 520
 Friedman, Manya, 49
 Friedman, Nachum, 517-18
 Friedman, Shepsel, 518
 Friedman, Shmuel, 518
 Frimer, Chaim, 425
 Frizi, Mordechai, 41
 Frumkin-Salomonowicz, Col. Nahum, A., 391
 Fuchrer, Mira, 442
 Fuden, Regina, 443
 Fundalewitz, Bunem, 352
 Funt, Moyshke, 588
 Funt, Natan, 173
 Furer, Berl, 594

G

Gale, Karl, 377
 Galfend, S., 570
 Gallin, Lt. Col. Martin, 5, 6, 11
 Gallo, Max, 5, 205
 Galperin, Alexander, 570
 Galpern, Touvia, 392-97
 Galustyan, Lt. Ruben, 497
 Gangez, Janka, 136
 Ganionska, Miriam, 356-66, 369
 Garchik, Gregory, 568-69
 Gartner, Shika, 393-94
 Garty, Sabetay, 314
 Gaulle, Gen. Charles, de, 93-5
 Gazit, Micha, 528
 Gebelev, Mishka, 70, 72
 Gekhtman, Capt. Yefim, 88
 Geller, Eliezer, 430

INDEX

- Gempel, Leib, 402
 Gendzelewicz, Zavel, 484
 Gens, Jacob, 367-68, 386-88, 394
 Gerbrandy, Dr. Pieter, 37
 Gerling, Sholem, 173
 Geron, Avram, 326
 Gershowitz, Abraham, 581
 Gerson, Victor, 92
 Gettinger, Isidore, 35
 Gilchik, Lyova, 175, 180, 499, 500
 Gingold, Moshe, 388-89
 Ginsberg, Pinkas, 144
 Gintzburg, Berl, 609
 Ginzburg, Alter, 164
 Ginzburg, Celina, 165
 Ginzburg, Yoyne, 164-65
 Girard, Leon, 313
 Girard, Marie, 313
 Girasimowitch, Mishke, 609
 Gittelsohn, Chaplain, R. B., 282
 Glad, John, 80
 Glass, Abel, 299
 Glassman, Lt. Col. James, 470
 Glazman, Joseph, 59, 365-66, 368-69, 399, 400, 406-09, 413-14
 Glembourtt, Martin, J., 98
 Glezer-Kozlowski, Chava, 384
 Glieder, Michael, 527-38
 Gloganski, Chagi, 352
 Glow, Corp. Morris, 278
 Glowinski, Eliezer, 352
 Glowinski, Simcha, Y., 352
 Glytman, Masha, 442
 Goberman, Moshe, 243
 Godfarb, M. 250
 Goebbels, Joseph, 410
 Goering, Marshal, Hermann, 391
 Golanski, Borys, 172
 Gold, Serg. Louis, G., 295
 Goldberg, Ala, 631
 Goldberg, Dr. Maj. I.E., 314-17
 Goldberg, Zelig, 60
 Goldenberg, Chaplain, F., 272, 277
 Goldkorn, Dora, 468
 Goldstein, Irving, 297
 Goldszlak-Ludwinska, Sabina, 502
 Golub, Avram, 89
 Golub, Fred, 284
 Goode, Chaplain, A., 271, 273
 Goody, Chaplain, Henry, 272
 Gopman, Lt. Aaron, 616
 Gopman, Miriam, 616
 Gordon, Chaya, 637
 Gordon, Itchke, 580
 Gordon, Leybke, 581
 Gordon, Michael, D., 497
 Gordon, Orke, 580, 582
 Gordon, Rifka, 396
 Gordon, Tanchum, 581
 Gordon, Zalman, 636-37
 Gorodetzer, Avraham, 510
 Graucher, Golde, 169
 Graucher, Natan, 169
 Gray, Lt. Martin, 5, 134, 205, 211-13, 220-28, 235-36
 Graysdorf, Duvid, 166, 170-71
 Green, (Greiniman), Boris, 470
 Green, Pinyeh, 173
 Greenberg, Hirsch, 524
 Greenblatt, Joseph, 358
 Greenspan, Joel, 55
 Grinberg, Maj. David, 627
 Grinberg, Ika, 379
 Grinberg, Mina, 232
 Grinspan, Hana, 453
 Grodzenski, Zuske, 580
 Grossman, Cheike, 60
 Grossman, Vassili, 5, 27-8, 80
 Grot-Roweck, Gen. Stefan, 105-06, 448
 Growas, Mordechai, 442
 Gruber, Dr. Jack, 5
 Gruber, Sam, 470
 Grushka, Alexander, (Szika), 530
 Grushka, Binyamin, 563
 Grushka, Liba, 545
 Grzmilewski, Victoria, 378
 Gulkowitz, Ben-Zion, 127
 Gurari, Sasha, 565-66
 Gurdus, Jacob, J., 502
 Gurwitz, Aaron, 397
 Gutenberg, Kuna, 190
 Guthreal, Chaplain, 283
 Gutman-Skuteli-Ziegfried, Maj. Yitzchak, 630
 Guz, Rivka, (Irena), 458
 Guz, Yitzhak, (Isaac), 568
 H
 Habner, Capt. Julian, 130
 Haddad, Dr. Heskell, 7
 Haislip, Maj. Gen. Wade, H., 278
 Hajman, Mietek, 522
 Halpern, Irving, 277
 Halpern, Sam, 6
 Halpern, Tevke, 50
 Hamby, Dr. Robert, 7
 Hanson, Lt. Albert, 304
 Haravon, Leon, 86
 Harkavi, Yoseph, 606-07
 Hasten, Mark, 601
 Hauz, Moshe, 387-88
 Hazanik, Halina, 377
 Hazenau, Mark, 31
 Heflich, Dora, 418
 Heidosa, Alexander, 570
 Heifetz, Myron, 403
 Heinberg, Max, 168
 Herc, Capt. Lucyna, 599
 Herszkowitz, Samuel, 34
 Himmler, Heinrich, 93, 101-5, 433
 Hines Capt. Harrison, 295
 Hirzfeld, Jacob, 222
 Hitler, Adolf, 28-30, 42-44, 107-8, 194, 232, 271-2, 277-9, 323-24, 329, 377, 404, 412, 425, 485-86
 Hochman, Moshe, 263
 Hoffman, Hersch, 351, 353
 Hofman, Gen. Herman, 74
 Hollard, Michel, 93
 Holtzberg, Simcha, 86
 Honig, Serg. Martin, 33
 Horowitz, Capt. Samuel, 302
 Hostache, Rene, 95
 Humphreys, Leslie, 92
 Hurwitz, Chaplain, Samuel, 272
 I
 Illel, Israel, 61
 Ingber, Abraham, 632-35
 Isakov, David, 323
 Ishishki, Leyzer, 580-81
 Itman, Salomon, 504
 Iwaszkiewicz, Masha, 350
 Izkovitz, Esther, 487
 Izraelit, Leyzer, 520
 J
 Jabotinsky, Vladimir, 11
 Jabrow, Yitzhak, 387-88
 Jacob-Gaspar, Marcel, 196
 Jacobson, Rabbi, Serg. Alvin, 270
 Jacobson, Gusta, 567
 Jacobson, Smay, (Siomka), 83, 553
 Jaffe, Esther, 365-66
 Jagendorf, Dr. Halina, 470
 Jain, Tinka, 307
 Jakubowicz, Stanislaw, 418
 Jelin, Meyer, 280
 Jerome, Brothers, 24
 Jodl, Gen. Alfred, 391
 Joseph, (Brenner), Adele, 298
 Jutan, Genia, 357
 K
 Kaczerginski, Szmerke, 372, 378
 Kahan, Zecharye, 501
 Kahane, Moshe, 501, 578
 Kahanovich, Moshe, 493, 636
 Kahmi, Peretz, 82
 Kalamovitz, Z., 61
 Kamay, Mulke, 580
 Kaminer, Moshe, 232
 Kaminsky, Serg. Isidore, 289
 Kanal, Israel, 443
 Kanonitz, Yehoshua, 570
 Kaplan, Benjamin, 605
 Kaplan, Boris, 609
 Kaplan, Maj. Jacob, 600
 Kaplan, Jankel, 59, 415
 Kaplan, Kaplinski, 412
 Kapler, Alexei, 565
 Kaplinski, Hersch, 173
 Kaplinski, Shmulke, 400, 403
 Kaplinski, Zalman, 6
 Kaplinski, Zwi, 219
 Kapusta, Michal, 474, 478-81
 Karapetyan, Avetis, 497
 Karnecki, Col. Adam, 454

INDEX

- Karski, Jan, 453
Kartin, Pinhas, 420
Kassel, Leib, 563, 565
Katz, Isaak, 104
Katz, Rachel, 372
Katzenelenson, Samuel, 70
Katzowich, Dov, 511
Katzowich, Izie, 512-13
Kaufman, I. 269
Kaufman, Lt. Jerome, 303
Kaye, Ed, 573
Kazaryan, A.A., 495
Keitel, Field-Marshal, Wilhelm, 381, 387, 391, 510
Kelberman-Metz, Zeld, 260
Kempner, Aviva, 5, 6
Kempner, Joseph, 60
Kempner, Vitke, 59, 62
Keren-Paz, Avraham, 405-06
Khandros, Boris, 82
Khayat, Ahron, 570
Kimber, Gen., 128-29
Kirschbaum, Henech, 56
Kirszenbaum, Jerzy, 469
Kitayewich, Abraham, 621
Kitayewich, Shlomo, 622
Kittel, 388
Kiveloff, Dr. Broino, 498
Klatchuk, Velvi, 177
Klaustermeyer, Heinrich, 429
Kleidermacher, Shalom, 616
Klein, Jossi, 329
Klein, Lipe, 329
Klein, Naphtali, 329
Klein, Pinchas, 329
Klein, Tuli, 329
Kleinman, Itzhak, 619-20
Klepey, Serg. John, 308-10
Klepfish, Michael, 58, 420
Krupman, Moshe, 226
Kletchoff, Maj. Gen., 595
Klurman, Abba, 6, 491, 523
Kluze, Heinrich, 377
Knopfmacher, Michael, 254
Kocasz, Hersz, (Wilk), 126
Koch, Mayor, Edward, I., 7
Koch, Iser, 223
Koenig, Gen. Pierre, 31
Kogan, Leybl, 165
Kolek, Teddy, 446
Kolodner, Leyzer, 517-18
Konar, Col. Julek, 42
Konichowski, Yenkel, 614
Konishchuk, Nikolai, 521, 534
Konopny, Hersz, M., 351
Kontes, Maj. Oskar, 125
Kopelman, Efraim, 581
Kopelowicz, Michael, 227
Koplovitz, Abraham, 142, 151
Korczak, Janusz, 429, 502
Korenblum, Arthur, 595
Korenblum, Joseph, 595
Kornblum, Lt. Ruth, E., 285
Korochenko, D.S., 528
Kosciuszko, Tadeusz, 47, 132, 628
Koshnitski, Mayer, 311
Kostman, Freddy, 247-48
Kovenski, Eliahu, 146, 152-53, 158
Kovenski, Yitschik, 201
Kovner, Abba, 59, 61-2, 371, 401
Kovolska, Christina, 57
Kovolsky, Richard, 57
Kovpak, Sidor, 527-28, 530
Kowalski, Dr. Martin, 5,
Kowarski, Shlomo, 470
Kowner, Michal, 236, 372
Koyfman, Hershel, J., 347
Kozjukhar, Makkar, 557
Kozol, Lt. Dr. Sol, 310
Krasnosielski, Maj. Dr., 501
Kratka, Zalman, 55, 58
Kratzman, Judl, 604
Kraynovitch, Basye, 201
Kremer, Nathan, 6
Kreslin, Mussia, 403
Kretzeir, Bracha, 570
Kriendler, Capt. Louis, 295
Krigshaber, Alpert, 590
Kristik, Dr. Robert, 536
Kriszer, Maj. Abraham, R., 29
Kronik, Israel, 6
Kruglin, Capt. Alexander, G., 148
Kruk, Kanishczuk, 490
Krushev, Nikitah, 127
Krutzewski, Avreml, 578
Kube, Wilhelm, 134, 213, 376-78
Kuperberg, Yitzhak, 404, 489, 491, 493, 509, 523
Kuritsyn, Srg., 637
Kurland, Nehemya, 594
Kurman, Joseph, 58
Kurzman, Dan, 5, 419
Kushner, Joseph, 6
Kushnier, Yankel, 581
Kutergene, Dr. 359
Kuton, Hananiah, 597
Kuznitz, Chaya, 581
Kwiatkowski, Serg. Richard, 80

L
Labinowicz, Ben Zion, 207
Landau-Budinska, Cesia, 462
Lande, Sender, 520, 522, 531
Lane, M., 405
Lanitz, Moshe, 552
Laquer, Walter, 453
Lashello, Beibal, 556
Last, Maj. Edward, 635
Laufer, Capt. Shalom, 463
Laver, Zwolke, 500
Lazar, Chaim, 86, 391-92
Lazarus, Jaques, 346
Leavitt, Capt. Benjamin, 308-09
Lec, Maj. Jerzy, 580
Lederfein, Zalmen, 627
Lefkowitz, Abraham, 156-60
Leizerson, Zundel, 393
Lejst, Haim, 264
Lekach, Col. Rafal, 49
Lekach, Roza, 49
Lemberger, Shlomo, 254
Lenin, Vladimir, 408, 492, 629-30
Leon, Capt. Adrian, Z., 318-19
Lereov, Zhosko, 317
Lerman, Miles, 573
Lerner, Gluck, Lily, 5, 321
Lerner, Yehuda, 245, 265
Leruch, Mendel, 37
Lev, Leybl, 620
Lev, Shmuel, 516
Levas, Mayer, 388
Levi, Chaplain, E. A., 280-82
Levi, Grisha, 352
Levin, Chayim, 388
Levin, Gen. William, 446, 560
Levin, Yankev, 607
Levin, Yudel, 577
Levine, James, S., 80
Levy, Jaques, 335
Levy, Mois, 93
Levy, Sabetay, 324
Levy, Vitka, 87
Levy, Yosif, 90
Lewartowski, Josef, 56, 385, 420
Lewin, Beniek, 385
Lewinbok, Dr. Zelig, 234
Liberzon, Zvi, 618
Libowicki, Leibl, 590
Lichtenberg, Itzhak, 591-92, 595
Lichtman, Berek, 257
Lichtman, Eda, 257
Lichtman, Itzhak, 256, 258
Lidowski, Leiser, 493
Liebeskin, Dolek, 82
Lifshitz, Chaya, 213
Liker, Nathan, 495
Lind, Stuvart, 292
Lindaver, Samuel, 152
Linkov, Gregory, (Batya), 571
Lipenholc, Micke, 370, 372
Lipke, Jan, 87
Lipman, Jacob, 281
Lipshitz, Aron, 588
Lipshitz, David, 588
Lipshitz, Sarah, R., 588
Lipshovitch, Chaim, J., 151
Lipszowicz, Eli, 609
Lipton, Ben, 383
Liss, Nina, 73
Lissner, Abraham, 346
Loewinthan, Dr. Lawrence, 306-07
LoIner, Jacob, 353
Lomski, Jeshua, 352
Lorber, Berl, (Dov), 489, 509, 523
Loshe, Heinrich, 381, 384-85
Lubetzki, Shlomke, 580
Lubocki, Baruch, 412
Lubocki, Danke, 411-17
Lubocki, Imke, 412-17

INDEX

Luchsher, Yenkele, 604
 Lucki, Shimon, 403
 Lufi, Lt. Shmull, 560
 Lunke, Bronislav, 505
 Luzzatto, Moses, H., 476
 Lxarch, Synod, Stephan, 96
 Lyons, Graham, 5, 457

M

Machtej, Elimelech, 224
 Machtej, Israel, 224
 Macleod, Chaplain, W.J., 276
 Madeisker, Tanya, 59
 Madejsker, Sonia, 362, 386, 403
 Mahmed, (Melamed), 508-12
 Maik-Makovski, Dr. Yisroel, 164
 Maksimov, Lt. Lev, 510
 Malewiak, Maj. Tadeusz, 128, 132
 Mandelbaum, Serg. Samson, 52
 Mandelman, Elie, 185
 Manus, Golder, 501
 Manuszewicz, David, 635
 Marchwinska, Pvt. Esther, 127, 252
 Marcus, Irving, 418
 Margolin, Col., 11
 Margulies, Abraham, 252
 Markich, Perez, 127
 Markoff, Gen. Fyodor, G., 387, 393, 406-09, 585
 Markovna, Sophie, 412
 Marriott, H.R., 94
 Mashkin, David, 61
 Matskevitch, Iska, 393
 Matuszewicz, Aaron, 362
 McLaren, Moray, 453
 McRae, G., 461
 Meches, Gedalia, 218
 Mednitzki, Zalmen, 581
 Meikun, Isaac, 375
 Meis, Leon, 31
 Melamed, Abraham, 378
 Melamed, Capt. Yoseleh, 572
 Melamedik, Yidele, 523, 538
 Meltzer, Chayim, 584-85
 Meltzer, Yitzchok, 586
 Menaker, Chayim, 500
 Menche, Yehezkiel, 261
 Menches, Gedalia, 218
 Mendelson, Isaac, 470
 Mendelson, Kalman, 86
 Menu, Yaacov, 177
 Merin, Avraham, 509
 Mesetik, Adam, 58
 Meskop, Isaac, 400
 Metzkelberman, Shlomo, 245
 Metzkelberman, Zelda, 260
 Meykl, David, H., 201
 Mevorah, Meyer, 418
 Mezan, Aron, 306
 Michener, James, A., 419
 Migdalowitz, Hershel, 592
 Mikilovna, Vera, 574
 Mikolajcyk, Stanislaw, 105, 107

Mikonowski, Maj. Jacob, 460
 Miler, Berl, 580, 582
 Milikowski, Zelik, 608
 Miller-Swirs, Serg. Abe, 273
 Miller, Rabbi, Meyer, 269
 Millman, Serg. Joseph, 319
 Milman, Yeshayau, 594
 Milton, Sybil, 5, 446
 Minasyan, David, 497
 Miniewski, Eliezer, 352
 Minker, Maj. Michal, 176
 Minkin, Yefim, 416
 Mirochnik, Shimon, 533
 Mishkin, Serg. Moshe, 185
 Miskin, David, 109
 Miszelewicz, Itche, 192
 Mittleman, Keyle, 353
 Moczar, Gen. Mieczyslaw, 228
 Mogan, Serg. Harry, 276
 Molczadzki, Yankl, 203
 Montgomery, Gen. Bernard, 33-4
 Moore, Maj. Merrill, 296
 Moreyn, Serg. Meyer, 88
 Morrison, Sol, L., 296
 Moshkowitz, Ruzhe, 353
 Mosieznicki, Serg. Israel, A., 602
 Motzkevitz, Yitzchok, 59
 Moulin, Jean, 105
 Mozeshtam, Pvt. Gregory, 137
 Mudrik, David, 502
 Mulye, Moyshe, 577
 Muravchick, Nahum, 594
 Muravnik, Hershel, 594
 Murer, Franz, 374
 Mushkat, Col. Marian, 628, 632
 Mushkat, Shoshana, 632

N

Nadel, David, A., 415
 Nadzeyev, Murat, 495
 Natan, Isak, 63
 Nataniel, Ephraim, 453
 Navo, Azreal, 446
 Nemser, Motke, 389
 Nevski, Alexander, 205, 476
 Ney, Lina, 76
 Nisht, Mulye, 578
 Novick, P., 501
 Novitch, Miriam, 5, 237
 Novograduka, Sonia, 56
 Nowak, Jan, 5, 447
 Nowitzky, Shlomke, 589

O

Oginski, Shmuel, L., 605
 Okan, Leybl, 164
 Onkovskaya, Dr. Lydia, 547-48,
 Orlof, Sergei, 622
 Osborne, David, 453
 Osherovich, Girsh, 90
 Osherowitz, Maj., 501
 Oshman, Aaron, 6, 470
 Oshman, Sonia, 470

Oskalin, Ottomar, 559
 Oytser, Mishke, 185-6
 Ozer, Maze, 499

P

Pace, Dr. (Peisachowicz), L., 470
 Palaniew, Mikolai, 377
 Paldash, Paul, 556
 Palewski, Chaya, 470
 Palewski, Shlomo, 470
 Panfilov, Gen., 72
 Parodi, Alexander, 100
 Paukstis, Bronius, G., 89
 Pavlov, B., 506
 Pavlovich-Matviev, Alexander, 555
 Pechersky, Alexander, (Sasha), 423, 246, 256, 258,
 Peisahovich, Lt. Aidlis, E., 474
 Peker, Elie, 499, 500
 Peker, Yakov, 212
 Peneusof, Abraham, 375
 Peneusof, Boria, 375
 Peneusof, Shmuel, 375
 Perelmut-Dudova, Maj. B., 352
 Peretz, Leibush, 61, 127, 413
 Periman, David, 617
 Perski, Grendi, 353
 Phrosh, Chaim, 86
 Pijade, Moische, 45
 Pilsudski, Marshal, Josef, 105
 Pinkert, Zalman, 58
 Piolun, Shalom, 235
 Pisemka, Tonya, 64
 Pitkowski, Leima, 108
 Plaisner, Anatol, 165
 Plaskov, Lt. Gen. Hirsh, D., 410
 Platowski, Elchick, 581
 Podchlebnik, Shlomo, 240
 Poliakoff, Volodia, 592, 594
 Polis, Anna, 87
 Pomerance, Jack, 6
 Pomeranc, Leib, 591
 Pons, Herman, 337
 Pontchak, Leyzer, 620
 Ponury, Jan, 209-10
 Pool de Sola, Dr. David, 220, 319
 Pool de Sola, Naomi, L., 319
 Porter, Dr. Jack, Nusan, 521
 Portnoy, Yechmiel, 581
 Portsovitch, Itsik, 177
 Posesorski, Hershl, 174-86, 606-07
 Posesorski, Zwi, 216
 Potchter, Moyshele, 580-81
 Pragier, Adam, 448-50, 454
 Proniagin, Pavel, 448
 Pszewalski, Jan, 362-63
 Pszewalski, Wanda, 363
 Puchtik, Yisroel, 505, 524
 Pudnik, Shloma, 139
 Pupko, Esther, 581
 Pupko, Itzhok, 580
 Putermilch, Jacob, 428
 Pzenny, Josef, 424

INDEX

R

Raab, Esther, 245, 252
 Rabinowitz, Nyana, 577
 Rachtshin, Itzhag, 592
 Rack, Herman, 338
 Rack, Capt. Jan, 466
 Radoszycki, Capt. Eugeniusz, 100
 Rahamim, Mincho, 308
 Rajfer, Pvt. Szymon, 164
 Randall, Lloyd, 300
 Ratchkovski, Zeydl, 164
 Rathajzer, Simcha, 431
 Ratner, Isaac, 60
 Ratner, Y., 447
 Rawicki, Moyshe, 520
 Ray, Emanuel, M., 99
 Raykhman, Kazik, 176
 Raziell, David, 11
 Reibel, Joseph, 6
 Reich, Yoseph, 606
 Reichleitner, Franz, 230-40
 Reznik, Berl, 584, 586
 Reznik, Israel, 558
 Reznik, Moshe, 233
 Reznik, Zalmen, 584, 586
 Riesel, Samuel, 335
 Rimon, Liza, 390
 Rimon, Yitzhak, 390
 Ring, Natek, 365-72
 Ringelblum, Dr. Emmanuel, 427, 486
 Rissakov, Vasili, 540, 549
 Robota, Rosa, 486-87
 Rodzinski, Lt. Jacob, 560
 Roey, Cardinal, Van, 36
 Roizman, Ben, Yitchok, 53
 Roizman, Benjamin, 53
 Roizman, Mordechai, 53
 Rokhlin, Boris, 557
 Rokossovsky, Marshal, K., 469, 616
 Rommel, Field, Marshal, E., 404
 Ronis, Elvira, 87
 Roosevelt, Pres. Franklin, Delano, 404
 Rosen, Chaplain, Herman, L., 272
 Rosenbaum, Chaplain, Milton, 279
 Rosenbeim, Yankev, 520
 Rosenberg, Shmuel, 337
 Rosenblat, Grisha, 461
 Rosenfarb, Col. Ignacy, 630
 Rosenfeld, Michel, 222
 Rosenman, Dr. Rabbi, 63
 Rosenshtak, B., 600
 Rosenson, Chaim, 482
 Rosenthal, Benjamin, 291
 Rosenthal, Jean, 31
 Rosenthal, Simon, 243
 Rosenwald, Dina, 620
 Rosenzweig, Lt. Col. M., 290-92
 Ross, Sapper, N.S., 301
 Rossman, Capt. Samuel, R., 311
 Rotblatt, Lutek, 442
 Rotkop, Moyshe, 520

Rotschild, Capt. Guy de, 31
 Rottenberg, Aizik, 259
 Roytkop, Moshe, 529-20
 Rozenovitch, Lazer, 164
 Rozentsveyg, Rachel, 89, 90
 Rozenzweig, Dr. Israel, 231
 Rozenzweig, Paul, 6
 Roznick, Nissen, 59
 Rubenson, S., 447
 Rubin, Alan, 523
 Rubin, Dora, 479
 Rubin, Hirsh, 480
 Rubin, Tevia, 397
 Rubinsonas, Michailas, Lipo, 621
 Rubinsonas, Sara, 621
 Rubinstein, Moses, 626
 Rudawska, Serg. Dr. Clara, 130
 Rudawski, Col. Michal, 128-32
 Rudionov, K., 405
 Rudman, Jacob, L., 107
 Rudnicki, Lt. Abram, 155

S

Saburov, Commander, 499
 Safran, Ilana, 253
 Salsitz, Mania, 470
 Salsitz, Col. Norman, 6, 470, 472
 Sandler, Lt. Col. Charles, R., 271
 Sandler, Serg. Isaac, 68
 Sapirstein, Menachem, 554
 Saporta, Raoul, 177
 Sarafis, Maj. Gen. S., 265
 Sarner, Shloyme, 594
 Savery, Frank, 457
 Savitch, A., 526
 Sawiecka-Shapiro, Christina, 631
 Sbovoda, Gen. Ludwig, 537
 Schachter, Leon, 47
 Schapiro, Aaron, 586
 Schapshewich, Gershon, 352
 Scharf, Serg. Jack, L., 349
 Scheinbaum, Ilya, 366
 Scheinerbrunner, Oskar, 24
 Schifter, Sol, 38
 Schipper, Hela, 459
 Schkolnik, Serg. Michail, 226
 Schleifer, Henoch, 352
 Schloss, Gunther, G., 513
 Schmidt, Anton, 373-75
 Schmidt, Stephanie, 375
 Schmulevitch, Michael, 58
 Schneider, Dr. Gertrude, 87
 Schneider, Maj. Jakub, 491
 Schpitkowski, Abraham, 357
 Schrank, Maj. Joseph, 320
 Schtchechinasch, Moshe, 619
 Schulma, Louis, 30
 Schwartz, Itsik, 493
 Schwartz, Michel, 7
 Schwartz, Yehuda, 581
 Scobie, Lt. Gen. Ronald, 265
 Segal, Pavel, (Suski), 506
 Segalson, Elchanan, 169
 Senesh, Hannah, 11
 Shabat, David, 94
 Shabrinski, Benjamin, 418
 Shabrinski, Liva, 418
 Shabrinski, Meir, 418
 Shabrinski-Sabrin, Abraham, 418
 Shagin, Ivan, 432
 Shainberg, Maurice, 637
 Shambadal, M.A., 90
 Shames, Morton, (Motl), 399
 Shames, Pearl-Lucy, 399
 Shameskaya, Vera, 572-74
 Shamir, Ytshak, 446
 Shapiro, Saul, 288
 Sharon, Gen. Ariel, 7
 Shechtman-Smulevitz, Lt. Col. Zohar, 72
 Sheiner, Hyman, 496
 Shepa, Susel, 522
 Shereshevski, Avreym, 203
 Sherman, M., 405
 Shewtchuk, Roman, 592
 Shilanski, Dov, 446
 Shimajtis, Anna, 535
 Shinolecki, David, 514
 Shinolecki, Israel, 514
 Shinolecki, Yankel, 514-15
 Shirokov, Mark, 557
 Shmulevitch, I., 485
 Shmulovitch, Malke, 201
 Shnapper, Abraham, 403
 Shneider, Joseph, 561
 Shneider, Merl, 561
 Shneiderman, Borris, 591
 Shor, Serg. Sarah, 69
 Shpin, Shimon, 101
 Shreiber, Fajwel, 106
 Shtein, Henach, 352
 Shtein, Yehuda, 351
 Shuster, Zwi, 103
 Shwag, Shmuel, 353
 Sierpinski-Margulis, Dr. S., 450
 Sikorski, Gen. Wladyslaw, 104-06
 Silber, Capt. David, 128, 132
 Silvercruys, Baron, 34
 Simon, Joachim, 38
 Skalka, Paysekh, 185
 Sklar, S., 400
 Skotnicki, Maj. Alexander, 465
 Slapak, Moshe, 577
 Slieff, A., 61
 Slim, Capt. Himes, M., 287
 Slominski, Israel, 588
 Slomka, Khayim, 173
 Slovik, Casimir, 558
 Slovik, Yazenty, 558
 Slucki, Itzhag, 592
 Slucki, Solomon, M., 417
 Slutski, Yakov, 589-90
 Smedts, Peter, M., 38
 Smuskewich, Chaje, 124-25
 Smuskewich, Gen. Jacob, (Vladimir), 26, 124-27

INDEX

Smuskewich, Velvel, 124-26
 Snowski, Matus, 574
 Snowski, Shimon, 184
 Sochatchewski, Yona, 578
 Sokolow, Leib, 58
 Sollner, Capt. Anson, H., 309
 Sollod, Capt. Bernard, 303
 Solomon, Leib, 172
 Solomonova, Clara, 58
 Sondaek, Shimon, 181
 Soszewicz, Moszche, 39
 Southgate, Maurice, 97
 Spektorov, Serg. Mark, 597
 Spilke, David, 7
 Stahl, Aron, 152
 Stalin, Marshal, Josip, 81, 107,
 126-27, 404, 408, 460-61, 467
 Stalin, Svetlana, 510
 Stangl, Franz, 374
 Stanietzki, Peretz, 581
 Stanietzki, Yoseph, 581
 Stankovic, Milan, 44
 Stariv, Joel, 53
 Steinberg, Aaron, 286
 Stern, Abraham, 11, 633
 Stern, Gen. Gregory, 127
 Stolyarevich, (Smolyar), Efim, 74
 Stone, Capt. Harry, J., 301
 Strauss-Marko, Capt. Shlomo, 629
 Strokach, Maj. Gen., 528
 Stroop, Maj. Gen. Jurgen, 5, 422-
 23, 433, 446
 Stupinski, Shmuel, 427
 Suckever, Abraham, 173
 Suckever, Frida, 173
 Sugarberg, Sidney, 356
 Sulia, Lt. Lev, 592
 Sun, Yat-sen, 356
 Susnovski, Chanan, 153
 Svedrofsky, Sidney, 175
 Swiatoy, Mordechai, 581
 Swinger, Maj. Mendl, 611
 Swirsky, Eli, 409
 Swoboda, Gen. Ludwig, 251
 Szadlowski, Leszek, A., 450-51
 Szereszynowski, Berl, 59, 378
 Szewachowicz, Masha, 168
 Szmajzner, Shlomo, 247
 Szmajzner, Stanislaw, 249
 Szulc-Drozd, Natalia, 467
 Szwajlich, Mojsze, 55
 Szwarcbart, Dr. Ignacy, 453-55
 Szyk, Arthur, 11

T

Tack, Frantz, 377
 Taerstein, Lt. N., 479, 481
 Talmy, V., 469
 Talvi, Isak, 503
 Talvi, Yosif, 62
 Tanguy, Col. Rol, 100
 Tarlowska, Martha, 631
 Taylor, Michael, 347

Tchoban, Michael, 557
 Tcholek, Joseph, 352
 Temchin, Dr. (Znachor), Michael,
 625
 Tencer, Pvt. Kosiel, 521
 Tenenbaum, Capt. Stanley, 81
 Tepper, A., 405
 Tepper, D., 405
 Tepper, Chaplain, Irving, 272, 276
 Thomas, Kurt, 248
 Threlfall, H.L., 106
 Tiktin, Zalman, 60
 Tillon, Charles, 97
 Timoszenko, Marshal, Semion, 625
 Tito, Marshal, (Josip Broz), 44-5
 Tobman, Uri, 413-14
 Todorziba, Dr. Lyuba, 547, 551
 Toporek, Sewek, 427
 Trager, Zelda, 62
 Trakhman, Mikhail, 204
 Treger, Haim, 264
 Troyanowski, Eliezer, 353
 Trunk, Celia, 5
 Trunk, Isaiah, 134, 161
 Trutt, Maj. Irving, 317-18
 Tservanets, Khaskele, 164
 Tsiganov, Anatoly, 571-72
 Tsindelis, Boris, 134, 159
 Tublitzki, Yosef, 581
 Tuchhendler, Lt. Israel, 51
 Tuniks, Azriel, 606
 Turetskaya-Isaakovna, Dr. N., 77
 Tyomkin, Moshe, 547, 549
 Tyomkina, Dr. Styra, 551
 Tzach, Feyvl, 584
 Tzivian, Naftali, 494

U

Ulcha, Ephraim, 423
 Unterschultz, Yoseph, 519-20
 Urbach, Abe-Zwi, 354
 Urbach, Rafael, 6, 354
 Urbach, Saul, 354
 Ushpulis-Shavlovitz, Serg. H., 178

V

Vahnberg, Baba, 182
 Vahnberg, Fela, 184
 Valonski, Myetek, 187
 Vartanyan, Vagan, 497
 Vashilenko, (Vasilewski), Capt.,
 415-17
 Vasileva, Nadejda, 97
 Vegmayster, Yosif, 173
 Veninzh, Maria, 87
 Verba, Vova, (Zev), 489, 491, 509
 Viner, Zecharia, 509
 Vitos, Wincenti, 453
 Vokhgelt, Lt. Lev, 54
 Volitzer, Eva, 313
 Vrba, Dr. Rudolf, (W. R.), 498
 Vynberg, Fela, 180, 183
 Vysotskaya, Lida, 85

W

Waksman, Adolf, 376
 Waletzky, Josh, 5
 Waller, Max, 83
 Warszawczyk, Fania, 193
 Warszawczyk, Lole, 369
 Wartman, Freda, 51
 Wayskorska-Shindler, Rivke, 578
 Weber, Lt. Sol, 282
 Weigel, Dr. Kurt, 194, 198
 Weiler, Samuel, 389
 Weinberg, Lt. Marvin, 279
 Weiner, Moyshe, 578
 Weinhouse, Nat, 70
 Weinreb, Bernhard, 6
 Weinrib, Sally, 456
 Weinrib, Samuel, 488
 Weiss, David, 590
 Weiss-Felenbaum, H., 250, 252
 Weiss, Martin, 386
 Weiss, Motek, 476-77
 Weitzen, Samuel, 247
 Werfel, Chaplain, L., 272, 276
 Weyner, Mulye, 577
 Widislawski, Rephoel, 353
 Wielki, Karzimez, 426
 Wiener, Meir, 500-01
 Wiesel, Elie, 11
 Wiesenthal, Simon, 374
 Wijnberg, Selma, 253
 Wilkomirsky, Shmuel, 409
 Wilner, Josef, 44
 Wingate, Maj. Gen. 29
 Winiski, Taibe, 387
 Winker, Shimon, 397
 Wirshup, Yona, 382
 Wirth, Andrzej, 433, 446
 Witherington, Pearl, 97
 Wittenberg, Itzik, 59, 61-2, 364,
 378, 407
 Wolk, Isaac, (Wolczok), 607
 Wolkin, Leib, 182
 Wolochinski, Chana, 581-82
 Wolochinski, Lusik, 581-82
 Wolman, Shloyme, 352
 Wolper-Manievich, Chunek, 562
 Wolper, Shimon, 524
 Wolski, Maria, 537
 Woodhouse, Lt. Col. Chris, 265
 Wrobel, Eta, 206
 Wrobel, Corp. Henry, 236
 Wroblewski, Col. Michal, 529
 Wysocki, Maj. Oskar, 625

Y

Yafa, Isaac, 586
 Yagjyvan, Stepan, 496-97
 Yakubovitch, Yankl, 187
 Yamlotin, Dimitri, 548
 Yelizavita, Alexova, 573
 Yomtov, Eli, 177
 Yona, Jaques, 84
 Yoselovitch, Beril, 57, 192-93

INDEX

- Z
 Zablocki, Moyshe, 581
 Zabłudowski, Izhak, 412
 Zafran, Itzik, 523
 Zafran, Shmaryahu, 564
 Zalbi, Yankel, 389
 Zaler, Israel, 352
 Zalmanovitz, Binyamin, 594
 Zamanski, Boris, 180
 Zandberg, Sholem, 352
 Zang, Szulim, 48
 Zarecki, Leyzer, 606
 Zaretzky, Lt. Gregory, 583
 Zarutsky, Shaya, 523
 Zawada, Rabbi, Hersz, 131
 Zeidenwar, Osher, H., 75
 Zeidman, Bela, 634-35
 Zeleznikow, Abraham, 6, 411
 Zeligowski, Gen. Lucian, 236
 Zelikowitz, Moshe, 254
 Zervas, Maj. Gen. Napoleon, 265
 Zhivkov, Pres. Todor, 269
 Zholte, Aren, 164
 Zhukov, Marshal, Georgi, K., 180, 186, 607
 Zhurawitzki, Godl, 500
 Zilberberg-Malinski, Col. M., 631
 Zilberstein, Yaacob, 86
 Zimunski, Baruch, 221
 Zirinski, Nionia, 448
 Zirulnik, K., 357
 Ziss, Meir, 251
 Zofowitz, Yehuda, 380
 Zohan, Berl, 590
 Zondfas, Karl, 377
 Zuckerman, Hershel, 136
 Zuckerman, Joseph, 250
 Zuckerman, Yitzhak, (Antek), 431, 493
 Zweibel, Joseph, 524
 Zweibel, Volodia, 507-08, 523
 Zweibel, Yankel, 524
 Zwibel, Shlomo, 557
 Zygielbojm, Szmuel, 454
 Zynstein, Shlomo, 5, 6
 Zyto, Arthur, 576
 Zytomierski, Col. Henryk, 490

INDEX OF PARTISAN GROUPS AND ORGANIZATIONS

- Akiva organization, 82
 Armee Juive (A.J.), 346
 Armia Krajowa (Home Army), 55, 108, 208-09, 458, 464-65, 469
 Armia Ludowa (A.L.), 215, 462, 465, 469
 Atlas Battalion, 135, 609
 Avengers Brigade, 399
 Banderowcy (Collaborators with the Nazis), 635
 Bataljone Chlopske, 462
 Beit Lohamei Haghetat, 420, 429, 442, 459
 Betar organization, 169, 387, 609
 Bielski Brigade, 383, 581
 Borba Brigade, 219
 Budyony Brigade, 375
 Bulayev Brigade, 209
 Bund organization, 56, 411, 454
 Death to the Invaders Brigade, 405
 Denisow Brigade, 504
 Dror organization, 401
 EAM-ELAS (Greek Underground Army), 42, 266
 FFI (French Partisan organization), 32
 Gordonia organization, 629
 Haganah, 224
 Hatzofim organization, 106
 Irgun, 11, 169
 Kalin Brigade, 232-33
 Kartuchin Battalion, 402
 Kirov Brigade, 487
 Kosciuszko Division, 358, 483-84
 Kruk Division, 402, 534, 562
 Latvian Brigade, 560
 Maquis (French Partisans), 31, 347
 Markov Brigade, 232, 406
 Max Group, 573
 Mizrachi organization, 230
 Nekamah (Revenge Battalion), 416
 NKVD, 108, 541
 Poalei-Zion organization, 108, 232
 Schorch Brigade, 448, 540, 608
 Sheinbaum Partisan Group, 401-02
 Shomer Hatzair organization, 103, 110, 219, 223, 599
 Skif organization, 413
 Stern Group, 11
 Sztandar Wolnosci (Underground Publication), 59
 Romulda Trauguta Division, 624
 Yad Vashem, 430, 443, 446, 577
 YIVO, 130
 Zhukow Battalion, 499
 Zorin Battalion, 78, 212
 ZOW (Warsaw Ghetto Resistance Organization), 443, 459
 Zukunft organization, 216
 ZWZ (Warsaw Ghetto Underground Organization), 448

Index of Places

- Algeria, 93, 98, 272, 282, 284
 Amsterdam, 36-8, 266
 Antwerp, 35-6
 Anzio, 300
 Argentina, 516
 Athens, 41-2, 100
 Auschwitz (concentration camp),
 48, 86, 101, 168, 191, 198, 266,
 317, 335, 374, 385, 387, 486
 Austria, 122, 272, 276, 291, 299,
 318-19, 348, 374, 423, 493
 Australia, 46, 104-05, 411, 484
 Baden-Baden, 628
 Bad Nauheim, 628
 Baranowicze, 172, 186-87, 572,
 582, 597, 607
 Barcelona, 92
 Barri, 210
 Belgium, 34-5, 196, 198, 270, 278,
 284, 293-94, 299, 304, 388
 Belgrade, 44
 Belovezha Wilderness, 466
 Belzec (labor and concentration
 camp), 83, 167, 241-42, 250
 Bendzin, 102
 Benjaminovo (concentration camp),
 496-97
 Berdichev, 545
 Berlin, 24, 39, 51-2, 106, 129, 131,
 164, 232, 252, 353, 410, 418, 446
 164, 232, 252, 353, 410, 418,
 446, 475, 510, 565, 583, 630
 Bialystok, 48, 58, 60, 63-4, 101,
 163, 166, 206-8, 217, 221, 488
 Bielica, 200
 Bilgorey, 626
 Bobroisk, 209
 Borisov, 496
 Boryslaw, 103, 166-68
 Bratislava, 194, 535
 Breslau, 46, 101, 174, 383
 Brisk, 306, 495
 Brody, 102, 389-90, 488
 Brussels, 92-3
 Bryansk, 48, 540-48, 552-56
 Bucharest, 46, 103
 Buchenwald (concentration camp),
 99
 Budapest, 45-6, 148, 167, 322,
 329, 331, 333, 493, 556
 Bulgaria, 54-65, 82, 86-7, 94-7,
 306-27, 333-35, 392, 503, 540
 Bydgoszcz, 632
 Byelorussia, 49, 73-5, 108, 230-35,
 376-77, 479, 481, 492, 540, 582
 Byten, 107, 597
 Casablanca, 276
 Caestre, 32
 Charkov, 560
 Chelm, 247, 264, 490
 Chrzow, 491
 Cicily, 276, 284, 289, 301-02, 311
 Colberg, 81
 Copenhagen, 39, 40, 350
 Cracow, 48, 82, 90, 101-02, 168,
 174, 247, 260, 476, 502, 631
 Cyprus, 34
 Czechanow, 486
 Czechoslovakia, 33, 44, 102, 122,
 194, 250-51, 290, 294, 335, 493
 Czestochowa, 102, 196
 Dachau (concentration camp), 123,
 166-69, 446
 Danube, 46
 Demblin, 42
 Denmark, 39, 79, 106, 350, 398
 Dereczyn, 135, 139-40, 144, 172-
 73, 488
 Dokszyce, 513
 Dombrowitz, 503
 Dnieper, 66
 Dniepropetrovsk, 83, 590
 Dramburg, 81
 Dresden, 55
 Drozdy (concentration camp), 68
 Dublin, 354, 497
 Dubno, 189-90
 Ebelsberg, 164
 Egypt, 34, 36, 276, 311
 Estonia, 375, 382, 385, 412, 563
 Falkenburg, 81
 Florence, 317
 Florid, 518
 Gdansk, 506
 Geneva, 318
 Gibraltar, 301
 Glogow, 480
 Glubok, 512
 Graz, 493
 Great Britain, 34, 40, 94, 97-8,
 104, 106, 276, 278, 282, 289-93,
 297, 299, 300-01, 350, 355
 Greece, 34, 40-3, 84, 122, 265-66
 Grenobl, 352
 Grodno, 384, 395, 615
 Haifa, 632
 Hamburg, 71, 294, 300, 320
 Holland, 36-8, 92, 97, 122, 170,
 253, 266, 270, 299, 303, 387
 Holovtchitz, 617
 Horodok, 507, 552
 Hrubieszow, 263
 Hungary, 45-6, 122, 322, 329, 334,
 348, 493
 India, 270, 311
 Ireland, 354
 Israel, 82, 103, 109-29, 144-45,
 221-24, 232-34, 251-54, 414-17
 Italy, 28-40, 104-07, 270, 281,
 286, 289, 295, 300-02, 460, 605
 Ivenitz, 588
 Iwanicze, 191
 Jadowa, 166
 Japan, 270, 511
 Jerusalem, 414, 446, 632
 Johannesburg, 124
 Kachanovo, 564
 Kalisz, 240
 Kaluszin, 515, 576
 Kamen-Kashirsk, 491-92, 522-25
 Kaniuchi, 62
 Kapulye, 499, 500-01
 Karasin, 604
 Karelitz, 588-90
 Karlovac, 198
 Karlsbad, 321
 Kartuz-Bereza, 517-19
 Katowice, 100, 105, 354
 Katyn, 105, 458
 Kaunas, 89, 90, 621
 Kielce, 454, 630
 Kiev, 66, 82, 87, 125, 130, 529
 Kishinev, 64
 Kisvarda, 322-23, 327, 329, 333-4
 Kietzk, 499
 Kobilnik, 584
 Kobrin, 207
 Koenigsberg, 493
 Kolbuszowa, 475-76, 479
 Kolodnia, 545, 548
 Koninsk, 558
 Kopyl, 182, 184
 Kosice, 46
 Kovel, 230, 491-92, 508, 510
 Kovno, 61, 169, 172, 372, 379,
 380-88, 402, 417, 447
 Krashnik, 624, 627
 Krasnopolye, 85
 Krinika, 577, 578
 Kutno, 353, 628
 Laborishki, 394
 Lachwa, 592, 594-95
 Lahoyks, 512
 Latvia, 86, 179, 381, 560, 563
 Latgalie, 563
 Lavarishok, 584
 Lebanon, 34
 Lenino, 628
 Leningrad, 116, 494, 563, 656
 Libya, 34, 36
 Lida, 200-01, 613
 Ligionovo, 497
 Limanova (concentration camp),
 168

INDEX

- Limburg, 600
- Limoges, 346
- Linkaiciai (Labor camp), 123
- Linz, 374
- Lion, 352
- Lipiciany Forest, 146, 580
- Lipowy, 577
- Lisbone, 92
- Lithuania, 90, 111, 114, 117, 123-25, 169, 187, 381-85, 400, 413
- Lodz, 178, 180, 182, 185-87, 469
- Lom, 97
- London, 36-7, 45, 53, 57, 91-4, 102-06, 130, 452-59, 464-66
- Lotaringa (concentration camp), 53
- Lubartow, 42
- Lublin, 42, 51, 53, 80, 102, 107, 125, 129-30, 462-67, 493, 580
- Lukow, 206, 611
- Lutsk, 102
- Luxembourg, 300-20
- Lvov (Lemberg), 49, 50, 82-4, 102, 106-07, 167, 171, 270, 465, 629
- Lyons, 92, 97
- Lysobyki, 129-30
- Magdenburg, 481
- Magnoszew, 463
- Majdanek (concentration camp), 249, 453
- Maniewicz, 490-93, 506-07, 522, 524, 558, 560, 566, 570
- Marmezshwe, 517
- Marseilles, 99
- Maskuczow, 595
- Mauthausen (concentration camp), 271
- Mezritsch, 620
- Mielec (Labor camp), 257, 479
- Milan, 493, 497
- Minsk, 58, 66-78, 102, 163, 186-87, 376-78, 512-13, 572-75
- Mir, 102-03, 227
- Moldavia, 556-57
- Monte Cassino, 130, 290, 301, 317
- Morocco, 276, 284
- Moscow, 52-3, 66, 74, 104-07, 126-30, 148, 364, 469, 507, 510, 524, 527, 529-32, 585, 614, 637
- Mrozi, 515
- Muldorf (Labor camp), 123
- Munkacevo, 46
- Naliboki Forest, 580, 588
- Narocz Forest, 406-07, 409, 470
- Natcher Wilderness, 580
- Normandy, 93, 97, 276, 302, 320
- Norway, 40
- Nowogrodek, 190-92, 589
- Nysa, 632
- Nuremberg, 28, 277-79, 628
- Odessa, 253
- Odra, 632
- Okonawa, 270, 290, 496
- Okshe, 611
- Omsk, 448
- Orlow, 187
- Orouchiya, 540, 551
- Orsha, 496
- Ostrog, 80
- Otwotzk, 504
- Paris, 32, 92-4, 99, 103, 320, 337-38, 346-47, 351, 411, 485
- Parubanek, 60
- Pavlovka, 542
- Pearl Harbor, 300
- Pervomaysk, 83
- Pesotchno, 606
- Pinsk, 67, 104, 184, 209, 493, 592
- Plaszow, 168
- Plock, 629
- Plovdiv, 56, 59-64, 306, 309, 314, 316, 324, 326, 333, 335
- Podwoloczyska, 171
- Pogoreloye, 177, 178
- Ponary, 338, 386
- Portugal, 351
- Povorsk, 491, 563
- Poznan, 447, 450-51
- Pressburg, 194
- Pruszkow, 631
- Pruzhena, 512, 519-20, 522
- Przemysl, 130
- Pukshywnica, 601
- Pulawy, 463
- Pustkow, 473, 479-80
- Radom, 169, 170
- Radviliskis (Labor camp), 123
- Radzin, 618-20
- Riga, 62, 87-8, 103, 274, 281, 493, 563, 565, 631-37, 665-67
- Rodino, 526
- Rome, 107, 301, 317, 419
- Rostow, 68
- Rotterdam, 37, 100
- Rowno, 58, 184, 352, 504, 632-37
- Rudnicki Forest, 362-3, 390, 397, 401-03, 411-18
- Rumania, 45-6, 54, 324-25, 493
- Rzeszow, 480
- Salerno, 605
- Salonika, 41
- Sandomierz, 131
- Sarna, 503, 604
- Sarnoki, 617
- Schavler Ghetto, 123
- Sebastopol, 100
- Senkewitch, 593
- Siedlce, 208, 463, 465, 515
- Riry, 34
- Slonim, 184, 189, 191-92, 389, 390, 447, 484, 490, 514, 574
- Sluck, 58, 500-01
- Smolensk, 100, 116, 483-84
- Sobibor (extermination camp), 102, 237-65
- Sofia, 58, 62, 82, 86-90, 94, 311, 313-15, 327, 503
- Sosnowiec, 102
- South Africa, 30, 40, 124, 270, 276, 278, 283, 311, 342, 419
- Soviet Union, 46, 70, 86, 211, 240, 255-58, 267-71, 309-11, 408-13, 457-58, 461-65, 607-08
- Spain, 426
- Stalingrad, 49, 53, 116, 148, 175, 179, 404, 454
- Stanislawow, 168
- Stockholm, 39, 130, 377, 490, 529
- Stoypts, 606, 607
- Stryzow, 102
- Stutthof, 123
- Suwalki, 632
- Svir, 584, 586
- Sweden, 39, 40, 49, 79, 130, 453, 490, 529, 576, 587
- Swierz, 499
- Switzerland, 32, 34, 38, 331, 348
- Szydlowce, 170
- Tarnopol, 102, 171
- Tarnow, 102
- Tel Aviv, 29, 34, 46, 109, 169, 200, 245, 415, 559, 631-32
- Telz, 125
- Tempelburg, 81
- Theresienstadt, 194
- Tluszcz, 165
- Tokyo, 496
- Toulon, 99
- Treblinka (extermination camp), 28, 170, 207-10, 216, 220-22, 233, 235, 354, 412, 430-33, 515
- Tuluz, 352
- Tunisia, 36, 276, 284, 311
- Tyumen, 52, 101, 106, 482
- Ukraine, 50, 64, 66, 103, 111, 114, 117, 121, 189, 216, 528-38
- United States, America, 30-38, 40, 89-9, 123-4, 148-52, 165-67, 269-303, 496-97, 589-90, 602-05
- Verona, 293
- Versailles, 32
- Viazma, 484
- Vienna, 169, 194, 198, 272, 277, 299, 320, 375
- Vileika, 394
- Vilna, 58-67, 80, 102, 106, 374-76, 380-401, 411-17, 470, 581, 608
- Vistula, 51
- Vitebsk, 155
- Volga, 29
- Voronova, 612
- Walbsich, 363
- Warsaw, 50-63, 102-110, 129-31, 165-66, 172-79, 185-88, 206-13, 419-27, 433, 446, 449-55, 458-69, 486, 492-93, 496-97, 631-32
- Wasilishok, 579-82
- Yugoslavia, 44-5, 84, 122, 198
- Zakopane, 48
- Zambrow, 206, 211, 230
- Zamosc, 261
- Zapruza, 622
- Zawichost, 170
- Zhetl, 173, 200, 235
- Zytomierz, 490



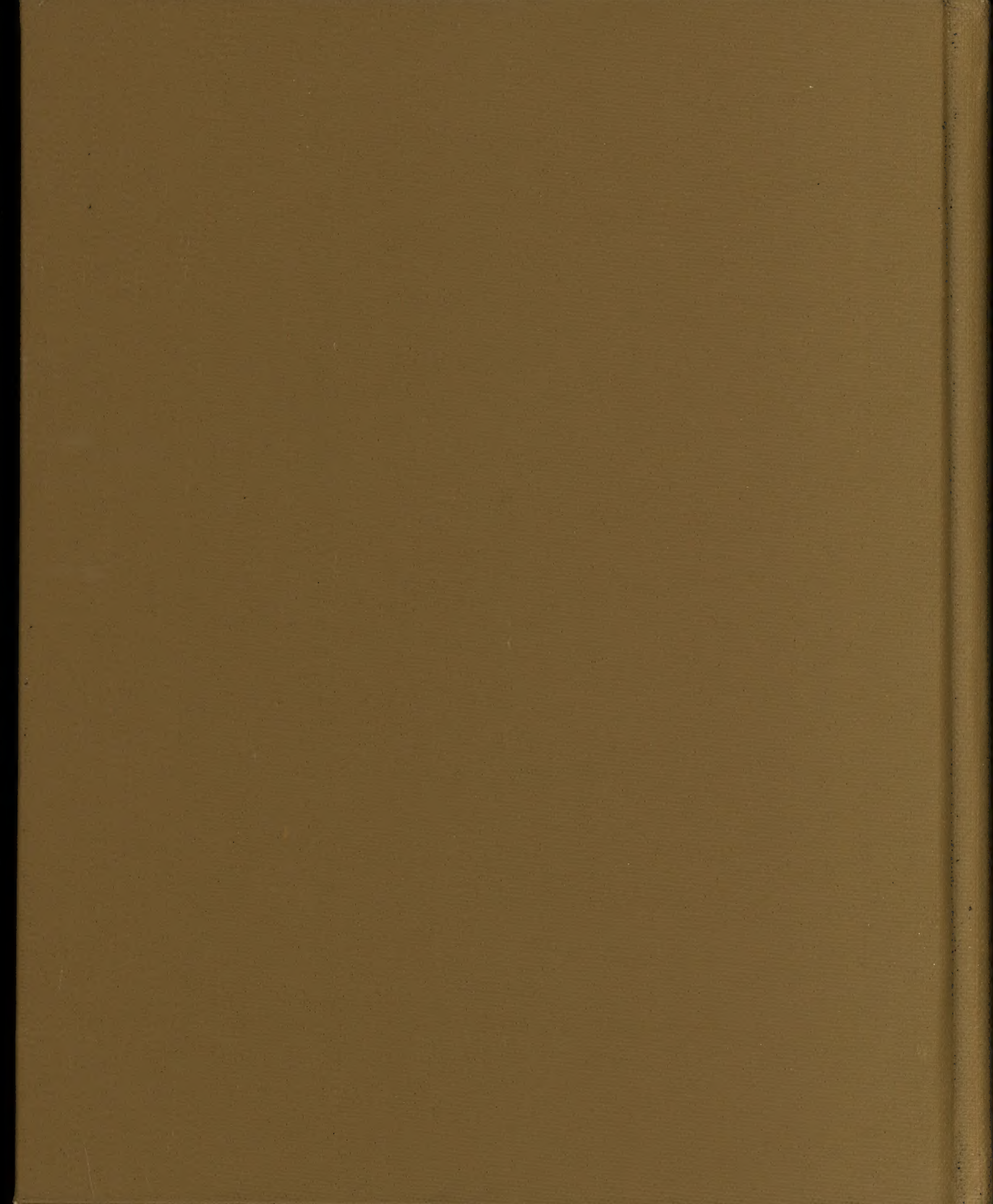
A German soldier relaxing at the ruins of Hitler's Germany. Credit for this picture is given to the war photographer MARK REDKIN.





IN MEMORY of the SIX MILLION

*Earth, cover not up my blood
And let my cry have
no resting place!
JOB 16:18*





(Continued from front flap)

many of their comrades in the past at the hands of the Jewish defenders, as it is told in this book, in *authentic* stories of acts of retaliation against Jewish annihilators.

You are provided with a ready, readable account of this glorious chapter in the struggle against the murderers of the Jewish people. Its contents is illustrated with almost 600 Documents, Maps, Photographs and Drawings, some of them released for the first time to the public.

The material in this book has been selected and edited by Isaac Kowalski, author of the noted popular work *A Secret Press in Nazi Europe* and editor of the magazine *The Jewish Combatants of World War II*. A Foreword is written by the prominent Lawyer Lt. Col. Martin Gallin of New York.

Kowalski's past works were acclaimed throughout the Jewish world by renown scholars and leaders in all walks of life. His involvement in this project ensures the high standard of the Anthology, and comprises an authentic and comprehensive documentation of the full story of the Jewish struggle during World War II.



Jewish Freedom Fighters in Poland during World War Two

**JEWISH COMBATANTS
PUBLISHERS HOUSE**

P.O. BOX 323
BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11236

ACCLAIM FOR THE EDITOR'S PAST WORK

"The discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls testifies to the ancient tragedies. No less important is the courageous chapter written and saved by those men in the Secret Press during the holocaust of World War II. Isaac Kowalski's volumes is indeed a significant chapter."

—LEON URIS, Writer

"If TV producers really mean what they say when they proclaim they are in search of dramatic human interest stories, they'll get in touch with Isaac Kowalski...it makes for engrossing reading."

—BEN GROSS, Daily News, N.Y.

"The book 'A Secret Press in Nazi Europe' was not written as suspense literature. But was written by the author's first-hand account of life in the Vilna Ghetto. The planning and preparation by the Underground leadership for eventual resistance, is written in simple and direct language and is often gripping."

—JAMES GLASSMAN, Lt. Col. USA (R)

"I am honored that you wish to include my chapter on 'The European Resistance Movements' from *A Short History of World War II* in your *Anthology on Armed Jewish Resistance*, and I am pleased to grant permission for you to do so."

—PROF. JAMES L. STOCKESBURY
Acadia University, Canada

"All good wishes to you. I know your book *A Secret Press in Nazi Europe* very well and have used it in my lectures and class assignments. I am sure that your new anthology will also be an invaluable source."

—PROF. NORA LEVIN, Gratz College, Philadelphia

"Issac Kowalski is a genuine hero of the anti-Nazi Underground during World War II. Hundreds of books, in many languages, have written about him, with admiration."

—MARTIN GALIN, Lt. Col. USAR (Ret.)

"I obtained and read a copy of the first print and in view of a professional involvement I have had in this period of contemporary history I found the book deeply absorbing."

—PETER HARRIS
Journalist for Manchester Evening News,
London, England

"Mr. Kowalski, ordinary broadcasters have to meet deadlines. But, heroes like you can take all the time you want."

"I'm proud to have shaken your hand and welcomed you to these microphones. Thank you very much for coming."

—BARRY FARBER, WOR, N.Y.

"Kowalski was not simply an ordinary fighter. It was he who wielded the 'white weapon' much feared by the Germans."

—M.S. HADASSAH MAGAZINE, N.Y.



ISAAC KOWALSKI became one of the first organizers of the underground movement in Vilna, Northeastern Europe. Like quicksilver, he served the cause and like a flame, he burned to counter the unconscionable propaganda of the Goebbels machinery. He penetrated a Lithuanian-German printing plant and managed to remove enough parts to set up two complete printing presses of his own, hidden in the city herself and in the warrens of the ghetto. Almost all of Kowalski's closest co-workers were caught by the Nazis and killed. A bounty of German marks was placed on his head, dead or alive. Kowalski worked in the United States in the printing industry.

"There, I don't want to be redundant about Kowalski's extraordinary personality and I will only share my view about his book which I read and re-read to the end of its contents with a nervous excitement and with a trembling heart. Some chapters and stories moved me completely."

—DR. L. FOGELMAN, Jewish Daily Forward, N.Y.

"A documentation of the Jewish underground in World War II that shakes you up."

—AUFBAU, N.Y.

"The story itself, in which the author played a central role, seems to be unique in the annals of rebellion."

—MARVIN RABINOVICH
The Jerusalem Post, Israel